OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS ENGLISHED,

BY

GEO. SANDYS.

The Fifth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. F.* for *A. Roper*, at the Sun against S. *Dunstans* Church in Fleetstreet, 1664.

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TO THE

Most High and Mighty Prince CHARLS, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

SIR,

YOur Gracious Acceptance of the first fruit of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happiness, hath actuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this Piece; being limn'd by that unperfect light, which was snatcht from the hours of the night and repose: For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the service of your Great Father, and your Self: which, had it proved as fortunate as faithful, in me, and others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many years had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and well-peopled Kingdom: from whence now with my self, I onely bring this Composure:

Inter Victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more then a single denization, being a double Stranger, sprung from the Stock of the ancient Romans: *but bred in the New-world, of the rudeness whereof it cannot but participate; especially having Wars and Tumults to bring it to light, in stead of the Muses. But how-ever unperfect, Your Favor is able to supply; and to make it worthy of life, if you judg it not unworthy of your Royal Patronage. Long may you live to be, as you are, the delight and glory of your People: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortal Diadem for an immortal. So wishes*

Your Majesties most humble Servant,

GEORGE SANDYS.

TO THE

Moſt High and Mighty Prince,

CHARLES

King of Great Britain, France,
and Ireland.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The first BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

THe World, form'd out of Chaos. *Man is made.*
The Ages change. The Giants Heaven invade.
Earth turns their blood to Men. Jove's *flames confound*
Lycaon, *now a Wolf. The World is drown'd.*
Man-kind, cast stones restore. All-quickning Earth
Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters birth.
Apollo, Python *kills; heart-wounded, loves*
Lost flying Daphne: *She a Lawrel proves.*
Jove, Io *made a Cow, to mask foul deeds,*
Hermes *a Heardsman,* Syrinx, *chang'd to Reeds.*
Dead Argus's *eyes adorn the Peacocks train.*
The Cow, to Io, Jove *transforms again.*

OF bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.
Assist, you Gods (from you these changes spring)
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times
Deduce my never-discontinued Rymes.
The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heaven unfram'd.
One face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:
An undigested lump; a barren load,
Where jarring seeds of things ill-joyn'd abode.
No *Titan* yet the World with light adorns;
Nor waxing *Phœbe* fill'd her wained horns:

Nor hung the self-poiz'd Earth in thin Air plac'd:
Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac'd.
With Earth was Air and Sea: the Earth unstable,
The Air was dark, the Sea un-navigable:
No certain form to any one assign'd:
This, that resists. For in one body joyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the dry and Humid fight;
The Soft and Hard, the Heavy with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides:
Who Earth from Heaven, the Sea from Earth divides:
And purer Heaven extracts from grosser Aire.
All which unfolded by his prudent care
From that blind Mass; the happily dis-joyn'd
With strifeless peace, He to their seats confin'd.
Forthwith up sprung the quick and waightless Fire,
Whose flames unto the highest arch aspire:
The next, in levity and place, is Air:
Gross Elements to thicker Earth repair.
Self-clog'd with waight: the waters flowing round,
Possess the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.
What God soever this division wrought,
And every part to due proportion brought;
First, least the Earth unequal should appear,
He turn'd it round in figure of a Sphear;
Then, Seas diffus'd; commanding them to roar
With ruffling winds, and give the Land a Shore.
To those he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
And Rivers, whom their winding borders fence:
Of these not few Earths thirsty jaws devour;
The rest, their streams into the Ocean pour;
When in that liquid Plain, with freer wave,
The foamy Cliffs, in stead of Banks, they lave:
Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plains extend,
The rocky Mountains rise, and Vales descend.
Two equal Zones, on either side, dispose
The measur'd Heavens; a fifth, more hot then those,
As many Lines th' included Globe divide:
I'th midst unsufferable beams reside;
Snow clothes the other two: the temperate hold
Twixt these their seats, the heat well mixt with cold.
As Earth, as Water, upper Air out-waighs;
So much doth Air Fires lighter ballance raise.
There, he commands the changing clouds to stray;
There, thundring terrors mortal minds dismay;

And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
Yet not permitted every way to blow;
Who hardly now to tear the world refrain
(So Brothers jarr!) though they divided raign,
To *Persis* and *Sabbæa*, *Eurus* flies;
Whose gums perfume the blushing Morns up-rise,
Next to the evening, and the Coast that glows
With setting *Phœbus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blows:
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raign,
Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Wain:
The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auster* steep,
With fruitful showers, and clouds which ever weep.
Above all these he plac'd the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise;
Scarce had He all thus orderly dispos'd;
When as the Stars their radiant heads disclos'd
(Long hid in Night) and shone through all the skie.
Then, that no place should unpossessed lie,
Bright Constellations, and fair figured Gods,
In heavenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:
The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repair;
The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Air.
The nobler Creature, with a mind possest,
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
That Maker, the best Worlds Original,
Either Him fram'd of seed Celestial:
Or Earth, which late he did from Heaven divide,
Some sacred seeds retain'd to Heaven alli'd:
Which with the living stream *Promethens* mixt:
And in that artificial Structure fixt
The form of all th' all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others see with down-cast eies,
He with a lofty look did Man indue,
And bade him heavens transcendent glories view.
So, that rude Clay, which had no form afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the unknown figure bore.
The *Golden Age* was first; which uncompel'd,
And without rule, in Faith and Truth excel'd.
As then, there was nor punishment, nor fear;
Nor threatning Laws in brass preseribed were;
Nor suppliant crouching pris'ners shook to see
Their angry Judg: but all was safe and free.
To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithless Seas decline.

Then, un-ambitious Mortals knew no more,
But their own Countries Nature-bounded shore.
Nor Swords, nor Arms were yet: no trenches round
Besieged Towns, nor strifeful Trumpets sound:
The Souldier, of no use. In firm content
And harmless ease, their happy days were spent:
The yet-free Earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with plows) all sorts of fruit afford.
Content with Natures un-enforced food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sowr Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,
And Acorns, which *Jove*'s spreading Oke bestows.
'Twas always Spring: warm *Zephyrus* sweetly blew
On smiling flowers, which without setting grew.
Forth with the Earth, Corn unmanured, bears:
And every year renews her golden Ears:
With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,
And Honey from green Holly Okes distill'd.
But, after *Saturn* was thrown down to *Hell*,
Jove rul'd; and then the *Silver Age* befell:
More base then Gold, and yet then Brass more pure.
Jove chang'd the Spring (which always did endure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumn, hot and cold:
The shortned Springs the year's fourth part uphold.
Then, first the glowing Air with fervor burn'd
The Rain to Ice-sicles by bleak winds turn'd.
Men houses built; late hous'd in Caves profound,
In plashed Bowers, and Sheds with Osiers bound.
Then, first was Corn into long furrows thrown:
And Oxen under heavy yokes did groan.
Next unto this succeeds the *Brazen Age*;
Worse natur'd, prompt to horrid war, and rage;
But yet not wicked. Stubborn *Ir'n* the last.
Then, blushless crimes, which all degrees surpast,
The World surround. Shame, Truth and Faith depart:
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art;
Force, Treason, and the love of wicked gain. (strain
Their sails, those winds, which yet they knew not
And ships, which long on lofty Mountains stood,
Then plow'd th' unpractiz'd bosom of the flood.
The Ground, as common earst as Light, or Air,
By limit-giving Geometry they share.
Nor with rich Earth's just nourishments content,
For treasure they her secret intrails rent;

The powerful Evil, which all power invades,
By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* ſhades
Curſt Steel, more curſed Gold ſhe now forth brought:
And bloody-handed War, who with both fought:
All live by ſpoil. The Hoſt his Gueſt betrays;
Sons, Fathers-in-law: 'twixt Brethren love decays.
Wives, Husbands, Husbands Wives attempt to kill:
And cruel Step-mothers pale poyſons fill.
The Son his Fathers haſty death deſires:
Foild Piety, trod under-foot, expires:
Aſtræa, laſt of all the heavenly birth,
Affrighted, leaves the blood-defiled Earth.
And that the Heavens their ſafety might ſuſpect,
The Giants now celeſtial Thrones affect;
Who to the skies congeſted Mountains rear.
Then *Jove* with Thunder did *Olympus* tear;
Steep *Pelion* from under *Oſſa* thrown.
Preſt with their burden their huge bodies grown;
And with their childrens blood the earth imbru'd:
Which ſhe, ſcarce throughly cold, with life indu'd;
And gave thereto, t'uphold her ſtock; the face
And form of Man; a God contemning Race,
Greedy of ſlaughter, not to be withſtood:
Such, as well ſhews, that they were born of blood.
Which when from Heaven *Saturnius* did behold,
He ſigh'd; revolving what was yet untold,
Of fell *Lycaon's* late inhumane feaſt.
Juſt anger, worthy *Jove*, inflam'd his breaſt.
A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appear.
There is a way well ſeen when skies be clear,
The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods reſort
Unto th' Almighty Thunderers high Court.
With ever-open doors, on either hand,
Of noble Deities the Houſes ſtand:
The Vulgar dwell diſperſt: the chief and Great
In front of all, their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roof I would not doubt to call,
(Had I but bōldneſs lent me) Heavens *White-hall*.
All ſet on Marble-ſeats; He leaning on
His Ivory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadful Treſſes ſhake:
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, ſpake:

I was not more perplext in that sad time,
For this worlds Monarchy, when, bold to clime,
The Serpent-footed Giants durst invade,
And would on Heaven their hundred hands have lai
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend
But of one Body, and had soon an end.
Now all the race of Man I must confound,
Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round:
And this I vow by those infernal Floods,
Which slowly glide through silent *Stygian* woods.
All cures first sought; such parts as health reject
Must be cut off, lest they the sound infect.
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Fawns,
Who haunt clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods a
(On whom since yet we please not to bestow (Lawn
Celestial dwellings) must subsist below.
Think you, you Gods, they can in safety rest,
When me (of lightning, and of you possest,
Who both at our Imperial pleasure sway)
The stern *Lycaon* practis'd to betray?
All bluster, and in rage the wretch demand.
So, when bold treason sought, with impious hand,
By *Cæsars* blood t' out-race the Roman name;
Man-kind, and all the Worlds affrighted Frame,
Astonisht at so great a ruine, shook.
Nor thine, for Thee, less thought, *Augustus* took,
Then they for *Jove*. He, when he had suppreſt
Their murmure, thus proceeded to the rest.
He hath his punishment; remit that care,
The manner how, I will in brief declare.
The time's accus'd, (but, as I hop't beli'd)
To try, I down from steep *Olympus* slide.
A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,
I wandered through the many-peopl'd Earth.
'Twere long to tell, what crime of every sort
Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
Now past den-dreadful *Mænalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtful ligh
Drew on the dewy Chariot of the Night,
I entred his un-hospitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their pray'rs resort,
When I by signs had shown a Gods repair.
Lycaon first derides their zealous pray'r,

Then

Then said, We straight th'undoubted truth will try,
Whether He be immortal or may die.
In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,
Me, in my sleep, he purposed to kill.
Nor with so foul an enterprize content,
An Hostage murders, from *Molossia* sent:
Part of his sever'd scarce-dead limbs he boils;
Another part on hissing embers broils;
This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd
With vengeful flames, which round about him burn'd;
He, frighted, to the silent Desart flies;
There howls, and speech with lost indeavor tries.
His self-like jaws still grin: more then for food
He slaughters Beasts, and yet delights in blood.
His arms to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd;
A Wolf; not much from his first form estrang'd:
So hoary hair'd; his looks so full of rape;
So fiery ey'd; so terrible his shape.
One house that fate, which all deserve, sustains:
For, through the world the fierce *Erinnys* raigns.
Youl'd think they had conspir'd to sin. But all
Shall swiftly by deserved vengeance fall.
Joves words a Part approve, and his intent
Exasperate; the rest give their consent.
Yet all for Mans destruction griev'd appear;
And ask what form the widowed Earth shall bear?
Who shall with odors their cold Altars feast?
Must Earth be only by wild beasts possest?
The King of Gods re-comforts their despair;
And biddeth them impose on him that care:
Who promis'd, by a strange original
Of better people to supply their fall.
And now about to let his lightning fly,
He fear'd lest so much flame should catch the sky,
And burn Heavens Axel-tree. Besides by doom,
Of certain Fate, he knew the time should come,
When, Sea, Earth, ravisht Heaven, the curious frame
Of this worlds mass, should shrink in purging flame.
He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts rejects,
And different-natur'd punishments elects:
To open all the Flood-gates of the sky,
And Man by inundation to destroy.
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* prison laid,
And those dry blasts which gathered Clouds invade:

Out flies the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds
His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds, (showres;
His white hair streams, his Beard big-swoln with
Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom poures,
As with his hands the hanging clouds he crusht:
They roar'd, and down in showres together rusht:
All, colour'd *Iris*, *Juno's* messenger.
To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.
The Corn is lodg'd, the husbandmen despair;
Their long years labor lost, with all their care.
Jove not content with his æthereal rages,
His brother's auxil'ary flouds ingages:
The streams convented; 'Tis too late to use
Much speech, said *Neptune*; all your powers effuse;
Your doors unbar, remove what ere restrains
Your liberal Waves, and give them the full rayns.
Thus charged, they return; their Springs unfold;
And to the Sea with head-long fury rol'd.
He with his Trident strikes the Earth: She shakes;
And way for water by her motion makes.
Through open fields now rush the spreading Floods:
And hurrry with them Cattel, People, Wooods.
Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What such a force, un-overthrown, oppos'd,
The higher swelling Water quite devoures;
Which hides th' aspiring tops of swallowed towres.
Now Land and Sea no different visage bore;
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.
One, takes a Hill: One in a Boat deplores;
And where he lately plow'd now strikes his Oares.
O'r Corn, o'r drowned Villages he sails:
This from high Elms intangled Fishes hales.
In fields they anchor cast, as chance did guide:
And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountain, loving Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-calf now his ugly body layes.
Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep,
The Nymphs admire; in Woods the Dolphins keep,
And chase about the boughs: the Wolf doth swim
Amongst the Sheep: the Lion (now not grim)
And Tygres tread the Waves. Swift feet no more
Avail the Hart: nor wounding tusks the Bore.
The wandring Birds hid Earth long sought in vain,
With weary wings descend into the Main.

Licen-

Licentious Seas o'r drowned Hills now free:
And unknown surges ayrie Mountains beat.
The Waves the greater part devour: the rest,
Death, with long-wanted sustenance, oppresst.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitful when a Land,
Divides *Aonia* from th' *Athenian* strand;
But now a part of the insulting Mayne,
Of sudden-swelling waters a vast Plane,
There his two heads *Parnassus* doth extend
To touched Stars; whose tops the Clouds transcend;
On this *Deucalion*'s little Boat was thrown:
With him, his wife; the rest all overflown.
Corycian Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores;
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more just then He:
And none more reverenc't the Gods then Shee.
Jove, when he saw that all a Lake was grown,
And so of many thousand men but one;
One, of so many thousand women, left;
Both guiltless, pious both and all bereft;
The clouds (now chac't by *Boreas*) from him throws:
And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he shews.
Nor Seas persist to rage: their awful guide
The wild waves calms, his Trident laid aside;
And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep.
(Whose mantle Nature did in purple steep.)
And bids him his lowd sounding shell inspire,
And give the Floods a signal to retire.
He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as given in charge)
That from the turning bottom grows more large:
To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,
From far-uprising *Phœbus* to his fall.
When this the watery Deity hath set
To his large mouth, and sounded a retreat;
All Floods it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
And all the Floods, that heard the same, with-drew.
Seas now have shores: full streams their chanels keep:
They sink, and hills above the waters peep.
Earth re-ascends: as waves decrease, so grow
The forms of things, and late-hid figures shew.
And after a long day, the trees extend
Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend:
The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,
So deadly silent, and so desolate,

Deucalion ſaw: with tears which might have made
Another Flood, he thus to *Pyrrha* ſaid.
O Siſter! O my wife! the poor remains
Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, contains!
Whom humane Nature, one paternal Line,
Then one chaſt Bed, and now like dangers joyn!
Of what the Sun beholds from Eaſt to Weſt,
We two are all: the Sea intombs the reſt.
Nor, yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning clouds ſtrange terrors ſtill preſent.
O what a heart wouldſt thou have had, if Fate
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!
So wild a fear, ſuch ſorrows, ſo forlorn
And comfortleſs, how couldeſt thou have born:
If Seas had ſuck thee in, I would have follow'd
My wife in death, and Sea ſhould me have ſwallow'd.
O would I could my Fathers cunning uſe!
And ſouls into well-model'd Clay infuſe!
Now, all our mortal Race we two contain;
And but a pattern of Man-kind remain.
This ſaid, both wept: both, pray'rs to Heaven addreſs;
And ſeek the Oracle in their diſtreſs.
Forth-with deſcending to *Cephiſus* Flood,
Which in known banks now ran, though thick with mud;
They on their heads and garments water throw
And to the Temple of the Goddeſs go;
At that time all defil'd with moſs and mire
The unfrequented Altar without fire.
Then, humbly on their faces proſtrate lay'd,
And kiſſing the cold ſtones, with fear thus pray'd.
If Powers Divine to juſt deſires conſent,
And angry Gods do in the end relent;
Say, *Themis*, how ſhall we our race repair;
O, help the drown'd in water and deſpair:
The Goddeſs, with compaſſion mov'd reply'd;
Go from my Temple: both your faces hide;
Let Garments all unbraced looſly flow;
And your Great-Parents bones behind you throw.
Amaz'd: firſt *Pyrrha* ſilence breaks, and ſaid;
By me the Goddeſs muſt not be obay'd;
And, trembling, pardon craves: Her Mothers ghoſt
She fears would ſuffer, if her bones were toſt.
Mean while they ponder and re-iterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.

Then,

Then, *Promethides, Epimethida*
Thus recollecteth; loſt in her diſmay:
Or I the Oracle miſs underſtand.
Or the juſt Gods no wicked thing command,
The Earth is our Great-Mother: and the ſtones,
Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.
Theſe, ſure, are thoſe we ſhould behind us throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be ſo,
Yet ſhe miſs-doubts. Both with weak faith rely
On aiding Heaven. What hurt was it to try;
Departing with heads vail'd and clothes unbrac't,
Commanded, ſtones they o're their ſhoulders caſt.
Did not Antiquity avouch the ſame,
Who would believ't! the ſtonss leſs hard became,
And as their natural hardneſs them forſook;
So by degrees they Mans dimenſions took;
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increaſt:
And, yet not manifeſtly Man expreſt.
But, like rough-hewn rude marble Statues ſtand,
That want the work-mans laſt life-giving hand.
The earthy parts, and what had any juyce,
Were both converted to the body's uſe.
Th' unflexible and ſolid turn to bones:
The veins remain, that were when they were ſtones.
Thoſe, thrown by Man, the form of men indue:
And thoſe were women, which the woman threw.
Hence we, a hardy Race, injur'd to pain:
Our Actions out Original explain.
All other Creatures took their numerous birth
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
When that old humor with the Sun did ſweat,
And ſlimy Mariſhes grew big with heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,
From quickning Earth both growth and form aſſume.
So, when ſeven chanel'd *Nile* forſakes the Plain,
When ancient bounds retiring ſtreams contain,
And late-left ſlime æthereal fervors burn,
Men various creatures with the gleab up turn:
Of thoſe, ſome in their very time of birth;
Some lame; and others half alive, half earth.
For, Heat and Moiſture, when they temperate grows,
Forth-with conceive; and life on things beſtow.
From ſtriving Fire and Water all proceed;
Diſcording Concord ever apt to breed.

So,

So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy grown;
When on her lap reflecting *Titan* shone,
Produc'd a world of forms; restor'd the late:
And other unknown Monsters did creat.
Huge *Python*, thee, against her will, she bred;
A Serpent, whom the new-born people dread:
Whose bulk did like a moving Mountain show.
Behold! the God that bears the silver Bow
(Till then, inur'd to strike the flying Deer,
Or swift Roe, who every shadow fear)
That terror with a thousand arrows slew;
And through black wounds the clouted poison drew.
Then, lest the well-deserved memory
Of such a Praise, in future times should die;
He instituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention; which he *Pythia* names.
Who Ran, who Wrastled best; or Rak'd the ground
With swiftest Wheels, the Oken Garland crown'd.
The Lawrel was not yet: all sorts of Boughs
Phœbus then bound about his radiant browes.
Penéian Daphne was his first belov'd,
Not Chance, but *Cupids* wrath, that fury mov'd.
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late conquest) saw,
As he his pliant bow began to draw;
And said: Lascivious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and these Arms! too Manly far for thee.
Such suit our shoulders; whose strong arm confounds
Both Man and Beast, with never-missing wounds;
That *Python*, bristled with thick Arrows, queld,
Who o're so many poys'ned Akers sweld.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Desires we know not; nor our praises claim.
Then *Venus* son; Self-praised ever be:
All may thy Bow transfix, as mine shall thee.
So far as Gods exceed all earthly powr's;
So much thy glory is exceld by ours.
With that, he breaks the air with nimble wings,
And to *Parnassus* shady summer Springs;
Two different arrows from his quiver draws:
One, hate of Love; the other Love doth cause.
What cau'd, was sharp, and had a golden Head:
But what repulst, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God this in *Pheneia* fixt: that struck
Apollo's bones, and in his Marrow stuck,

Forth-

Forthwith he loves: a lovers name ſhe flyes:
And emulating un-wed *Phœbe*, joyes
In ſpoils of ſalvage Beaſts, and ſylvan Lares:
A fillet binding her neglected hares.
Her many ſought: but ſhe, averſe to all,
Unknown to Man, not brooking ſuch a thrall,
Frequents the pathleſs Woods; and hates to prove,
Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.
Oft ſaid her Father; Daughter thou doſt ow
A Son-in-law, who Nephews may beſtow.
But ſhe, who marriage as a crime eſchew'd
(Her face with bluſhing ſhamfac'dneſs imbew'd)
Hung on his neck with fawning arms, and ſaid,
Dear Father give me leave to live a Maid:
This boon *Diana's* ſire did her afford.
He, too indulgent, gave thee his accord:
But thee, thy excellency countermands;
And thy own beauty thy deſire with-ſtands.
Apollo loves, and fain would *Daphne* wed:
What he deſires, he hopes; and is miſs-led
By his own Oracles. As ſtubles burn,
As hedges into ſudden blazes turn,
Fire ſet too near, or left by chance behind
By paſſengers, and ſcattered with the wind:
So ſprings he into flames: a fire doth move
Through all his veins: hope feeds his barren love,
He on her ſhoulders ſees her hair untreſt:
O what, ſaid he, if theſe were neatly dreſt!
He ſees her eyes, two Stars! her Lips which kiſs
Their happy ſelves, and longs to taſt their bliſs:
Admires her fingers, hands, her arms half-bare;
And parts unſeen conceives to be more rare.
Swifter then following winds, away ſhe runs;
And him, for all this his intreaty, ſhuns.
Stay Nymph, I pray thee ſtay; I am no Foe:
So Lambs from Wolves, Harts fly from Lions ſo;
So from the Eagle ſprings the trembling Dove,
They, from their deaths: but my purſuit is love.
Wo's me, if thou ſhouldſt fall, or thorns ſhould race
Thy tender legs, whilſt I inforce the chace!
Theſe roughs are craggy: moderate thy haſt,
And, truſt me, I will not purſue ſo faſt.
Yet know, who tis you pleaſe: No Mountainere,
No homebred Clown; nor keep I cattle here.

From

From whom thou fly'ſt thou knowſt not (ſilly fool!)
And therefore fly'ſt thou. I in *Delphos* rule;
Ionian Cares, *Lycian*, *Patara*,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* do me obay.
Jove is my Father. What ſhall be, hath been,
Or is; by my inſtructive rays is ſeen.
Immortal Verſe from our invention ſprings;
And how to ſtrike the well concording-ſtrings.
My ſhafts hit ſure: yet He one ſurer found,
Who in my empty boſom made this wound.
Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all
The World they Me the great Phyſician call,
Ay me, that herbs can Love no cure afford!
That Arts, relieving all, ſhould fail their Lord.
More had he ſaid, when ſhe, with nimble dread,
From him, and his unfiniſht court-ſhip fled.
How graceful then! the Wind that obvious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;
And play'd the wanton with her fluent haire:
Her beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his intreaties loſe:
But, urg'd by love, with all his force purſues.
As when a Hare the ſpeedy Grey-hound ſpies;
His feet for prey, ſhe hers for ſafety plies;
Now bears he up; now, now he hopes to fetch her;
And with his ſnowt extended, ſtrains to catch her:
Not knowing whether caught or no, ſhe ſlips
Out of his wide-ſtretcht jaws and touching lips.
The God and Virgin in ſuch ſtrife appear:
He, quickned by his hope; She, by her fear,
But, the Purſuer doth more nimble prove:
Enabled by th' induſtrious wings of love.
Nor gives he time to breath: now at her heels,
His breath upon her dangling hair ſhe feels.
Clean ſpent, and fainting, her affrighted blood
Forſakes her cheeks. She cries unto the Flood,
Help Father, if your ſtreams contain a Power:
May Earth, for too well pleaſing me devour:
Or, by transforming, O deſtroy this ſhape,
That thus betrays me to undoing rape.
Forth-with, a numneſs all her limbs poſſeſt;
And ſlender filmes her ſofter ſides inveſt.
Hair into leaves, her Arms to branches grow:
And late ſwift feet, now roots, are leſs then ſlow,

Her

Her graceful head a leavy top ſuſtains:
One beauty throughout all her form remains.
Still *Phœbus* loves. He handles the new Plant?
And feels her heart within the bark to pant.
Imbrace't the bole, as he would her have done;
And kiſs the boughs: the boughs his kiſſes ſhun.
To whom the God: Although thou canſt not be
The wife I wiſht, yet ſhalt thou be my Tree,
Our Quiver, Harp, our Treſſes never ſhorn,
My Laurel, thou ſhalt evermore adorn;
And Brows triumphant, when they *Io* ſing,
And to the Capitol their Trophies bring.
Thou ſhalt defend from Thunders blaſting ſtroke,
Auguſtus doors, on either ſide the Oke.
And as our un-cut hair no change receives;
So ever flouriſh with unfading leaves.
Here *Pæan* ends. The Laurel all allows,
In ſign whereof her grateful head ſhe bows.
A pleaſant Grove whithin *Æmonia* grows,
Call'd *Tempe*; which high ragged Cliffs incloſe.
Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves.
And from the bottom rowls with foaming waves:
That by ſteep down-falls tumbling from on high,
Ingender miſts, which ſmoke-like, upward fly,
That on the dewy tops of Trees diſtill,
And more then neighboring woods with noiſes fill.
Here, in a Cave, his Court and reſidence
The great floods keep: here juſtice doth diſpenſe
To ſtreams, and gentle Nymphs that ſtreams frequent
The floods, that native were, with one conſent
Firſt thither came; as yet, at ſelf-debate,
Whether to comfort, or congratulate.
Cool *Sperchius*, ſlow *Amphryſus*, *Apidan*.
Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.
Then, forthwith thoſe, who (as their ſources bend)
To Seas their waves (with wandring weary) ſend
All but old *Inachus*: who in his Caves
Obſcure receſs, with tears augments his waves:
For *Io*, mourns as loſt; nor yet knows he
Whether above or under Earth ſhe be:
But, her, whom he not any-where could find,
He thinks is no where: fear diſtracts his mind.
As from her Fathers ſtreams the Nympth return'd,
Saturnius, ſeeing her in paſſion burn'd.

O Vir-

O Virgin, worthy *Jove!* whose bed must bless
What God I know not; though a Man, no less;
Here in these Woods, said he, or these repose
Whil'st thus the World with fainting fervor glows.
Nor fear among the Salvages to venter:
A God protecting, thou mayst safely enter.
Nor one of vulgar rank; but, He that bears
Heav'ns Scepter, and the clouds with thunder tears.
O, fly not! for she fled. The Pastures past
Of *Lerna* and *Lyrcan's* gloomy waste,
He in the Air a sable cloud display'd,
Caught, and devirginates the strugling Maid.
Mean-while, with wonder *Juno* doth survey
Those dusky Clouds, that made a night of day.
And, finding that they neither took their birth
From vap'rous streams, nor from the humid Earth,
For her mist Husband searcheth Heaven: as one,
To whom his stealths so often hath been known.
Whom when she could not find; Deceiv'd am I,
Or wrong'd, she said. Down from th' enamel'd sky
She slides to earth. The foggy clouds with-draw
At her command. Her coming *Jove* fore-saw,
And changed *Inachis* into a Cow;
Whose form even *Juno* prais'd; demanding how
She thither came? Whose was she? Of what herd?
As ignorant of what she more then fear'd.
Jove feigns (her importunity to shift)
Her born of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
What should he do? Be cruel to his Love;
Or by denying her, suspicion move?
Shame that perswades; and Love doth this dissuade:
But, stronger Love Shame under-foot hath laid;
Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny
His Wife and Sister, 'twould the fraud descry.
Obtain'd; not forth-with fear the Goddess left;
Distrusting *Jones*, and jealous of his theft,
Until delivered to *Argus* guard.
An hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd;
Whereof, by turns, at once two onely slept;
The other watch, and still their stations kept.
Which way so-e're he stands, he *Io* spies:
Io, behind him, was before his eyes.
By day, she graz'd abroad: *Sol* under ground,
He hous'd her, in unworthy halter bound.

On

On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed.
Poor soul! the Earth not always green, her bed;
And of the Torrent drinks. With hands up-heav'd
She thought to beg for pity: how deceiv'd!
Who low'd, when she began to make her moan;
And trembled at the voice which was her own.
Unto the banks of *Inachus* she stray'd;
Her Fathers banks where she so oft had play'd:
Beholding in his stream her horned head,
She starts; and from her self, self-frighted, fled.
Her sisters, nor old *Inachus* her knew:
Which way so-e're they went, she would pursue;
And suffer them to stroke her; and doth move
Their wonder with her strange expressed love.
He brought her Grass: she gently lickt his hands,
And kist his palms; nor, longer, tears withstands;
And had she then had words, she had display'd
Her name, her fortunes, and implor'd his aid.
For words, she letters with her foot impress't,
Upon the sand, which her sad change profess't.
Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*; his arms he throws
About her snowy neck. O, wo of woes!
Art thou my daughter throughout all the Round
Of Earth so sought; that now, not found, art found?
Less was thy loss: less was my misery.
Dumb wretch (alas!) thou canst not make reply:
Yet, as thou canst thou dost: thy lowings speak,
And deep-fetcht sighs that from thy bosom break.
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage-bed:
My hopes, a son-in-law, and Nephews fed.
Now, from the Herd, thy issue must descend:
Nor can the length of time my sorrows end;
Accurst in that a God. Death's sweet relief
Hard fates deny to my immortal grief.
This said: his Daughter (in that shape belov'd)
The Star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd;
When, mounted on an hill, the wary Spy
Surveys the Plains that round about him lie.
The King of Gods, those sorrows she indur'd
Could brook no longer, by his fault procur'd:
But, calls his son, of fulgent *Pleias* bred;
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.
He wings his heels, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drowsie Rod; the Tow'r of *Jove* forsakes;

And

And, winding, ſtoops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings lays by; retains his Rod:
With which he drives his Goats (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and ſings t' his ſlender Reeds.
Much taken with that Art, before unknown,
Come, ſit by me, ſaid *Argus*, on this ſtone.
No place affordeth better Paſtorage,
Or ſhelter for the Suns offenſive rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey;
And with diſcourſe protracts the ſpeedy Day:
Then, finging to his Pipes ſoft melody,
Endeavors to ſubdue each wakeful ey.
The Heardſ-man ſtrives to conquer urgent ſleep:
Though ſeiz'd on half, the other half do keep
Obſervant watch. He askes who did invent
(With that he yawn'd) that late-found Inſtrument
Then, thus the God his charmed ears inclines:
Amongſt the *Hamadriad's Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hills) for beauty fam'd,
A *Naiat* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd,
Who oft deceiv'd the Satyrs that purſu'd,
The rural Gods, and thoſe whom woods include;
In exerciſes and in chaſt deſire,
Diana-like: and ſuch in her attire,
You either in each other might behold:
Save that her Bow was Holm; *Diana's* Gold:
Yet oft miſtook. *Pan* crown'd with Pines, returning,
From ſteep *Lycæus*, ſaw her; and, love-burning,
Thus ſaid: Fair Virgin, grant a Gods requeſt;
And be his wife. Surceas'd to tell the reſt;
How from his prayers ſhe fled, as from her ſhame,
Till to ſmooth *Ladon's* ſandy banks ſhe came.
There ſtopt; implores the liquid Siſters aid,
To change her ſhape, and pity a forc'd Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claſpt
Between his arms, Reeds for her body graſpt.
He ſighs: they, ſtir'd therewith, report again
A mournful ſound, like one that did complain.
Rapt with the muſick; Yet, O ſweet (ſaid he)
Together ever thus converſe will we.
Then, of unequal wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This ſeven-fold Pipe: of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.
Thus much about to have ſaid, *Cyllenius* ſpies,
How leaden ſleep had ſeal'd up all his eies.

Then

Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes
Their languisht lights, which sounder sleep provokes.
And with his Faulchion lops his nodding head:
Whose blood besmear'd the hoary Rock with red.
There lies he; of so many lights, the light
Put forth: his hundred eyes set in one night,
Yet, that those starry jewels might remain,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks train.
Inflam'd with anger, and impatient hast,
Before said *Ios* eyes and thoughts she plac'd
Erynnis Snakes; and through the world doth drive
The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitive.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long toil and end didst yield.
Approaching thee, she on thy margent kneel'd;
Her looks (such as she had) to heaven up-throws:
With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing wordless woes)
Shee seemed *Jove* t' accuse, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard fate.
He clips his wife; and her intreats to free
Th' unjustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)
She never more shall cause thy grief, or fear:
His Vow he bids the *Stygian* waters hear.
Appeas'd; the Nymph recover'd her first look;
So fair, so sweet! the hair her skin forsook:
Her horns decrease: large eyes, wide jaws, contract:
Shoulders and hands again become exact:
Her hooves to nails diminish: nothing now,
But that pure White, retains she of the Cow.
Then on her feet, her body she erects
Now born by two. Her self she yet suspects;
Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear
Her self too low; but softly tries with fear
Now, she, a Goddess, is ador'd by those
That shine in linen stoles where *Nilus* flows.
Hence sprung *Joves Epaphus*, no less divine:
Whose Temples next unto his Mothers joyn.
Equal in years, nor equal spirit wants
The Sun-got *Phaeton*: who proudly vants
Of his high Parentage; nor will give place.
Inachides puts on him this disgrace:
Fool, thou thy Mother trusts in things unknown;
And of a Father boasts that's not thine own.
Vext *Phaeton* blusht: his shame his rage repels:
Who straight to *Clymene* the slander tells:

And

And Mother, said he, to your griefs increase,
I, free, and late so lofty held my peace,
Asham'd that such a tainture should be lai'd
Upon my blood, that could not be gain-said.
But, if I be descended from above;
Give proof thereof, and this reproach remove.
Then hangs about her neck: by her own head,
By *Merops*, by his Sisters nuptial bed,
Intreats her to produce some certain gage,
That might assure his question'd parentage.
Mov'd with her sons intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be so defam'd,
She casts her arms to Heaven: and looking on,
His radiant Orbe, thus said: I swear, my son
By you' fair Taper, that so bright appears
With far-projected beams; who sees, and hears:
That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat
Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me deny his sight:
And to my eyes let this be his last light.
Nor far-removed doth his Palace stand;
His first uprise confines upon our Land:
If that thy heart do serve thee, thither go;
And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.
Hereat, joy'd *Phaeton* enlightned grew;
Whose towring thoughts no less then Heaven pursew
His *Æthiopia* past, and *Ind*, which fries
With burning beams, he climbs the Sun's uprise.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Second Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

RAſh Phaeton *fires the World. His ſiſters mourn*
His Tragedy, who into Poplars turn;
Their tears to Amber; Cygnus, *to a Swan.*
Jove, Phœbe-like, Caliſto *found a Man:*
Her, Juno *made a Bear: She and her ſon,*
Advanced ſtars, that ſtill the Ocean ſhun.
Coronis, *now a Crow, flies* Neptunes *fight.*
Nictimine *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Ravens, late ſo fair,
Is plum'd with black. Ocyroe *grows a Mare.*
Phœbus, *an Herdſman:* Mercury, *twice ſuch;*
Who turns betraying Battus *into Tuch.*
Envious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her mind's ſpots. Love Jove *converts to a Bull.*

SOl's lofty Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and ſtones that flame-like (blaz'd.
The roof of Ivory divinely deckt:
The two-leav'd ſilver-doors bright rays project.
The workmanſhip more admiration crav'd:
For, curious *Mulciber* had there ingrav'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The arched Heavens, Blue Gods the billows crown'd;

Shape-

Shape-changing *Proteus*. *Triton* ſhrill; the tall
Big-brawn'd *Ægeon* mounted on a Whale.
Gray *Doris*, and her daughters, heavenly-fair:
Some ſit on Rocks, and dry their Sea-green hair:
Some ſeem upon the dancing Waves to glide;
Others on backs of crooked fiſhes ride:
Amongſt them all, no two appear the ſame;
Nor differ more then ſiſters well became.
The Earth had ſalvage Beaſts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyrs; rural Gods, and chryſtal Floods:
Above all theſe, Heavens radiant Image ſhines,
On both ſides deckt with ſix refulgent ſignes.
To this, bold *Phaeton* made his aſcent;
And to his doubted Fathers preſence bent;
Yet forc'd to ſtand aloof: for, mortal ſight
Could not endure t' approach ſo pure a light.
Sol cloth'd in purple, ſits upon a Throne,
Which clearly with ſtraiucent Emralds ſhone.
With equal-raigning hours, on either hand,
The days, the months, the years, the Ages ſtand:
The fragrant Spring with flowry chaplet crown'd:
Wheat-ears, the brows of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumn ſmear'd with cruſht *Lyæus* blood;
Next hoary-headed Winter quivering ſtood.
Much daunted at theſe ſacred novelties,
The fearful Youth all-ſeeing *Phœbus* ſpies;
Who ſaid, What hither drew thee *Phaeton*,
Who art, and worthily my deareſt Son?
He thus reply'd. O thou refulgent Light,
Who all the World rejoyceſt with thy ſight!
O Father! if allow'd to uſe that name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee diſguiſe her ſhame;
Produce ſome ſign, that may my birth approve,
And from my thoughts theſe wretched doubts remove.
He, from his Brows, his ſhining rays diſolac'd;
And, bidding him draw-neer, his neck imbrac'd.
By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
That name, ſaid he; and *Clymene* was true.
To clear all doubts; ask what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted wiſh. Bear witneſs thou dark Lake,
The Oath of Gods, unto our eyes unknown.
Theſe words no ſooner from his lips were flown,
But he demands his Chariot, and the ſway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.

The

The God repents him of the Oath he made;
And ſhaking his illuſtrious Treſſes, ſaid;
Thy tongue hath made mine err, thy birth unbleſt.
O, would I could break promiſe! this requeſt,
I muſt confeſs, I only would deny:
And yet, diſſwade I may. Thy death doth lie
Within thy wiſh. What's ſo deſir'd by thee,
Can neither with thy ſtrength nor youth agree.
Too great intentions ſet thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortal, doſt no mortal thing deſire;
Through ignorance, affecting more then they
Dare undertake, who in *Olympus* ſway.
Through each himſelf approve; except me, none
Is able to ſupply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer, who rules above,
Can drive theſe wheels: and who more great then *Jove*?
Steep is the firſt aſcent; which in the prime
Of ſpringing Day, freſh Horſes hardly clime.
At noon, through higheſt skies their courſe they bear:
Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.
Then down the hill of *Heaven* they ſcour amain
With deſperate ſpeed, and need a ſteady rain;
That *Tethis*, in whoſe wavy bowers I lie,
Each evening dreads my downfal from the skie.
Beſides; the Heavens are dayly hurried round,
That turn the Stars, to other motions bound.
Againſt this violence, my way I force,
And counter-run their all ore-bearing courſe.
My Chariot had: can thy frail ſtrength aſcend
The obvious Poles, and with their force contend?
No, Groves, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.
Through ſalvage ſhapes, and dangers lies thy way:
Which couldſt thou keep, and by no error ſtray,
Between the Bulls ſharp horns yet muſt thou go;
By him that draws the ſtrong *Æmonian* bow;
The deathful Scorpions far out-bending claws;
The ſhorter Crabs; the roaring Lions jaws.
Nor eaſie is't thoſe fiery Steeds to tame:
Who from their mouths and noſtrils vomit flame.
They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
But, head-ſtrong, ſtruggle with the hated Bit.
Then, leaſt my bounty, which would ſave, ſhould kill;
Beware: and whilſt thou maiſt, reform thy will.

A ſign

A ſign thou crav'ſt, that might confirm thee mine:
I, by dehorting, give a certain ſign;
Approv'd a Father, by Paternal fear:
Look on my looks, and read my ſorrows, there.
O, would thou couldſt deſcend into my breſt;
And apprehend my vexed Souls unreſt:
And laſtly, all the wealthy World behold,
Of all that Heaven enrich, rich Seas unfold,
Or on the pregnant-boſom'd Earth remain,
Ask what thou wilt; and no repulſe ſuſtain.
To this alone, I give a forc't conſent:
No honour, but a true nam'd puniſhment.
Thou, for a bleſſing, beg'ſt the worſt of harms.
Why hangſt thou on my neck with fawning arms?
Diſtruſt not; We have ſworn: but ask, and take
What thou canſt wiſh: yet, wiſer wiſhes make,
In vain dehorted; he, his promiſe claim'd;
With glory of ſo great a charge inflam'd,
The wilful Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought
The Beam and Axeltree of maſſie gold;
On ſilver Spokes the golden fillies rold;
Rich Gems and Chryſolites the Harneſs deckt;
Which, *Phœbus* beams, with equal light, reflect.
Whilſt this, admiring *Phaeton* ſurvayes,
The wakeful morning from the Eaſt diſplayes
Her purple doors, and odoriferous bed,
With plenty of dew-dropping Roſes ſpred.
Clear *Luciſer* the flying Stars doth chace;
And, after all the reſt, reſigns his place.
When *Titon* ſaw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moon her ſilver horns with-drew:
He bad the light-foot Hours, without delay
To joyn his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obay:
Who, from their lofty Mangers, forth-with led
His fiery Horſes, with *Ambroſia* fed.
With ſacred Oyl anointed by his Syre,
Of vertue to repulſe the rage of fire,
He crowns him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
With doubted ſighes which following woes fore-ran
Let not thy Father ſtill adviſe in vain.
Son, ſpare the whip, and ſtrongly uſe the rain,
They, of their own accord, will run too faſt,
Tis hard to moderate a flying haſte.
Nor drive along the five directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely windes, Con-

Contented with three Zones: which doth avoid
The distant Poles: the track thy wheels will guide.
Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,
That temperate warmth may Heaven & Earth supply,
A lofty course will Heaven with fire infest,
A lowly, earth: the safer mean is best,
Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:
Nor to the Altar on the other side:
Between these drive. The rest I leave to Fate;
Who better prove, then thou, to thy own state.
But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath t'ane her flight.
Aurora's splendor re-inthrones the Day:
We are expected, nor can longer stay.
Take up the rains, or, while thou mayst, refuse;
And not my Chariot, but my counsel use;
While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,
Not yet possest of thy ill-wisht Command.
Let me the World with usual influence cheer:
And view that light which is unsafe to bear.
The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,
All courage, vauts into the blazing throne:
Glad of the rains, nor doubtful of his skill;
And gives his Father thanks against his will.
Mean while, the Suns swift Horses, hot *Pyreus*
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eous*,
Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with heat;
And, with their thundring hoofs, the barriers beat.
Which when hospitious *Tethys* once with-drew,
(Who nothing of her Nephews danger knew)
And gave them scope; they mount the ample sky,
And cut the obvious Clouds with feet that fly.
Who, rais'd with plumed pinions, leave behind
The glowing East, and flower Eastern-wind.
But, *Phebus* Horses could not feel that fraight:
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd weight.
And as unballast Ships are rockt and tost
With tumbling waves, and in their steerage lost:
So, through the Air the lighter Chariot reels;
And joults, as empty, upon jumping Wheels.
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;
And, straggling, out of all subjection run.
He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way;
Or had he known, yet would not they obey.

The cole, now hot, *Triones* sought in vain
To quench their heat in the forbidden Main,
The Serpent, next unto the frozen Pole,
Benum'd, and hurtless, now begin to roll
With actual heat; and long forgotten ire
Resumes, together with æthereal fire.
'Tis said, that thou *Bootes* ranst away,
Though slow, though thee thy heavy Wain did stay
But when, from top of all the arched sky,
Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye:
Pale sudden fear un-nerves his quaking thighs;
And, in so great a light, be-nights his eyes.
He wisht those Steeds unknown; unknown his birth
His suit ungranted: now he covets Earth;
Now scorns not to be held of *Merops* blood,
Rapt as a ship upon the high-wrought flood;
By salvage tempests chac't; which in despair
The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
What should he do? much of the heaven behind;
Much more before: both measur'd in his mind.
The never-to-be-entred West surveys;
And then the East. Lost in his own amaze,
And ignorance, he cannot hold the raines,
Nor let them go; Nor knows his Horses names:
But stares on terror-striking skies (possest
By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting brest.
There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
His compast claws; who through two Signs extends
Whom when the Youth beheld, stew'd in black sweat
Of poison, and with turn'd-up tail to threat
A mortal wound; pale fear his senses strook,
And slackn'd reyns lets fall, from hands that shook
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With un-controuled error scour the skie,
Through unknown airy Regions; and tread
The way which their disordered fury led.
Up to the fixed Stars their course they take;
And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot take:
Now climb; now, by steep Precipies descend:
And nearer Earth their wandring race extend.
To see her brother's Steed beneath her own
The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets shone
Invading fire the upper earth assaild;
All chapt and con'd; her pregnant juice exhal'd.

Trees feed their ruine: Graſs, gray-headed turns;
And Corn, by that which did produce it, burns.
But this was nothing. Cities with their Tow'rs,
Realms with their People, funeral fire devours.
The Mountains blaze: High *Athos*, but too high:
Fount-fruitful *Ida*, never till then dry;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,
Muſe-haunted *Helicon*, *Oeagrian Æmus*.
Loud *Ætna* roareth with her doubled fires:
Parnaſſus groans beneath two flaming ſpires.
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow;
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloth'd with Snow.
The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucaſus* in frotty *Scythia* burns,
High *Mycale*, divine *Cithæron*, waſt;
Pindus, and *Oſſa* once on *Pelion* caſt,
More Great *Olympus* (which before did ſhine)
The airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Appenine*.
Then *Phaeton* beheld on every ſide,
The World on fire, nor could ſuch heat abide;
And, at his deadly-dry and gaſping jaws,
The ſcalding Air, as from a Furnace draws;
His Chariot, redder then the fire it bore;
And, being mortal, could endure no more
Such clouds of aſhes, and ejected coals.
Muffled in ſmoak which round about him rolls.
He knows not where he is, nor what ſucceeds;
Dragg'd at the pleaſure of his frantick Steeds;
Men ſay, the *Æthiopians* then grew ſwart;
Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
A ſandy Deſert *Libya* then became,
Her full veins emptied by the thirſty flame.
With hair unbound and torn, the Nymphs, diſtraught,
Bewail their Springs. *Bœotia Dircen ſought*;
Argos, *Emymone*, *Ephyre* the fair
Pirene miſt: Nor ſtreams ſecurer are.
Great *Tanais* in boiling chanel fumes;
Tonthranian Caicus heat conſumes;
Iſmenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas*; to be twice-burnt, *Xanthus*,
Mæander, running in a turning maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze;
Euphrates, late inveſting *Babylon*;
Orontes, *Phaſis*, *Iſter*, *Thermodon*,

Ganges, *Alpheus*, *Sperchius* flames infold:
And *Tagus* floweth with diſſolved gold,
The Swans that raviſht with their melody
Mæonian banks, now in *Cayſter* fry.
To fartheſt Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;
And there conceal'd his yet unfound-out head,
Whil'ſt his ſeven duſty chanels ſtreamleſs lie,
Iſmarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are dry.
Heſperian ſtreams, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
And Scepter-deſtinated *Tyber* glow.
Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light deſcends;
And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queen offends,
The Ocean ſhrinks, and leaves a field of Sand;
Where new-diſcover'd Rocks and Mountains ſtand,
That multiply the ſcatter'd *Cyclades*,
Late cover'd with the deep and awful Seas,
The Fiſhes to the bottom dive: nor dare
The ſportleſs Dolphins tempt the ſultry Air,
Long boil'd alive, the monſtrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raves;
Who hide themſelves beneath the ſcalding waves.
Thrice wrathful *Neptune* his bold arm upheld
Above the Floods: whom thrice the Fire repel'd.
Yet foodful *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
Amidſt the Seas, and Fountains now unfound
(Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing head
(Her parched fore-head ſhadow'd with her hand)
And, ſhaking, ſhook what-ever on her ſtand:
Where with a little ſhrunk into her breſt
Her ſacred tongue her ſorrows thus expreſt:
If ſuch thy will, and I deſerve the ſame,
Thou chief of Gods, why ſleeps thy vengeful flam
Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire muſt fry?
The Author leſſens the calamity.
But, whilſt I ſtrive to utter this, I choke.
View my ſing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with ſmok
The ſparkling cinders on my viſage thrown!
Is this my recompence? the favor ſhown
For all my ſervice? for the fruit I have born
That thus I am with Plough and Harrows torn
Wrought-out throughout the year? that Man & B
Suſtain with food? and you with incenſe feaſt?

But, ſay I merit ruine, and thy hate:
What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate
Elected to the wavy Monarchy,)
That Sea ſhould ſink, and from thy preſence fly?
If neither he, nor I thy pity move,
Pity thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles above
At either end do fume: and ſhould they burn,
Thy habitation would to ruine turn
Diſtreſſed *Atlas* ſhoulders ſhrink with pain,
And ſcarce the glowing Axletree ſuſtain.
If Sea, if Earth, if Heav'n ſhould fall by fire,
Then all of us to *Chaos* muſt retire.
O! quench theſe flames: the miſerable ſtate
Of things relieve, before it be too late.
This ſaid, her voice her parched tongue forſook,
Nor longer could the ſmothering vapors brook;
But, down into her-ſelf with-drew her head,
Near to th' infernal Caverns of the dead.
Jove calls the Gods to witneſs, and who lent
The ſtraying Chariot; ſhould not he prevent,
That All would periſh by one deſtiny;
Then mounts the higheſt Turret of the ſky,
From thence inur'd to cloud the ſpaceful Earth:
And give the flame fore-running thunder birth.
But, there, for waſted clouds he ſought in vain,
To ſhade, or cool the ſcorched Earth with rain.
He thunders, and with hands that cannot err,
Hurls lightning at th' audacious Charioter.
Him ſtrook he from his ſeat, breath from his breſt,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames ſuppreſt.
The frighted Horſes, plunging ſeveral ways,
Break all their tire: to whom the Bit obeys:
The rains, torn beams, crackt ſpokes, diſperſt abroad,
Scorch'd Heav'n was with the Chariots ruines ſtrow'd.
But, ſoul-leſs *Phaeton* with blazing hair,
Shot head long through a long deſcent of Air;
As when a falling ſtar glides through the ſky,
Or ſeems to fall to the deceived eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place
Of birth) receiv'd, and quencht his flagrant face:
Whoſe Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb;
And fixt this Epitaph upon his Tomb:
Here *Phaeton* lies; who though he could not guide
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

Phœbus with grief with-drew. One day did run
About the World, they say, without the Sun,
Which flamy funerals illuminate
That good, derived from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had said what could be said
In such a grief, half-sould, in black aray'd,
She fills the Earth she wanders through, with grone
First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Interr'd in foreign Lands she found the last:
Her feeble limbs upon the place she cast.
And bath'd his name in tears, and strictly prest
The carved Marble with her bared brest.
Nor less th' *Heliades* lament, who shed
From drowned eyes vain offerings to the dead:
Who with remorsless hands their bosoms tear,
And wailing, call on him that cannot hear.
With joined horns four Moons their orbs had fill'd
Since they their customary plaints upheld:
When *Phaethusa*, thinking to have cast
Her self on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her sisters aid,
As suddenly with fixed roots was staid.
A third, about t'have torn her scattered hair,
Tore-off the leaves which on her crown she bare.
This, grieveth at her stiff and senseless thighs:
She, that in stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
And whilst with wonder they themselves behold,
The creeping bark their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their bellies, brests, and all,
Except their mouths, which on their mother call.
What should she do? but run to that, to this,
As fury drave, and snatcht a parting kiss?
But yet, not so suffic'd, she strove to take
Them, from themselves, & down the branches brak
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did gli
O pity, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)
Nor tear us in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the bark their lips together drew.
From these clear dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
They, hardned by the Sun, to Amber grow,
Which, on the moisture-giving River spent,
To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift, is sent.
Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A-kin to *Phaeton*; in love, more neer.

He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* raign'd,
Which cities great and populous contain'd)
Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding floods,
The sedgy banks, and late augmented Woods.
Ht length, his voice grew small: white plume contends
In whiteness with his hair: his neck ascends.
Red films unite his toes: arms turn to wings:
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings,
Become a Swan, remembring how unjust
Joves lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will trust.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight;
And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite.
The woful Father to dead *Phaeton*,
Him-self neglecting (all his lustre gon,
As when eclipst) day, light, his own life hates;
And loved grief, with anger, aggravates:
Refusing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much my toil! born with the birth
Of Time; (as restless;) without end, regard,
Or honor: recompenc'd with his reward:
Some other now may on my Chariot sit.
If all of you confess your selves unfit;
Let *Jove* ascend: that he (when he shall try)
At length may lay his murder-thund'ring by.
Then will he find, that he, who could not guide
Those fire-hoost Steeds, deserv'd not to have dy'd.
The Gods stand round about him, and requeest
That endless Night might not the World invest.
Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Displeased *Phœbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes-up his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
On whom he vents his spleen: and, though they run,
He lashes, and upbraids them with his Son.
The Thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of Heavens high walls, to search if all were sound.
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane industries survey'd.
Arcadia chiefly exercis'd his cares;
There Springs and streams, that durst not run, repairs;
The Fields with Grass, the Trees with Leaves indues,
And withered Woods with vanisht Shades renews.
Oft passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
The God inflamed; her beauty, more divine!

'Twas not her Art to ſpin, nor with much care
And fine variety to trick her hair;
But, with a zone, her looſer garments bound,
And her rude treſſes in a Fillet woond:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow:
A Squire of *Phœbe*'s, *Menelaus* did know
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Favorites in favor laſt not long.
The parted Day in equal ballance held,
A wood ſhe entred, as yet never feld.
There from her ſhoulders ſhe her Quiver takes,
Unbends her Bow; and, tir'd with hunting, makes
The flow'ry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiver lays her head.
When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did ſee
In ſuch a poſiture; This ſtealth, ſaid he,
My Wife ſhall never know: or, ſay ſhe did;
Who, ah, who would not for her ſake be chid?
Diana's ſhape and habit them indu'd,
He ſaid; My Huntreſs, where haſt thou purſu'd
This mornings chaſe? She riſing, made reply;
Hail Pow'r more great then *Jove* (though *Jove* ſtoo
In my eſteem——. He ſmil'd: and gladly heard (by
Him-ſelf, by her, before him-ſelf prefer'd;
And kiſt. His kiſſes too intemperate grow;
Not ſuch as Maids on Maidens do beſtow.
His ſtrict imbracements her narration ſtay'd;
And, by his crime, his own deceit betray'd.
She did what Woman could to force her Fate;
(Would *Juno* ſaw: it would her ſpleen abate)
Although, as much as Woman could ſhe ſtrove;
What Woman, or, who can contend with *Jove!*
The Victor hies him to the æthereal States.
The Woods, as guilty of her wrongs, ſhe hates;
Almoſt forgetting, as from thence ſhe flung,
Her Quiver, and the Bow by which it hung.
High *Mænalus*, *Diktynna* with her train
Now entring, pleaſed with the quarry ſlain,
Beheld, and call'd her: call'd upon, ſhe fled;
And in her ſemblance *Jupiter* doth dread.
But, when ſhe ſaw th' attending Nymphs appear;
She troops amongſt them, and diverts her fear.
Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
With eyes ſcarce ever rais'd ſhe hangs the head:

No

Nor perks she now, as she was wont to do,
By *Cynthia*'s side, nor leads the starry crue.
Though mute she be, her violated shame
Self-guilty blushes silently proclaim.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
Had soon espy'd they say, her slie Nymphs did.
Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;
When, faint with labor, and her brothers heat,
She takes the shades; close by the murmuring
And silver current of a fruitful Spring.
The place much prais'd the stream as cool as clear
Her fair feet glads. No Spies, said she, be here:
Here will we our disrobed bodies dip.
Calisto blusht: the rest their fair limbs strip.
And her perforce uncloth'd that sought delays;
Who, with her body, her offence displays.
They all abasht, yet loth to have it spy'd,
Striving her belly with their hands to hide;
Avaunt, said *Cynthia*; get thee from our train;
Nor, with thy limbs, his sacred Fountain stain:
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whose thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:
Nor long delays; for, *Arcas* (which more scorn
And grief provok'd) was of the Lady born.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Must thou be fruitful too, to blaze my shame,
And propagate the wrong? And must he be
A living infamy to *Jove* and me?
I'l not indure't: That so self-pleasing shape,
Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,
I sure shall spoil. This said, her hair she woond
About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pity heav'd (so smooth, so fair!)
Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black hair.
Her dainty hands (which swift deformity
Converts to paws) the place of feet supply.
The mouth, so prais'd be *Jove* (that late to sin
Entic'd a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, lest she might too powerfully beseech,
She instantly bereft her of her speech:
In stead whereof, a noise ascends her hoarse
And rumbling throat, which terror doth inforce;
Although a Bear, her mind she still possest,
And with continual groans her grief expresst;

With paws ſtretcht up to heaven, accus'd her fate:
And whom ſhe could not call, ſhe thought ingrate.
How oft, afraid to keep the Woods alone,
Sought ſhe the houſe and fields that were her own!
How often, chaced by the following cry,
Th'affrighted Huntreſs from her Hounds did fly!
Oft ſhe (the Wood's wild foragers eſpy'd)
Forgetting what ſhe was, her ſelf would hide:
A Bear; yet trembles at the ſight of Bears;
And Wolves (her Father then amongſt them) fears.
When (lo!) *Lycaon*'s Grand-child thither drew,
Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew;
While he purſues the chaſe and ſalvage ſpoils,
(The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toils)
Her he encounters. *Arcas* ſeen, ſhe ſtaid,
And would have ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
Stared upon her with a conſtant eye;
And backward ſtept, as ſhe approached nigh.
About to wound her undefended breſt:
The King of Gods, who did the fact deteſt,
With them, the crime with-drew, and both convey'd
To heaven; now neighboring Conſtellations made.
Saturnia ſweld to ſee her Rival ſhine
Amongſt the Stars. She ſtoops to *Neptune*'s brine;
Gray *Tethys* and the old *Oceanus*
(Grac'd by the Deities) accoaſting thus:
Ask you why I, the Queen of Gods, am come
From bleſt abodes? Another holds my room.
When Nights black Mantle ſhall the World infold;
My wounds (thoſe honor'd Stars) you may behold;
There, where the ſhorteſt Circle, at the end
Of all the turning Axletree, doth bend.
Who would not injury the Wife of *Jove*,
When our worſt puniſhments preferments prove?
How great our Act! how is our power diſplay'd!
Unform'd a Woman, and a Goddeſs made.
Thus we the glory ſcourge! Thus, thus we our
Revenge advance! ſuch, and ſo great our power!
Let him unbeaſt the beaſt (as heretofore
Phoronis) and her wanton ſhape reſtore.
Why doth he not *Lycaon*'s Daughter wed,
Rjecting me, and place her in his bed?
But, you who once my careful Nurſes were,
If my indignities do touch you near,

Comman

Command you that the seven *Triones* keep
Their lazie Wain out of your sacred Deep. (drive;
From thence, those stars, the price of whoredom,
Nor let th' impurre in your pure Surges dive.
They both assent. Her Peacocks to the skies
Their Goddess draw; late stuck with *Argus* eyes,
Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late
From white to black, by well-deserved Fate.
(The spotless silver Dove was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running Brooks delight;
Nor yet that vigilant Fowl, whose gagling shall
Hereafter free th' attempted Capital.)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undo:
And what was white, is now of sable hue.
The Palm, *Coronis* of *Larissa*, bare
From all th' *Æmonian* Dames for matchless fair,
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;
As long as chaste, or from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her scapes did soon descry:
Nor could they charm th' inexorable Spy:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crow pursues
(As talkative as he) to know the news:
And, knowing, said: Thy self thou dost ingage
By thankless service: slight: not my presage.
Know what I was and am: through all my time
My actions sift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compos'd
Of *Attick* Osiers; privately inclos'd,
Her *Erichthonius* (whom on Woman bare)
Committed to the custody and care
Of three fair Virgin-Nimphs, that daughters were
To prudent *Cecrops*, who two shapes did bear:
Nor told what it contain'd, but charg'd that they
Her secrets should not to themselves betray.
These from an Elm I (unespy'd) espy.
Fair *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully
Perform their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
Her fearful sisters, and unties with-all
The wicker Cabinet; whose twigs contain
An infant, raised on a Dragon's train.
This, I my Goddess told; and for reward,
Am now cashiered from *Minerva*'s Guard.
The Bird of Night prefer'd. Beware by me:
Not too officiously tell all you see.

Trunk,

Truth is, I never to that place aſpir'd;
She gave it me, unſought-to, undeſir'd:
Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I
That angry *Pallas* would not this deny,
Me had King *Coronæus*, great in fame;
Through happy *Phocis*, by a royal Dame,
Rich ſuiters I (deſpiſe me not) had ſtore:
My beauty wrackt me. Walking on the ſhoar,
As leaſurely as now I uſe to go,
Cold *Neptune* ſaw me, and with luſt did glow.
The time, his pray'rs and praiſes ſpent in vain;
What would not yield, he offers to conſtrain,
And follows me that fled. The harder ſtrand
Behind me left, and tir'd with yielding ſand,
To Gods and Men I cry. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid relieves a Maid.
For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw;
My arms coal-black with hovering feathers grew.
My Robe I from my ſhoulders thought to throw:
But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.
With hands to beat my naked breſt I try:
But, neither breſt to beat, nor hands, had I.
Running, in ſand I ſunk not as before;
But, me the ſcarce-touch't Earth, unburden'd bore.
Forth-with, I lightly through the Air aſcend;
And on *Minerva* without blame attend.
But, what was this; when ſhe, whoſe wicked deeds
Unwoman'd her, in our loſt grace ſucceeds?
For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* ſpred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Fathers bed.
Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the ſight,
The Day, ſhe ſhuns; and masks her ſhame in Night.
About her, all our winged troops repair;
And, with inveſtives, chaſe her through the Air.
To her, the Raven: Miſchief thee ſurprize
For ſtaying me. Vain Omens I deſpiſe;
Then, forward flew; and told the hurtful truth
Of loſt *Coronis*, and th' *Æmonian* youth.
The hard drops from his hand: and from his head
The Laurel fell, his chearful colour fled.
Tranſported with his rage, his Bow he took,
And with inevitable arrow ſtrook
That breſt, which he ſo oft to his had join'd:
She ſhrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind.

The

The biting steel, pursu'd with streams of blood,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood:
And said; Though this be due, yet, *Phœbus*, I
Might first have seem'd: now, two in one must die.
She faints: fore'd life in her blood's torrent swims:
And stifning cold benums her senseless limbs.
His cruelty, to her he lov'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and him-self doth hate,
Who lent an ear, whom rage could so incense:
He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th' offence;
He hates his Art, his Quiver, and his Bow;
Then, takes her up, and all his skill doth show.
But (ah!) too late to vanquish Fate he tries,
And Surgery, without success, applies.
Which when he saw, and saw the funeral pile
Prepared to devour so dear a spoil;
He deeply groans (for no celestial eye
May shed a tear) as when a Cow stands by
And lows aloud to see th' advanced maul
Upon the fore-head of her suckling fall,
And now unear'd-for odors pour'd upon her;
And undue death with all due rites doth honor.
But, *Phœbus*, not indu'ring that his seed
(And that by her) the greedy Fire should feed,
Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame:
And to the two shap'd *Chiron* brought the same.
The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,
He turns to black; and for his truth rejects.
It pleas'd the Half-horse to be so imploy'd;
Who in his honorable trouble joy'd.
Behold! the *Centaur*'s daughter with red hair,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Cariclo* bare
By the swift River, and *Ocyroe* nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthful Art disclaim'd,
To sing the depth of Fates: Now, when her breast
Was by the prophesying rage possest,
And that th' included God inflam'd her mind;
Beholding of the Babe, she thus divin'd:
Health-giver to the world, grow Infant, grows
To whom mortality so much shall ow.
Fled Souls thou shalt restore to their abodes;
And once against the pleasure of the Gods.
To do the like, thy Grand-fires flames deny:
And thou, begotten by a God, must die.

Thou,

Thou, of a bloodleſs corps, a God ſhalt be:
And Nature twice ſhall be renew'd in thee.
And you, dear Father, not a Mortal now;
To whom the Fates eternity allow;
Shall wiſh to die, then when your wound ſhall ſmart
With Serpents blood, and ſlight your helpleſs Art,
Relenting Fates will pity you with death,
Againſt their Law, and ſtop your groaning breath.
Not all yet ſaid, her ſighs in ſtorms ariſe;
And ill-aboading tears burſt from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates prevent me: lo, they tie
My falt'ring tongue, and farther ſpeech deny.
Alas! theſe Arts not of that value be,
That they ſhould draw the wrath of Heaven on me:
O, rather would I nothing had fore-known!
My looks ſeem now not humane, nor my own.
I long to feed on graſs, I long to run
About the ſpacious fields, Wo's me, undone!
Into a Mare (my kindreds ſhape) I grow:
Yet, why throughout? my Father but half ſo.
The end of her complaint you ſcarce could hear
To underſtand: her words confuſed were.
Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, ſhe expreſt:
Her voice yet more inclining to the beaſt:
Then, neigh'd out-right, within a little ſpace,
Her down-thruſt arms upon the Meadow pace.
Her fingers join: one hoof five nails unite:
Her head and neck inlarge; not now upright:
Her trailing garment to a train extends:
Her dangling hair upon her creſt deſcends:
Her voice and ſhape at once transform'd became:
And to it ſelf the Monſter gives a name.
Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phœbus* vainly cries
On thee to change the changeleſs Deſtinies.
Admit thou couldſt: thee, from thy ſelf expeld,
Then *Elis*, and *Meſſenian* paſtures held.
It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,
Thou plaid'ſt upon unequal ſeven-fold Reeds:
Whil'ſt thee thy Pipe delights, whil'ſt cares of love
Thy ſoul poſſeſs, and others cares remove;
Thy oxen in the fields of *Pylos* ſtray:
Obſerved by the crafty ſon of *May*,
Forthwith he ſecretly conveys them thence,
In untract Woods concealing his offence.

None

None ſaw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;
Who wealthy *Nelems* famous horſes fed.
Him onely he miſdoubts: then, (ta'ne a-part)
Stranger, ſaid *Mercury*, what ere thou art;
If any for his Herd by chance enquire,
Conceal thy knowledg: and receive, for hire,
This white-hair'd Cow. He took her, and reply'd,
Be ſafe; thy theft ſhall ſooner be deſcry'd
By yonder ſtone, then me, and ſhew'd a ſtone.
Jove's ſon departs, and ſtraight returns unknown
(A ſeeming Clown in form and voice) who ſaid:
Saw'ſt thou no Cattel through theſe fields convey'd;
Detect the theft; in their recovery join:
And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull, is thine.
He (the reward redoubl'd) anſwer'd: There
Beneath thoſe hills, beneath thoſe hills they were.
Then, *Hermes*, laughing loud; What, knave, I ſay,
Me to my ſelf; me to my ſelf betray;
Then, to a touch-ſtone turn'd his perjur'd breſt;
Whoſe nature now is in that name expreſt.
Hence, he, who bears the Caduceus, ſprings
Through boundleſs air; and views, from ſtretcht-out (wings
Munychian fields, *Minerva's* loved ſoil,
Lycæum, exercis'd with learned toil.
By chance, upon that day it did befal,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for feſtival,
In crowned baskets on their ſhining hair,
The Virgin-train her ſacrifices bare:
Returning; theſe the winged God doth view;
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
As when a greedy Kite freſh intrails ſpies,
Fearing to ſtoop for thoſe that ſacrifice,
Strikes circles through the air, nor far removes;
But, with fixt eyes reverts to what he loves;
So ſwift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* tow'rs,
In airy windings circularly ſcours.
As *Lucifer* out-ſhines each other Star;
As ſilver *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*; ſo far
Did *Herſe* all the other Virgins ſtain;
The glory of that pomp, and of her train.
Love-ſtruck, he burns as in the Air he hung.
A bullet by *Bellarian* Slinger flung,
Increaſeth ſo in fervor as it flies;
And finds the fire it had not, in the skies.

From

From Heaven, he ſtoops to more affected Earth:
Not now diſguis'd like one of humane birth;
Such confidence his beauteous parts impart;
Which, though divine, he ſtrives to grace by Art.
He curls his hair; his mantle, wrought with gold,
He in the moſt becoming garb doth fold;
And his fine feet adorns: then, in his hand
Takes his ſleep-cauſing and expelling wand.
Three rooms there were within the fair contect
Of *Cecrop*'s houſe, with Ivory arches deckt.
Pandroſa and *Aglauros* on each ſide
Of *Herſe* lay; *Aglauros* firſt eſpy'd
The ſly-approaching *Mercury*: his name
She boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, *Pleiones* nephew; He am I
Who on *Jove*'s errands (*Jove*, my Father) fly.
And to be plain; to *Herſe* faithful prove:
And be an Aunt unto our fruitful love.
Thy ſiſter's beauties this repair inforce:
I pray thee of a lover take remorſe.
So ſtar'd ſhe on him, and as much amaz'd;
As when ſhe on *Minerva*'s ſecrets gaz'd:
Who asks a maſs of treaſure for her hire;
And till 'twere paid, conſtrain'd him to retire.
Wars angry Goddeſs caſt on her a look
That darted fire; and fetcht a ſigh which ſhook
Her boſom, with the *Ægis* which ſhe wore:
Who calls to mind, how ſhe, not long afore
Profanely did, againſt her faith, diſcover
The *Lemnian* iſſue, born without a Mother:
Now to her ſiſter, to the God ingrate;
And by ſo baſe a means to inrich her ſtate.
Forth-with to *Envy*'s cave her courſe ſhe bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deep deſcent
Between two hills; where *Phœbus* never ſhows
His chearful face; where no wind ever blows:
Repleat with ſadneſs, and unactive cold;
Devoid of fire, yet ſtill in ſmoke inrol'd.
Whether when as the fear'd in battel came,
She ſtaid before the houſe (that hateful frame
She might not enter) and the dark door ſtroke
With her bright lance; which ſtraight in ſunder broke,
There ſaw ſhe *Envy* lapping Vipers blood;
And feeding on their fleſh, her vices food:

And,

And, having ſeen her, turn'd-away her eyes.
The Caitiff ſlowly from the ground doth riſe
(Her half-devoured Serpents laid-aſide)
And forward creepeth with a lazy ſtride.
Viewing her form ſo fair; her arms ſo bright;
She groan'd and ſigh'd at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Her body more then meager; pale her hue:
Her teeth all ruſty; ſtill ſhe looks askue:
Her breſt with gall, her tongue with poiſon ſweld:
She onely laught when ſhe ſad ſights beheld.
Her ever-waking cares exil'd ſoft ſleep:
Who looks on good ſucceſs with eyes that weep;
Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds:
And on her ſelf revengeth her miſdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag deteſt;
Yet briefly thus her pleaſure ſhe expreſt:
Aglauros, one of the *Cecropides*,
Do thou infeſt with thy accurſt diſeaſe.
This ſaid; the haſty Goddeſs doth advance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Envy caſt after her a wicked eye,
Mutters, and could for very ſorrow die,
That ſuch her power: ſnaggy ſtaff then took
Wreathed with thorns; and her dark Cave forſook:
Wrapt in black clouds, which way ſo e're ſhe turns,
The Corn ſhe lodges, flow'ry paſture burns,
Crops what grows high; Towns, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and Virtue perſecutes to death.
When ſhe the fair *Athenian* tow'rs beheld,
Which ſo in wealth, in learned Arts excel'd,
And feaſtful Peace; to cry ſhe ſcarce forbears,
In that ſhe ſaw no argument for tears.
When ſhe *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her cankred hand upon her breſt ſhe laid.
And crooked thorns into her heart convey'd,
And breath'd in bainful poiſon; which ſhe ſheds
Into her bones, and through her ſpirits ſpreads.
And that her envy might not want a cauſe;
The God in his divineſt form ſhe draws,
And with in, ſets before her wounded eyes
Her happy ſiſter, and their nuptial joys:
Augmenting all. Theſe ſecret woes excite,
And gnaw her ſoul. She ſighs all day, and night;

And

And with a slow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Suns uncertain ray.
Fair *Herse*'s happy state such heart-burn breeds
In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds
Are set on fire: which without flame consume,
And seem (so small their heat) to burn with fume.
Oft she resolves to die, such sights to shun:
Oft, by disclosing, to have both undone.
Now sits she on the threshold, to prevent
The Gods access; who with lost blandishment,
And his best Art, perswades. Quoth she, forbear,
I cannot be remov'd, if you stay here.
I to this bargain, he reply'd, will stand:
The figured door then forces with his wand.
Striving to rise, to second her debate,
Her hips could not remove, prest with dull waight.
Again she struggl'd to have stood on end:
But, those unsupple sinews would not bend.
Incroaching cold now enters at her nails:
And lack of blood her veins blue branches pales.
And as a Canker, slighting helpless Arts,
Creeps from th' infected to the sounder parts:
So by degrees the Winter of wan Death
Congeals the path of life, and spots her breath:
Nor strove she: had she strove to make her mone,
Voice had no way; her neck and face now stone.
There she a bloodless Statue sat, all freckt:
Her spotted mind the Marble did infect.
When *Atlantiades*, on her prophane
Of tongue and heart, this sharp revenge had ta'ne;
He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew
On mounting wings, and unto heaven with-drew.
With whom, *Jove* thus (his love concealing) joins:
Thou, faithful Minister to my designs,
Shoot swiftly through the Air unto that Land,
Whose borders North-ward of thy Mother stand,
Which those Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:
Behold yon royal Herd; conduct the same,
From not far distant mountains, to the shore.
This he dispatcht, with speed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the Princely Maid,
Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, plaid.
Love and high Majesty agree not well;
Nor will together in one bosom dwell,

That

That Pow'r, from whom, what-ere hath being, ſprings;
That King of Gods, who three-fork'd lightning flings;
Whoſe nod the World's unfixt foundation ſhakes,
The figure of a ſenſual Bull now takes:
And, lowing, walks upon the tender graſs
Amongſt the Herd; though he form ſurpaſs.
His colour whiter then untroden Snow,
Before ſtill-moiſt and thawing *Auſter* blow.
The fleſh, in ſwelling rolls, adorns his neck:
His broad-ſpread breſt long dangling dew-laps deck.
His horns, though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art invite
To imitate, then ſhining gems more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his brows no terror threat;
His whole aſpect with ſhining peace repleat.
The beaſt, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautiful, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowers him fed
The Lover joys: till he his hopes might feaſt.
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce defers the reſt!
Now, on the ſpringing graſs, he friſks and plays:
His ſides now on the golden ſands he lays.
Her fear ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrokes his proffer'd breſt:
Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands dreſt.
The royal Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhe backt.
He, to the ſea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees;
Then, ruſhing forward, bears away the prize.
She ſhrieks, and to the ſhoar reverts her eyes:
One hand his horn, the other held behind;
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the wind,

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Third Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

ARm'd troops from Dragons late-ſown teeth ariſe,
By his own Hounds the Hart Actæon *dies.*
Juno *a Beldame.* Semele *doth fry*
In wiſht imbraces. Bacchus *from* Joves *thigh*
Takes ſecond birth. The wiſe Tireſias *twice*
Doth change his ſex. Scorn'd Echo *pines t'a voice:*
Self-lov'd Narciſſus *to a Daffodil;*
Bacchus, *a Boy. The* Tyrrhen's *ſhip ſtands ſtill,*
With Ivy mor'd. Strange ſhapes the Sailers fright:
Who Dolphins turn, and ſtill in ſhips delight.

AND now the God, arriving with his Rape,
At ſacred *Creet*, reſumes his heavenly ſhape.
The King, his Son to ſeek his Daughter ſent,
Fore-doomed to perpetual baniſhment,
Except his fortune to his wiſh ſucceed:
How pious, and how impious in one deed! quire?)
Earth-wandred through (*Joves* thefts who can ex-
He ſhuns his Country, and his Fathers ire:
With *Phœbus* Oracle conſults, to know
What Land the Fates intended to beſtow.
Who, thus: In deſert fields obſerve a Cow,
Yet never yok't, nor ſervile to the Plow:
Follow her ſlow conduct: and where ſhe ſhall
Repoſe, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.

Scarce

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Caſtalian* Cave deſcended,
When he an Heifer ſaw, by no man tended,
Her neck ungall'd with groaning ſervitude,
The God ador'd, he foot by foot purſu'd.
Cephiſus flood, and *Panope* now paſt,
SHe made a ſtand; to heaven her forehead caſt,
With lofty horns moſt exquiſitely fair;
Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:
Looks back upon the company ſhe led;
And, kneeling makes the tender graſs her bed.
Thanks-giving *Cadmus* kiſt the unknown ground;
The ſtranger fields and hills ſaluting round.
About to ſacrifice to heaven's high King,
He ſends for water from the living Spring.
A Wood there was, which never Ax did hew;
In it, a Cave, where Reeds and Oſiers grew,
Roof't with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this hold poſſeſt;
Bright ſcal'd, and ſhining with a golden creſt;
His bulk with poiſon ſwoln; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth compriſe.
This fatal Well th' unlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let pitcher, rais'd a ſound.
With that, the Serpent his blue head extends;
And ſuffering air with horrid hiſſes rends.
The water from them fell; their colour fled:
Who all, aſtoniſht, ſhook with ſudden dread.
He wreaths his ſcaly folds into an heap;
And fetcht a compaſs with a mighty leap:
Then, bolt-upright his monſtrous length diſplays
More then half-way, and all the Woods ſurveys.
Whoſe body, when all ſeen, no leſs appears,
Then that, which parts the two celeſtial Bears.
Whether the *Tyrians* ſought to fight, or fly,
Or whether they through fear could neither try,
Some craſht he 'twixt his jaws, ſome claſpt to death,
Some kills with poiſon, others with his breath.
And now the Sun the ſhorteſt ſhadows made,
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his ſervants ſtaid,
Their foot-ſteps trac'd. An hide the Hero wore,
Which late he from a ſlaughtered Lion tore:
His Arms a dart, a bright ſteel-pointed Spear,
And ſuch a mind as could not ſtoop to fear.

When

When he the Wood had entred; and there view'd
The bodies of the slain with blood imbrew'd;
Th' insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst
And their suckt wounds; he sigh'd, as heart would burst;
Then said, I will revenge, O faithful Mates,
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
With that he lifted up a mighty stone,
Which with a more then manly force was thrown.
What would have batter'd down the strongest wall,
And shiv'red tow'rs, doth give no wound at all.
The hardness of his skin, and scales that grow
Upon his armed back, repulse the blow.
And yet that strong defence could not so well
The vigor of his thrilling Dart repel;
Which through his winding back a passage rends,
There sticks: the steel into his guts descends.
Rabid with anguish, he retorts his look
upon the wound; and then the javelin took
Between his teeth; it every way doth wind:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind.
His rage increast with his augmenting pains:
And his thick-panting throat swells with full veins.
A cold white froth surrounds his pois'nous jaws:
On thundring Earth his trailing scales he draws:
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw ejects
A blasting breath, which all the air infects.
His body now, he circularly bends:
Forth-with into a monstrous length extends:
Then rusheth on, like show'r-incensed Floods;
And with his brest o're-bears the obvious Woods.
The Prince gave way; who with the Lion's spoil
Sustain'd th' assault; and forc'd a quick recoil,
His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feel,
He madly wounds; and bites the biting steel.
Th' invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Converts the grass into a dusky red:
Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;
And so, by yielding did the force subdue.
Till *Agenorides* the steel imbru'd
In his wide throat, and still his thrust pursu'd;
Until an Oak his back-retrait with-stood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The tree bends with a burden so unknown;
And, lashed by the Serpents tail, doth groan.

While

While he ſurvey'd the greatneſs of his foe,
This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)
Why is that Serpent ſo admir'd by thee?
Agenor's ſon, a Serpent thou ſhalt be.
He ſpeechleſs grew: pale fear repel'd his blood;
And now uncurled hair like briſtles ſtood.
Behold! Mans Fautreſs, *Pallas* (from the sky
Deſcending to his needful aid) ſtood by:
Who bad him in the turn'd-up furrows throw
The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
And therein ſow'd the ſeed of humane birth.
Lo (paſt belief!) the Clods began to move:
And tops of Lances firſt appear'd above:
The Helmets nodding with their plumed Creſts;
Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated breſts;
Hands with offenſive weapons charg'd, inſue:
And Target-bearing troops of Men up-grew.
So in our Theater's ſolemnities,
When they the Arras raiſe, the Figures riſe:
Afore the reſt, their faces firſt appear;
By little and by little then they rear
Their bodies, with a meaſure-keeping hand,
Until their feet upon the Border ſtand.
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the ſight
Of ſuch an Hoſt, addreſt him to the fight.
Forbear (a new-born Soldier cry'd) t' ingage
Thy better fortune in our civil rage!
With that, he on his Earth-bred brother flew:
At whom a deadly dart another threw.
Nor he that kill'd him, long ſurvives his death;
But through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all:
And by uncivil civil blows they fall.
The new-ſprung Youth, who hardly life poſſeſt,
Now panting, kick their Mothers bloody-breſt.
But five ſurviv'd: of whom *Echion* one;
His Arms to Earth by *Pallas* counſel thrown.
He craves the love he offers. All accord
As Brothers ſhould: and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt, to build
His lofty walls; the Oracle fulfil'd.
Now flouriſht *Thebes*: now did thy exile prove
In ſhew a bleſſing; thoſe that rule in love

And

And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace:
By such a Wife to have so fair a race;
So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too
(The pledges of their peaceful beds) insue;
And they now grown to excellence and power,
But, Man must censur'd be by his last hour:
Whom truly we can never happy call,
Afore his death, and closing Funeral.
In this thy every way so prosperous state,
Thy first mis-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate:
Whose brows unnatural branches ill adorn;
By his ungrateful Dogs in pieces torn.
Yet Fortune did offend in him; not he:
For, what offence may in an error be?
With purple blood, slain Deer the hills imbrue:
And now high Noon the shades of things withdrew;
While East and West the equal Sun partake:
Thus, then *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathless Wood:
My Friends, our nets and javelins reek with blood:
Enough hath been the fortune of this day:
To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display
Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.
Now, *Phœbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannied Earth: here let our labor end:
Take up your toils. They gladly condescend.
A Vale there was with Pines and Cypress crown'd,
Gargaphy call'd; for *Diana*'s love renown'd.
A shady Cave possest the inward part,
Not wrought by hands; there Nature witty Art
Did counterfeit: a native Arch she drew,
With Pumice and light Tofusses, that grew.
A bubling Spring, with streams as clear as Glass,
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted Grass,
The weary Huntress usually here laves
Her Virgin limbs, more pure then those pure waves.
And now her Bow, her Javelin, and her Quiver;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver:
Her light impoverisht Robes another held:
Her buskins two untie. The better skill'd
Ismenian Crocale, her long hair woond
In pleated-wreaths: yet was her own unbound;
Neat *Hayle*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Pseras*, (still
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lavers fill.

While

While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guiſe)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew tyr'd with exerciſe, (Grove
And wandring through the woods, approacht this
With fatal ſteps: ſo deſtiny him drove:
Entring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd:
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their reſounding breaſts, and fill'd the Wood
With ſudden ſhreeks, like Ivory pales they ſtood
About their Goddeſs: but ſhe, far more tall,
By head and ſhoulders over-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
Shot by the Sun-beams; or the roſie Morns:
Such ſluſht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked ta'ne,
And though inviron'd by her Virgin train,
She ſide-long turns, looks back, and wiſht her Bow:
Yet, what ſhe had, ſhe in his face did throw.
With vengeful Waters ſprinkled; to her rage
Theſe words ſhe adds, which future Fate preſage:
Now, tell how thou haſt ſeen me diſarray'd;
Tell if thou canſt: I give thee leave. This ſaid,
She to his neck and ears new length imparts;
This brow th' atlanters of long-living Harts:
His legs and feet with arms and hands ſupply'd;
And cloth'd his body in a ſpotted hide.
To this fear added, *Autonœius* flies,
And wonders at the ſwiftneſs of his thighs.
But, when his looks he in the River view'd,
He would have cry'd, Woes me! no words inſu'd:
His words were grones. He frets with galling tears,
Cheeks not his own; yet his own mind he bears.
What ſhould he do? Go home or in the Wood
For ever lurk? Fear, this; ſhame that withſtood.
While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Maſter view:
Black-foot, and *Tracer*, opening firſt, purſue:
Sure *Tracer*, *Gnoſſus*; *Black-foot Sparta* bare.
Then all fell in, more ſwift then forced Aire:
Spie, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliff*; theſe *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-wind*, eager *Follow-dread*;
Hunter, for ſent; for ſpeed, *Flight* went before;
Fierce *Salvage*, lately ganched by a Bore;
Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
Stout *Shepherd*, late preſerving flocks from danger;
Gaunt *Catch*, whoſe race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Courſer*, *Blab*, raſh *Tyger* never tame;

Blanch, *Mourner*, *Royster*, *Wolf* surpassing strong;
And *Tempest*, able to continue long:
Swift, with his brother *Churle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
Bold *Snatch*; whose Sable brows a white star crown'd;
Cole; shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*:
White-tooth, and *Ring-wood* (others not to express.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want access,
Through straitned ways, & where there was no way,
The well-mouth'd Hounds pursue the Princely prey,
VVhere oft he wont to follow, now he flies;
Flies from his Family! in thought he cries;
I am *Actæon*, servants, know your Lord!
Thoughts wanted words. High skies the noise record.
First, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch: in flung
Fierce *Kill-deer*; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung,
These came forth last; but crost a nearer way
A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,
In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.
Now is no room for wounds. Grones speak his pangs.
Though not with humane voice, unlike a Hart:
In whose laments the known Rocks bear a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pity craves,
His silent looks, in stead of arms, he waves.
With usual shouts their Dogs the Hunters chear;
And seek, and call *Actæon*. He (too near)
Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being absent at his present fall.
Present he was, that absent would have been;
Nor would his cruel Hounds have felt, but seen.
Their snouts they in his body bathe; and tear
Their Master in the figure of a Dear:
Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disseis'd,
Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
'Twas censur'd variously: for many thought
The punishment far greater than the fault.
Others so sowre a chastity commend,
As worthy her, and both, their parts defend.
Joves Wife not so much blam'd or prais'd the deed;
As she rejoiceth at the wounds that bleed
In *Cadmus* family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kind.
Now new occasions fresh displeasure move:
For *Semele* was great with child by *Jove*.

Then

Then, thus she scolds: O, what amends succeeds
Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds,
If we be more than titularly great;
If we a Scepter sway; if Heaven our seat;
If *Jov's* fear'd Wife, and Sister (certainly,
His Sister) torment shall the whore destroy.
Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,
And quickly might the injury repent:
But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,
And by her belly doth her crime proclaim.
Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove,
Which, hardly once, hath happened to our love:
So confident is beauty! Yet shall she
Fail in that hope: nor let me *Juno* be,
Unless, by her own *Jove* destroy'd, she make
A swift descent unto the *Stygian* Lake.
She quits her throne, and in a yellow cloud
Approach't the Palace; nor dismist that shroud,
Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made
Her head all gray: while creeping feet convey'd
Her crooked limbs, her voice small, weak and hoarse,
Like *Beroe* of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.
Long talking, at the mention of *Joves* Name,
She sigh'd, and said; Pray Heaven, he prove the same!
Yet much I fear; for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.
Though *Jove*; that's not enough. Give he a sign
Of his affection, if he be divine.
Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warms
His melting bosom, in high *Juno's* arms;
With thee, such and so mighty, let him lie,
Deckt with the ensigns of his Deity.
Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame;
Who begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.
To whom the God: Choose, and thy choise possess;
Yet, that thy diffidency may be less,
Witness that Power, who through obscure aboads
Spreads his dull streams: the fear, and God of Gods
Pleas'd with her harm, of too much power to move!
That now must perish by obsequious love:
Such be to me, she said, as when the Invites
Of *Juno* summons you to *Venus* Rites.
Her mouth he thought to stop: but, now that breath
Was mixt with air which sentenced her death.

Then fetcht a figh as if his breaſt would tear
(For, ſhe might not un-wiſh, nor he un-ſwear)
And ſadly mounts the skie; who with him took
The Clouds, that imitate his mournful look;
Thick ſhowrs and tempeſts adding to the ſame,
Loud thunder, and inevitable flame.
Whoſe rigor yet he ſtriveth to ſubdue:
Not armed with that fire which overthrew
The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde:
There is another lightning far more mild,
By *Cyclops* forged with leſs flame and ire:
Which, deathleſs Gods do call the ſecond fire.
This, to her Fathers houſe he with him took:
But (ah!) a mortal body could not brook
Æthereal tumults. Her ſucceſs ſhe mourns;
And in thoſe ſo deſir'd imbracements burns.
Th' unperfect Babe, which in her womb doth lie,
Was ta'ne by *Jove*, and ſew'd into his thigh,
His mothers time accompliſhing: Whom firſt,
By ſtealth, his careful Aunt, kind *Ino*, nurſt:
Then, given to the *Nyſcides*, and bred
In ſecret Caves, with Milk and Honey fed.
While this on Earth befel by Fates decree
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Jove, weighty cares expelling from his breſt
With flowing Nectar, and diſpos'd to jeſt
With well-pleas'd *Juno*, ſaid: In *Venus* deeds,
The Females pleaſure far the Males exceeds.
This ſhe denies: *Tireſias* muſt decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a ſtroke their ſlimy twiſts unbound;
Who ſtraight a Woman of a Man became:
Seven Autumns paſt, he in the eighth the ſame
Refinding, ſaid: If ſuch your power ſo ſtrange,
That they who ſtrike you muſt their nature change
Once more I'le try. Then ſtruck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, choſen Umpire of this ſportful ſtrife,
Jove's words confirm'd. This vext his froward Wife
More then the matter crav'd. To wreak her ſpite,
His eyes ſhe muffled in eternal night.
Th' omnipotent (ſince no God may undo
An others deed) with Fates which ſhould inſue

Inform'

Inform'd his intellect; and did supply
His body's eye-sight, with his minds clear eye.
He giving sure replies to such as came,
Through all the *Aonian* Cities stretcht his fame.
First blew *Liriope* sad trial made,
How that was but too true which he had said:
Whom in times past *Cephisus* flood imbrac't
Within his winding streams: and forc't the chast,
The lovely Nymph (who not unfruitful prov'd
Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crown his youth; He, in obscure presage,
Made this reply: Except himself he know.
Long, they no credit on his words bestow:
Yet did the event the prophesie approve;
In his strange ruine, and new kind of love.
Now, he to fifteen added had a year:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear.
Many a love-sick Youth did him desire;
And many a Maid his beauty set on fire;
Yet, in his tender age his pride was such,
That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch.
The vocal Nymph, this lovely Boy did spy
(She could not proffer speech, nor not reply)
When busie in pursuit of salvage spoyles,
He drave the Deer into his corded toyles.
Eccho was then a body, not a voice:
Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choice;
But only could reiterate the close
Of every speech. This *Juno* did impose.
For, often when she might have taken *Jove*
Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly strove;
Her long discourses made the Goddess stay,
Until the Nymphs had time to run away.
Which when perceiv'd; she said, For this abuse
Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use,
Those threats are deeds: She yet ingeminates
The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.
Narcissus seen, intending thus the chace;
She forth-with glows, and with a noiseless pace
His steps pursues; the more she did persew,
More hot (as nearer to her fire) she grew:
And might be likened to a sulph'rous match,
Which instantly th' approached flame doth catch.

How oft would she have woo'd him with sweet Words
But, Nature no such liberty affords:
Begin she could not, yet full readily
To his expected speech she would reply.
The Boy, from his companions parted, said;
Is any nigh! I, *Eccho* answer made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. She him who called, call'd.
Then looking back; and seeing none appear'd,
VVhy shun'st thou me? The self-same voice he hears
Deceived by the Image of his words;
Then let us join, said he: no sound accords
More to her wish: her faculties combine
In dear consent; who answer'd, *Let us join!*
Flattering her self, out of the woods she sprung;
And would about his strugling neck have hung.
Thrust back, he said, Life shall this breast forsake,
Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.
On me thy pleasure take, the Nymph replies
To that disdainful Boy, who from her flies.
Despis'd, the wood her sad retreat receaves:
VVho covers her shamed face with leaves:
And sculks in desart Caves. Love still possest
Her soul; through grief of her repulse increast,
Her wretched body pines with sleepless care:
Her skin contracts: her blood converts to ayre.
Nothing was left her now but voice and bones:
The voice remains; the other turn to stones.
Conceal'd in woods, in Mountains never found,
Yet heard in all: and all is but a Sound.
Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in Mountains born,
And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kill'd with scorn.
Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd!
VVhen one thus prai'd, with hands to heav'n upheav'd
So may he love himself, and so despair!
Rhamnusia condescends to his just pray'r.
A Spring there was, whose silver waters were,
As smooth as any mirror, nor lesse cleare:
VVhich neither Herdsmen, tame, nor salvage Beast
Nor wandring Fowle, nor scattered leaves molest;
Girt round with grasse, by neighbouring mosture fed,
And woods, against the Suns invasion spred.
He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lies upon his face.

Quenching

Quenching his thirſt, another thirſt doth riſe,
Rais'd by the form which in that glaſs he ſpies.
The hope of nothing doth his pow'rs invade:
And for a body he miſtakes a ſhade.
Himſelf, himſelf diſtracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* ſtone.
Beholds his eyes, two ſtars! his dangling hair
VVhich with unſhorn *Apollo's* might compare:
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his ſmooth chin!
His Ivory neck! his heavenly face! where-in
The linked Deities their Graces fix!
VVhere Roſes with unſullied Lillies mix!
Admireth all; for which to be admir'd:
And unconſiderately himſelf deſir'd.
The praiſes, which he gives, his beauty claim'd.
VVho ſeeks, is ſought: th' Inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kiſs the flattering ſpring!
How oft with down-thruſt arms ſought he to cling
About that loved neck! Thoſe cous'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himſelf he ſlips.
Not knowing what, with what he ſees he fryes:
And th' error that deceives, incites his eyes:
O fool! that ſtriv'ſt to catch a flying ſhade!
Thou ſeek'ſt what's no where: Turn aſide, 'twill fade.
Thy forms reflection doth thy ſight delude:
Which is with nothing of its own indu'd.
VVith thee it comes, with thee it ſtayes, and ſo
'Twould go away, hadſt thou the power to go.
Nor ſleep, nor hunger could the lover raiſe:
VVho, laid along, on that falſe form doth gaze
VVith looks, which looking never could ſuffice,
And ruinates himſelf with his own eyes.
At length, a little lifting up his head,
You woods, that round about your branches ſpread,
VVas ever ſo unfortunate a Lover!
You know, for many you have been a cover.
From your firſt growth to this long diſtant day
Have you known any, thus to pine away!
I like, and ſee: but yet I cannot find
The like'r, and ſcene. O Love, with error blind!
VVhat grieves me more; no Sea, no Mountain ſteep,
No wayes, no walls, our joyes a-ſunder keep:
VVhom but a little water doth divide.
And he himſelf deſires to be injoy'd.

As oft as I to kiſs the flood decline,
So oft his lips aſcend, to cloſe with mine.
You'ld think we toucht: ſo ſmall a thing doth part
Our equal loves! Come forth what ere thou art.
Sweet Boy, a ſimple Boy beguile not ſo:
From him that ſeeks thee, whither would'ſt thou go?
My age nor beauty merit thy diſdain:
And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vain.
Yet in thy friendly ſhews my poor hopes live;
Still ſtriving to receive the hand I give:
Thou ſmil'ſt my ſmiles: when I a tear let fall,
Thou ſhedd'ſt another; and conſent'ſt in all.
And, lo, thy ſweetly-moving lips appear
To utter words, that come not to our ear.
Ah, he is I! now, now I plainly ſee:
Nor is't my ſhadow that bewitcheth me.
Love of my ſelf me burns; (O too too ſure!)
I ſuffer in thoſe flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or woo? What ſhall I crave?
Since what I covet, I already have.
Too much hath made me poor! O, you divine
And favouring Powers, me from my ſelf diſ-joyn!
Of what I love, I would be diſpoſſeſt:
This, in a Lover, is a ſtrange requeſt:
Now, ſtrength through grief decayes: ſhort is the time
I have to live; extinguiſht in my prime.
Nor grieves it me to part with well-miſt breath;
For grief will find a perfect cure in death:
Would he I love might longer life injoy!
Now, two ill-fated Lovers, in one, dye.
This ſaid; again upon his Image gaz'd;
Tears on the troubled water circles rais'd:
The motion much obſcur'd the fleeting ſhade.
With that, he cry'd (perceiving it to vade)
O, whither wilt thou! ſtay: nor cruel prove,
In leaving me, who infinitely love.
Yet let me ſee, what cannot be poſſeſt;
And with that empty food my fury feaſt.
Complaining thus, himſelf he diſarrays;
And to remorſeleſs hands his breſt diſplayes:
The blows that ſolid Snow with crimſon ſtripe;
Like Apples partly-red, or Grapes ſcarce ripe.
But in the water when the ſame appear,
He could no longer ſuch a ſorrow bear.

At

As Virgin-wax dissolves with fervent heat;
Or morning Frost, where on the Sun beams beat:
So thaws he with the ardor of desire;
And, by degrees consumes in unseen fire.
His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white;
That life; that favor lost, which did delight.
Nor those divine proportions now remain,
So much by *Echo* lately lov'd in vain.
Which when she saw: although she angry were,
And still in minde her late repulse did bear;
As often as the miserable cry'd,
Alas! Alas, the woful Nymph reply'd.
And ever when he struck his sounding breast,
Like sounds of mutual sufferance expresst.
His last words were, still hanging o're his shade;
Ah, Boy, belov'd in vain! So *Echo* said.
Farewel. Farewel, sigh't she. Then down he lyes:
Death's cold hand shuts his self-admiring eyes:
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Upon the Waters of infernal *Styx*.
The woful *Naiades* lament the dead;
And their clipt hair upon their brother spread.
The woful *Dryades* partake their woes:
With both, sad *Echo* joyns at every close.
The funeral Pyle prepar'd, a Herse they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainly sought.
Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,
With tufts of white about the Button crown'd.
This, through *Achaia* spred the Prophets fame;
Who worthily had purchas't a great name.
But, proud *Echion's* son, who did despise
The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;
And twits *Tiresias* with his ravisht sight.
He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;
And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes
To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.
The time shall come (which I presage is neer)
When *Semelean Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
Thy Mother, and her Sisters shall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effused blood;
And throw thy sever'd limbs about the Wood.
'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebel:
And then thou'lt say; the blind did see too well.

His mouth proud *Penthew* ſtopt. Belief ſucceeds
Fore-running threats: and words are ſeal'd by deeds.
Liber is come, the fields with clamour ſound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.
VVomen with Men, the baſe and nobler ſort
Together to thoſe unknown Rites reſort.
You ſons of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
(Said he) what fury doth your minds imbaſe?
Is braſſe of ſuch a power, which drunkards beat,
Or ſound of Horns, or Magical deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright,
Loud women, wine-bred rage, a luſtful crew
Of Beaſts, and Kettle-drums, ſhould thus ſubdue?
At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire!
VVho brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
And fixt them here: now from that care ſo far
Eſtranged, as to loſe them without war;
Or you, who of my able age appear;
Whoſe heads ſhould helmets, and not garlands, wear:
Nor levy Javelins, but good Swords adorn
The hands of youth. O you, ſo nobly born,
That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whoſe ſingle valour ſuch a number ſlue.
He, in defending of his Fountain fell:
Do you th' Invaders of your fame repell.
He ſlew the ſtrong: do you the weak deſtroy,
And free your Countrey from foul infamy.
If Deſtinies decree that *Thebes* muſt fall,
May men, may warlike engines raze her wall:
Let ſword and fire our famiſht lives aſſault:
Then ſhould we not be wretched through our fault,
Nor ſtrive to hide our guilt, but, Fortune blame,
And vent our pitied ſorrows without ſhame.
Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight:
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight,
But hair perfum'd with Myrrhe, ſoft Anadems,
And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems:
Who ſhall confeſs (if you your aid deny)
His forged Father, and falſe Deity.
What? had *Acriſius* vertue to withſtand
Th' Impoſtor, chaſed from the *Argive* ſtrand?
And ſhall this vagabond, this forrainer,
Me *Penthew*, and the *Theban* State deter?

Go (ſaid he to his ſervants) go your way,
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.
Him, *Cadmus*, *Athmas*, and all diſſwade,
By oppoſition, more intemperate made.
Fury encreaſeth, when it is withſtood:
And then good counſel doth more harm than good.
So have I ſeen an unſtopt torrent glide
With quiet waters, ſcarcely heard to chide.
But, when ſain Trees, or Rocks, impeach't his courſe;
To ſome, and roar with uncontroled force.
All bloody they return. Where is, ſaid he,
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of us did ſee,
Reply'd they; This his miniſter we found
(Preſenting one with hands behind him bound)
A *Thuſcan* zealous in thoſe myſteries.
On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks, with wrathful eyes:
Who hardly could his puniſhment defer,
Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others ſhalt deter.
Declare thy name, thy Nation, Parentage,
And why thou followeſt this new-fangled Rage.
He, in whom innocency fear ore-came,
Made this reply: *Acetis* is my name:
My life I ow to the *Mæonian* earth;
To none, my fortunes; born of humble birth.
No land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Heards, nor bleating Flocks: himſelf was poor.
The tempted Fiſh, with hook and line he caught:
His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught:
And ſaid, My heir, ſucceſſor to my Art,
Receive the riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:
The Sea may I my patrimony call.
Yet, leſt I ſtill ſhould on thoſe Rocks abide,
To navigation I my time apply'd;
Obſerv'd th' *Oenian* Goat portending rain;
Wet *Hyades*, when ſtooping to the Main,
Taygeta, and cold *Arctos*; the reſorts
Of ſeveral winds; and harbour-giving Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* ſhores:
And, there arrived, with induſtrious Oares.
Leaping a-ſhoar, I made the beach my bed.
When aged Night *Aurora*'s bluſhes fled;
I roſe, and bade my men freſh water bring:
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then

Then, from an Hill obſerv'd the winds accord;
My Mates I call'd, and forth-with went aboard.
All here, the Maſter's Mate *Opheltes* cries:
And thinking he had light upon a prize,
Along the ſhoar a lovely Boy convey'd,
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.
Heavy with wine and ſleep, he reeled ſo,
That, though ſupported, he could hardly go.
When I beheld his habit, gate, and feature,
I could not think it was an humane Creature.
Fellows, I doubt what God, but ſure, ſaid I,
This excellence includes a Deity.
O, be propitious, who-ſo-e're thou art;
Unto our induſtry ſucceſs impart;
And pardon theſe who have offended thus.
Then, *Dyctis* ſaid; Forbear to pray for us:
(Than he, none could the top-ſail-yard beſtride
With lighter ſpeed; nor thence more nimbly ſlide)
This, *Lybis*, ſwart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;
Epopeus the Boats-ſwain, ſo all ſay;
Bewitched with the blind deſire of prey.
This ſhip, ſaid I, you ſhall not violate
With ſacriledg of ſo divine a weight;
Wherein I have moſt int'reſt, and command:
And on the Hatches their aſcent with-ſtand.
Whereat, the deſperate *Lycabas* grew wild;
Who for a bloody murder was exil'd
From *Tuſcany*. Whilſt I alone reſiſt,
He took me ſuch a buffet with his fiſt,
That down I fell; and had ſain over-board,
If I (though ſenſleſs) had not caught a cord.
The wicked company the fact approve.
Then, *Bacchus* (for 'twas he) began to move,
As if awake with the noiſe they made
(His wind-bound ſenſes now diſcharg'd) and ſaid,
What clamor's this? What do you? Sailers, whither
Mean you to bear me? Ah, how came I hither!
Fear not, ſaid *Proteus*: name where thou wouldſt be;
And to that Harbor we will carry thee.
Then, Friends, *Lyæus* ſaid, for *Naxos* ſtand:
Naxos my home; an hoſpitable Land:
By Seas, by all the Gods, by what avails,
They ſwear they will, and bad me hoiſe-up ſails,

Which

Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board ſide;
What do'ſt thou Madman, Pool? *Ophelter* cry'd.
Each fears his loſs; Some whiſper in mine ear:
Moſt ſay by ſignes, unto the Lar-broad ſteer.
Amaz'd: ſome other hold the Helm, ſaid I;
I'le not be tainted with your perjury.
All chaſe and ſtorm. What? ſaid *Ethalion*,
Is all our ſafety plac'd in thee alone?
With that, my office he upon him took;
And *Naxos* (altering her courſe) forſook.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th' upper deck the Sea ſurvayed round;
Then, ſeem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, ſaid he,
That promis'd ſhore, the Land ſo wiſht by me.
What is my fault? what glory in my ſpoil,
If Men a Boy, if many one beguile,
I wept afore: but, they my tears deride;
And with laborious Oars the waves divide:
By him I ſwear (then whom none more in view)
That what I now ſhall utter, is as true,
As paſt belief. The Ship in thoſe profound
And ſpaceful Seas, ſo ſtuck as on dry ground,
They, wondring, ply'd their Oars; the ſayls diſplay'd;
And ſtrive to run her with that added ayd.
When Ivy gave their Oars a force't reſtraint;
Whoſe creeping bands the ſayles with Berryes paint,
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluſtered Vines,
A Javelin ſhook, claſpt with their leavy twines.
Stern Tygers, Lynxes (ſuch unto the eye)
And ſpotted Panthers, round about him lye.
All, over-board now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infuſed madneſs, or for fear.
Then *Medon* firſt with ſpiny fins grew black;
His form depreſſed, with a compaſt back.
To whom ſaid *Lycabas*; O more then ſtrange!
Into what uncouth Monſter wilt thou change!
As thus he ſpake, his mouth became more wide;
His noſe more hookt: ſcales arm his hardned hide.
While *Lybis* tugg'd an oar that fixed ſtands,
His hand ſhrunk up, now fins, no longer hands.
Another by a Cable thought to hold:
But, miſt his arms. He fell: the Seas infold
His maymed body: which a tayl eſt-ſoon
Receives, reverſed like the horned Moon.

They

They leapt aloft, and ſprinkle-up the Flood:
Now chaſe above; now under water ſcud:
Who like laſcivious Dancers friſk about;
And gulped Seas, from their proud noſtrils, ſpout,
Of twenty Sailers, only I remain'd:
So many men our Complement contain'd.
The God my mind could hardly animate;
Trembling with horror of ſo dire a Fate.
Suppreſs, ſaid he, theſe tumults of thy fear;
And now thy courſe for ſacred *Dia* bear.
Arrived I, by his implor'd conſent,
Became his Prieſt; and thus his Feaſts frequent.
Our ears are tir'd with thy long ambages:
Which wrath, ſaid he, would by delay, appeaſe.
Go, ſervants, take him hence: let his forc't breath
Expire in groans: and torture him to death.
In ſolid priſon pent; while they provide
Whips, Racks and Fire, the doors flie open wide.
And of themſelves, as if diſſolv'd by charms,
The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.
But now, not bidding others, *Penthew* flings
To high *Cytheron*'s ſacred top, which rings
With frantick ſongs, and ſhrill-voic't *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber*'s celebrated Feſtivals.
And as the warlike Courſer neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet ſounds:
Even ſo their far-heard clamours ſet on fire
Stern *Penthew*; and exaſperate his ire.
In midſt of all the ſpacious Mountain ſtood
A perſpicable Champian, fring'd with wood.
Here, firſt of all his Mother him eſpies,
Viewing thoſe holy Rites with prophane eyes.
She, firſt, upon him frantickly did run:
And firſt her eager Javelin pierc't her ſon.
Come, ſiſters, cry'd ſhe, this is that huge Bore
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds muſt gore.
With that, in-ruſh the ſenſe-diſtracted Crew:
And altogether the amaz'd purſue.
Now trembled he, now late-breath'd threats ſuppreſt:
Himſelf he blames, and his offence confeſt.
Who cry'd, Help Aunt *Autonoe*; I bleed:
O let *Actæon*'s ghoſt ſoft pity breed!
Not knowing who *Actæon* was, ſhe lops
His right hand off: the other *Ino* crops.

The

The wretch now to his Mother would have thrown
His suppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.
Yet lifting up their bloody stumps, he said,
Ah, Mother, see! *Agave*, well appay'd,
Shouts at the sight, casts up her neck, and shakes
Her staring hair. In cruel hands she takes
His head, yet gasping: *Io* sings, said she,
Io my Mates! this spoil belongs to me.
Not leaves, now wither'd, nipt by Autumns frost,
So soon are ravisht from high Trees, and tost
By scattering winds, as they in pieces tear
His minced limbs. Th' *Ismenians*, struck with fear,
His Orgies celebrate, his praises sing,
And incense to his holy altars bring.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourth BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

DErceta, *a Fish.* Semiramis *a Dove.*
Transforming Nais *equal Fate doth prove,*
Write berries Lovers blood with black defiles.
Apollo, *like* Eurynome, *beguiles*
Leucothoe, *buried quick for that offence:*
Who, Nectar sprinkled, sprouts to Frankinse. (*Sun.*
Griev'd Clytie, *turn'd t' a Flower, turns with the*
Daphnis, *to Stone. Sex changeth* Scytheon.
Celmus, *a Load-stone.* Curets, *got by showres.*
Crocus, *and* Smilax *turn'd to little flowres.*
In one Hermophradite, *two bodies joyn.*
Mineides, *Bats. Sad* Ino *made divine,*
With Melicert. *Who* Junos *fact upbray'd,*
Or statues, or Cadmean *Fowls are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus; *worn with woe,*
Prove hurtless Dragons. Drops to Serpents grow.
Atlas *a Mountain.* Gorgeon *touch't Sea-weeds*
To Coral change. From Gorgons *blood, proceeds*
Swift Pegasus: Crysaor *also takes*
From thence his birth. Fair hair convert to Snakes.

BUt yet *Alcithoe Mineides*
The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.
Her sisters share in that impiety;
Who *Bacchus* for the son of *Jove* deny:

And

And now his Prieſt proclaims a ſolemn Feaſt;
That Dames and Maids from uſual labour reſt;
That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound,
And dangling Treſſes with wild Ivy crown'd,
They leavy Spears aſſume. Who propheſies
Sad haps to ſuch as his command deſpiſe.
The Matrons and new-married Wives obey:
Their Webs, their un-ſpun Wooll, aſide they lay;
Sweet odours burn; and ſing: *Lyæus Bacchus*,
Nyſæus, *Bromius*, *Evan*, great *Iacchus*:
Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, The twice-born,
Father *Eleiius*, *Thyon* never ſhorn,
Leneus, planter of life-cheering Vines;
Nyſæleus: with all names that *Greece* aſſignes
To thee, O *Liber*! Still doſt thou enjoy
Unwaſted youth; eternally a Boy?
Thou'rt ſeen in Heaven; whom all perfections grace;
And when unhorn'd, thou haſt a Virgins face.
Thy conqueſts through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Proud *Pentheus*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,
By thee (O greatly to be fear'd!) were ſlain:
The *Thuſcan* drencht in Seas. Thou holdſt in aw
The ſpotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchides*, and skipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'ſt old *Sylenus*, reeling ſtill doth hallow;
Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Aſs.
What place ſo-e're thou entreſt, ſounding braſs,
Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confuſed cryes
Of youths and Women, pierce the marble skies.
Thy preſence, we *Ilmenides*, implore:
Come, O come pleas'd! Thus they his Rites reſtore.
Yet, the *Mineides* at home remain:
And with untimely Art his feaſt prophane:
Who either weave, or at their Diſtaffs ſpin;
And urge their Maids to exerciſe their ſin.
One ſaid, as ſhe the twiſted thread out-drew;
While others ſport, and forged Gods perſew,
Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,
Our uſeful labour ſeaſon with delight,
And ſtories tell by turns; that what paſt years
Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.
They all agre; and bad the eldeſt tell
Her ſtory firſt. She paus'd; not knowing well

Of many which to choose t'insist upon
The sad *Dercetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*
(Who, as the *Palestines* believe, did take
A scaly form, inhabiting a lake)
Or of her daughter speak, with wing'd ascent
High-pearcht on towers: who there her old age spe
Or of that *Nais*; who with charms most strange,
And weeds too-pow'rful, humane shapes did chan
Into mute Fishes, till a Fish she grew:
Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hew;
The white to black, by bloods aspersion, grown:
This pleaseth best, as being most unknown.
Who thus began; and draws the following woll.
Young *Pyramus* (no youth so beautiful
Through all the East) and *Thisbe* (who for fair
Might with th' immortal Goddesses compare)
Joyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her stately town, with walls of brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred;
That, grew to love; Love sought a nuptial bed;
By Parents crost: yet equal flames their blood
Alike incenst, which could not be withstood.
Signs only utter their unwitnest loves:
But hidden fire the violenter proves,
A cranny in the parting wall was left;
By shrinking of the new-laid morter, cleft:
This for so many ages undescry'd
(What cannot love find out!) the Lovers spy'd;
By which, their whispering voices softly trade,
And Passion's amorous embassie convey'd,
On this side, and on that, Like Snails they cleave;
And greedily each others breath receive.
O envious walls (said they) who thus divide
Whom Love hath join'd! O, give us way to slide
Into each others arms! if such a bliss
Transcend our Fates, yet suffer us to kiss!
Nor are w'ingrate: much we confess we ow
To you, who this dear liberty bestow.
At night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet
The senceless stones, with lips that could not meet.
When from th' approaching Morn the stars withdre
And that the Sun had drunk the scorched dew,
They at the usual Station meet again;
And with soft murmures mutually complain.

At last, resolve in silence of the Night;
To steal away, and free themselves by flight;
And with their houses, to forsake the Town.
Yet, lest they so might wander up and down;
To meet at *Ninus* tomb they both agree,
Under the shelter of a shady Tree.
There, a high Mulbery, full of white fruit,
Hard by a living Fountain fixt his Root.
The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestows
In restful Seas: from Seas, wisht Night arose.
Then *Thisbe* in the dark the doors unbarr'd;
And slipping forth, unmissed by her guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb: there in the cold
Sits underneath that Tree: Love made her bold.
When (lo!) a Lyonness, smear'd with the blood
Of late-slain Beeves, approacht the neighbour flood,
To quench her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,
Swift fear her flight into a Cave doth guide.
Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell:
The fatal Lionness, as from the Well,
Up to the rocky Mountain she withdraws,
Found it, and tore it with her bloody jaws.
When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soon,
Perceived by the glimpses of the Moon
The footing of wild Beasts: his look grew pale,
But when he spy'd her torn and bloody vaile;
One night (said he) two lovers shall destroy!
She longer life deserved to injoy.
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poor soul!) that slew thee,
Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lyons, O descend
From your aboads: a wretch in pieces rend,
Condemned by his self-pronounced doom:
And make your entrals my opprobrious tomb:
But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle he
Carries along unto th' appointed Tree.
There having kist, and washt it with his eyes;
Take from our blood, said he, the double dyes.
With that, his body on his sword he threw:
Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.
Now, on his back, up-spun the blood in smoke:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach break out,
And hissing, through the airy Region spout.

The

The Mulberries their former white forſake;
And from his ſprinkling blood their crimſon take.
Now ſhe, who could not yet her fear remove,
Returns, for fear to diſappoint her Love.
Her eager ſpirit ſeeks him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her eſcap't ſurpriſe.
The place and figure of the Tree ſhe knew;
Yet doubts, the berries having chang'd their hew.
Uncertain; ſhe his panting limbs deſcry'd,
That ſtruck the ſtayned earth; and ſtarts aſide.
Box was not paler then her changed look:
And like the lightly breath'd on Sea ſhe ſhook;
But, when ſhe knew 'twas he (now diſpoſſeſt
Of her amaze) ſhe ſhreeks, beats her ſwoln breſt,
Pulls off her hair; imbraces, ſoftly rears.
His hanging head, and fills his wound with tears.
Then, kiſſing his cold lips: Wo's me (ſhe ſaid)
What curſed fate hath this diviſion made!
O ſpeak, my *Pyramus*! O look on me!
Thy dear, thy deſperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;
And having ſeen her, ſhuts them up, and dyes.
But when his empty ſcabbard ſhe had ſpy'd,
And her known Robe; Unhappy man! ſhe cry'd,
Theſe wounds from love, from thine own hand pro
Nor is my hand too weak for ſuch a deed: (cee
My love as ſtrong. This, this ſhall courage give,
To force that life which much diſdains to live.
In death I'le follow thee! inſtyl'd by all,
The wretched Cauſe, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me!) ſhall not diſ-unite.
O you our wretched Parents (thus ſevere
To your own blood!) my laſt Petition hear:
Whom conſtant love, whom death hath joyn'd, inten
Without your envy in one ſepulcher
And thou, O Tree, whoſe branches ſhade the ſlain;
Of both our ſlaughters bear the laſting ſtain:
In funeral habit ever clothe your brood,
A living monument of our mixt blood.
This ſaid, his ſword, yet reeking, ſhe rever't,
And with a mortal wound her boſom peare't,
The eaſie Gods unto her wiſh accord;
Their Parents alſo her deſire afford:

The

The late white Mulberries in black now mourn;
And what the fire had left, lay in one Urn.
Here ended she. Some intermission made,
Leucothoe, her sister silent, said:
This Sun, who all directeth with his light,
Weak Love hath tam'd: his loves we now recite.
He first discover'd the adultery
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye)
And in displeasure told to *Juno's* son
Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.
His spirits faint: his hands could not sustain
The work in hand: Forthwith he forg'd a chain,
With nets of brass, that might the eye deceive,
(Less curious far the webs which Spiders weave)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close,
This, he about the guilty bed bestows.
No sooner these Adulterers were met,
Then caught in his so strangely forged net;
Who, strugling in compel'd imbracements lay.
The Ivory doors then *Vulcan* doth display;
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound.
Yet one, a wanton, Wisht to be so found.
The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.
Venus, incenst, on him who this disclos'd,
A memorable punishment impos'd.
And he, of late so tyrannous to love;
Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.
Hyperion's son, what boots thy piercing sight!
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!
For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
Art now thy self inflam'd with new desires.
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view;
And give to her, what to the World is due.
Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise:
Now, slowly sett'st; even loath to leave the skies.
And, while that object thus exacts thy stay,
Thou addest hours unto the Winters day.
Oft, in thy face thy minds disease appears:
Affrighting all the darkned World with fears.
Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orb doth move
These pale aspects; this colour springs from love.
She all thy thoughts ingrost: nor didst thou care
For *Clymene*, for her who *Circe* bare.

For

For *Rhodes*; *Clytie*, who in love abounds,
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds,
All, all were buried in *Leucothoe*;
Born in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
As she in beauty far surpast all other:
So much the Daughter far surpast the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid:
Who, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd,
In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are,
Where *Phœbus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
There, tired with the travels of the day,
They renovate what labour doth decay.
Now, while cœlestial food their hunger feeds,
And night in her alternate reign succeeds:
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approach't the chamber, where his life abode.
He, spinning by a Lamp, *Leucothoe* found,
With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art)
I have (said he) a secret to impart:
Maids, presently withdraw. They all obey'd.
He, after he had clear'd the chamber, said:
The tardie Year I measure: I am he,
Who see all Objects, and by whom all see;
The World's clear eye: by thy fair self, I swear,
I love thee above thought. She shook for fear;
Her spindle and her distaff from her fell:
And yet that fear became her wondrous well.
Then, his own form and radiancy, he took:
Though with that unexpected presence strook;
Yet, vanquish'd by his beauty, her complaint
She laid aside, and suffered his constraint.
This *Clytie* vex[illegible] not less affectionate
Before to her) who with a rivals hate
Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:
And to her father doth the fact descry.
Who stern and savage, shuts up all remorse,
From her that stood subdu'd, she said, by force;
And *Sol* to witness calls. He his dishonor
Inters alive, and casts a Mount upon her.
Hyperion's son this batters with his rayes:
And for her re-ascent a breach displayes,
Yet could not she advance her heavy head:
But life, too hasty, from her body fled.

Never

Never did *Phœbus* with ſuch ſorrow mourn
Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burn:
Yet ſtrives he with his influence to beget
In her cold limbs a life-revoking heat.
But, ſince the Fates ſuch great attempts withſtood;
He ſteeps the place and body in a flood
Of fragrant Nectar: much bewails her end:
And ſighing, ſaid; Yet ſhalt thou heaven aſcend:
Forthwith, her body thaws into a dew:
Which, from the moiſtned earth, an odour threw.
Then throw the hill a ſhrub of Frankincenſe
Thruſt up his crown, and took his root from thence.
Though love might *Clyties* ſorrow have excus'd;
Sorrow; her tongue; Day's king her bed refus'd.
She, with diſtracted paſſion, pines away,
Deteſteth company; all night, all day,
Diſrobed, with her ruffled hair unbound,
And wet with humour, ſits upou the ground,
For nine long dayes all ſuſtenance forbears;
Her hunger cloy'd with dew, her thirſt with tears.
Nor roſe; but, rivets on the God her eyes;
And ever turns her face to him that flies.
At length, to earth her ſtupid body cleaves:
Her wan complexion turns to bloodleſs leaves,
Yet ſtreak't with red: her periſht limbs beget
A flower, reſembling the pale Violet;
Which with the ſun, though rooted faſt, doth move;
And, being changed, changeth not her love.
Thus ſhe. This wondrous ſtory caught their ears:
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appears;
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods: but: *Baechus* they extrude,
All whiſt, *Alcithoe* call'd upon, doth run
Her ſhuttle through the web; and thus begun.
T'omit the paſtoral loves, to few unknown,
Of young *Idæan Daphni*; turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph, who could not elſe aſſwage
Her Jealouſie: ſuch is a lovers rage:
And *Scython* who his nature innovates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;
With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
Who of his faith to little *Jove* might vant;
The ſhorn *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowres;
Crocos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres.

I over-pass; and will your ears surprize
With sweet delight of unknown novelties.
Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
Whose too strong waves all manly strength undo,
And mollifie, with their soul-softning touch:
The cause unknown; their nature known too much.
Th' *Idæan* Nymphs nurst in secure delight,
The son of *Hermes*, and fair *Aphrodite*.
His father and his mother in his look
You might behold: from whom, his name he took.
When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd;
Leaving the fount-ful Hills of foster *Ide*, (fit
He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with
Of forrain streams; toyl less'ning with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
There lighted on a Pool, so passing cleer,
That all the glittering bottom did appear;
Inviron'd with no marish-loving Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:
But, living Turf upon the border grew;
Whose ever-Spring no blasting Winter knew.
A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a strife-ful race.
Of all the Water Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed *Dion* was unknown.
Her sisters oft would say; Fie, *Salmacis*,
Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this!
Upon a Quiver, or a Javelin seaze;
And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.
On Quiver, nor on Javelin, would she seaze;
Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
But now in her own Fountain bathes her fair
And shapeful limbs, now kembs her golden hair;
Her self oft by that liquid mirror dress;
There taking counsel what became her best:
Her body in transparent Robes array'd.
Now on soft leaves or softer mos display'd:
Oft gathers flowers, so, when she saw the Boy:
Whom seen, forthwith she covets to enjoy,
And yet would not approach, though big with h
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't,
Her love inveighling looks set to insnare,
Who merited to be reputed fair.

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the abode
Of blest cœlestials! if thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid!* if of humane race,
Happy the parents, whom thy person grace!
Thy sister, if thou hast a sister, blest!
Thy Nurse, much more, who fed thee with her brest!
But (O!) no less then deify'd is she,
Whom marriage shall incorporate to thee!
If any such; let me this treasure steal:
If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials seal.
This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame;
Not knowing love: whom shamefac'dness became.
So Apples shew upon the sunny side;
So Ivory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:
So pure a red the silver Moon doth stain,
When auxil'ary brass resounds in vain.
She earnestly intreats a sisters kiss:
And now, advancing to imbrace her bliss,
He, strugling, said; Lascivious Nymph, forbear;
Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.
Fair Stranger, tim'rous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours; and therewith stept aside:
Yet looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees
She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was observ'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margin trips;
And, in th' alluring wayes his ancles dips.
Caught with the water's flatt'ring temp'rature,
He straight disrobes his body; O, how pure!
His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd:
Who with unsatisfy'd longing gaz'd. (ror;
Her sparkling eyes shoot flame through this sweet er-
Much like the Sun reflected by a mirror.
Now, she impatiently her hope delays;
Now, burns t'imbrace: now, half-mad, hardly stays:
He swiftly from the bank on which he stood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And, with his rowing arms, supports his limbs:
Which, through the pure waves, glister as he swims,
Like Ivory statues, which the life surpass;
Or like a Lilly, in a crystal glass.
He's mine; the Nymph exclaim'd: who all unstript;
And, as she spake, into the water skipt:

Hanging about the neck that did resist;
And, with a mast'ring force, th' unwilling kist:
Now, puts her hand beneath his scornful brest;
Now every way invading the distrest:
And wraps about the subject of her lust,
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truss't;
Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;
And wreaths her tail about his stretcht out wings.
So clasping Ivy to the Oak doth grow;
And so the *Polypus* detains his foe.
But *Atlantiades*, relentless coy,
Still struggles, and resists her hop'd-for joy.
Invested with her body; fool, said she,
Struggle thou mayst, but never shalt be free.
O you, who in immortal thrones reside,
Grant that no day may ever us divide!
Her wishes had their Gods. Even in that space
Their cleaving bodies mix: both have one face.
As when we two divided scions join,
And see them grow together in one rine:
So they, by such a strict imbracement glu'd,
Are now but one, with double form indu'd.
No longer he a Boy, nor she a maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be said.
Hermaphroditus at himself admires:
Who half a female from the spring retires,
His manly limbs now softned; and thus prays,
With such a voice as neither sex betrays:
Swift *Hermes*, *Aphredite*! him O hear,
Who was your son! who both your names doth bear.
May every may that in this water swims,
Return half-woman with infeebled limbs.
His gentle parents sign to his request;
And with unknown receits the spring infest.
Here, they conclude: yet give their hands no rest.
But *Bacchus* slight, and still prophane his Feast.
Then suddenly harsh instruments surprize
Their charged ears, not extant to their eyes:
Sweet Myrrh and Saffron all the house perfume:
Their webs (past credit!) flourish in the loom:
The hanging wool to green-leav'd Ivy spreads;
Part, into Vines: the equal twisted threads
To branches run: buds from the distaff shoot:
And with that purple paint their blushing fruit.

Now to the day ſucceeds that doubtful light;
Which neither can be called day, nor night.
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
Appear to burn; the room with flaſhes ſhines:
Fill'd with fantaſtical reſemblances
Of howling beaſts, whom blood, and ſlaughter pleaſe.
The Siſters, to the ſmoky roof retire;
And, there diſperſt, avoid both light and fire.
Thus, while they corners ſeek, thin films extend
From lightned limbs, with ſmall beams inter-pend.
But how their former ſhapes they did fore-go,
Concealing darkneſs would not let them know.
Nor are theſe little Light-deteſting things
Born-up with feathers, but tranſparent wings.
Their voice befits their bodies, ſmall, and faint:
Wherewith they harſhly utter their complaint,
Theſe houſes haunt, in night conceal their ſhame;
And of the loved Evening take their name.
All *Thebes* now fear'd *Bacchus* celebrates:
Whoſe wondrous pow'r his boaſting Aunt relates.
She onely, of ſo many ſiſters, knew
No grief as yet, but what from them ſhe drew.
An happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurſe to a God: theſe caus'd her to ſurpaſs
The bounds of her felicities; and made
Vext *Juno* ſtorm; who to her ſelf thus ſaid:
What? could that Strumpets brat the form deface
Of poor *Maonian* Sailers, drencht in Seas?
A Mother urge to murther her own ſon?
And wing the three *Mineides* that ſpun?
Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?
Muſt that ſuffice? and is our pow'r no more?
He teacheth what to do; learn of thy Foe:
What fury can the wounds of *Pentheus* ſhow
More then too-much? Why ſhould not *Ino* tread
The path which late her frantick ſiſters lead?
A ſteep dark Cave, with deadly Yew repleat,
Through ſilence leads to hells infernal ſeat;
By this dull *Styx* ejects a blaſting fume:
Here ghoſts deſcend, whoſe bodies graves inhume;
Amongſt thoſe thorns ſtiff Cold and Paleneſs dwell:
The new-come ghoſts nor know the way to Hell;
Nor where the roomy *Stygian* City ſtands;
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.

A thousand entries to this City guide:
The gates still open stand, on every side.
And as all Rivers run into the Deep:
So all unhoused souls do thither creep.
Nor are they pestered for want of room:
Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.
Here shadows wander from their bodies pent:
Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent.
Some in life-practis'd Arts imploy their times:
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Air,
(Her hate immortal!) thither makes repair.
As soon as she had entered the gate,
The threshold trembl'd with her sacred weight.
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddess dreads,
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
She calls the Furies, Daughters to old night;
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doors of Adamant they sit;
And there with combs their snaky curls unknit.
When they through gloomy darkness did disclose
That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
Here *Titius*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips:
And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips.
Thou ever seekest, or roll'st up in vain
A stone, O *Sisyphus* to fall again.
Ixion turn'd upon a restless wheel,
With giddy head pursues his flying heel.
The *Belides*, whom Kinsmen's blood accuse,
For ever draw the water which they lose.
On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all
At thee *Ixion*; then, a look lets fall
On *Sisyphus*: And why (said she) remains
This brother onely in perpetual pains;
When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
Both *Jove*, and me, abides in constant joys?
Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,
And what she would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;
That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
And urge him to some execrable fact.

Imp

Importunately she soliciteth,
Commands, intreats, and promist, with one breath,
Incens'd *Tisiphone* her Tresses shakes;
And tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,
Thus said: You need not use long ambages;
Suppose all done already, that may please:
Forsake this lothsom Kingdom, and repair
To th' upper wold's more comfortable air.
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heav'n with-drew:
Whom first *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with dew.
Forthwith *Tisiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.
About her head her bloody torch she shook;
And swiftly those accurs'd abodes forsook.
Still-sighing Sorrow, Horror, Trembling, Fear,
And gastly Madness, her associates were.
The entred Palace groan'd; pale poison soils
The polisht doors; the frighted Sun recoils:
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, struck with dread
And monstrous apparitions, fought t'have fled:
But stern *Erynnis* their escape withstands;
And stretching out her Viper-grasping hands,
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Sepents hist:
Some falling on her shoulders, there untwist;
Others, upon her ugly breast descend,
Spit poison, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling hair she drew;
And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:
These up and down about their bosoms roul;
And with infus'd affection sad the soul.
No wound upon their bodies could be found:
It was the mind that felt the desperate wound.
She brought besides from her abhorred home
The surfet of *Echidna*, with the foam
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandring Error,
Oblivion, Mischief, Tears, infernal Terror,
Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt
On murder; altogether ground, and mixt
With blood yet reeking; boil'd in hollow brass,
And stirr'd with Hemlock. While sad *Athamas*,
And *Ino* quake, she pours into their brests
The ragefu poison; which their peace infests.
Her flamy Torch then whisking in a round
(Whose circulary fire her conquest crown'd)

To *Pluto's* empty regiment she makes
A swift descent; and there ungirts her Snakes.
Forthwith, *Æolides* with poison boils;
Io, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your toils:
Here, late a Lioness by me was seen
With her two whelps. With that pursues the Queen,
And from her breast *Clearchus* snatcht: The child
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:
Whom like a sling about his head he swings;
And cruelly against the pavement flings.
The Mother, whether with her grief distraught,
Or that the poison on her senses wrought,
Runs howling with her hair about her ears;
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* bears;
Cries Euohe *Bacchus*: *Juno* laught, and said;
Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repaid.
There is a Rock that over-looks the Main,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, scone'd from rain;
Whose craggy brow to vaster Seas extends.
This, *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends;
Descending head-long, with the load she bears;
And strikes the sparkling waves, that fall in tears.
Then, *Venus*, grieving at her Neece's Fate,
Her Uncle thus intreats: O thou, whose State
Is next to *Joves*; great Ruler of the Flood;
My Sute is bold, yet pity thou my blood,
Not tossed in the deep *Ionian* Seas:
And join them to thy watry Deities.
Some favor of the Sea I should obtain,
That am ingender'd of the foamy Main:
Of which, the acceptable name I bear.
Neptune affords a favorable ear;
Who what was mortal from their beings took;
Then gave to either a Majestick look;
In all their faculties divinely fram'd:
And her, *Leucothea*, him *Palemon* nam'd.
The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps pursu'd,
Her last on the first Promontory view'd.
Then, held for dead; with hair and garments rent,
They beat their breasts; and *Cadmus* House lament.
Of little Justice, and much Cruelty,
All *Juno* tax. Indure (she said) shall I
Such blasphemies? I'l make you monuments
Of my revenge. Threats usher their events.

Whe

When one, of all the most affectionate,
Cry'd, O my Queen, I will partake thy Fate!
And thought to leap into the roaring Flood;
But could not move: her feet fast fixed stood.
Another, who her bosom meant to bear,
Perceiv'd her stiffned arms to lose their heat:
By chance, her hand, This stretcheth to the Main;
Nor could her hand, now stone, unstretch again.
As She her violated Tresses tare,
Her fingers forthwith hardned in her hair.
Their Statues now those several gestures bear,
Wherein they formerly surprized were.
Some, Fowls became; now call'd *Cadmeides*;
Who with their light wings sweep those gulphy Seas.
Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children reign'd
In sacred Seas, and deathless states retain'd.
Subdu'd with woes, with tragical events,
That had no end, and many dire ostents,
He leaves his City; as not through his own,
But by the fortune of the place o're-thrown:
And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,
At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian* Coast:
Now spent with grief and age, whilst they relate
Their former toils, and Families first fate:
And was that Serpent sacred, which I slew
(Said She) whose teeth into the Earth I threw,
(An uncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?
If this, the vengeful Gods so much inflame,
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
His belly lengthned, e're his wish could end.
Tough scales upon his hardned out-side grew:
The blacks distinguished with drops of blue.
Then, falling on his breast, his thighs unite;
And in a spiny progress stretch out-right.
His arms (for, arms as yet they were) he spreads:
And tears on cheeks, that yet were humane, sheds.
Come, O sad Soul, said he; thy husband touch;
Whilst I am I, or part of me be such.
Shake hands, while yet I have an hands to shake:
Before I totally indue a Snake.
His tongue was yet in motion, when it cleft
In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.
He hist, when he his sorrows sought to vent,
Then onely language now which Nature lent.

His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cries,
Stay *Cadmus*, and put off these prodigies:
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast
Thy color, face, and (while I speak) the rest!
You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
He lickt her willing lips even as he spake?
Into her well-known bosom glides; her waste
And yielding neck, with loving twines imbrac't,
Amazement all the standers-by possest;
While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.
Now are they two; who crept, together chain'd,
Till they the covert of the Wood obtain'd.
These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence fear.
Yet were those sorrows, by their daughters son
Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:
To whom th' *Achaians* Temples consecrate;
Divinely magnify'd through either State.
Alone *Acrisius Abantiades*,
Those of one Progeny, dissents from these:
Who, from th' *Argonian* City, made him fly;
And manag'd arms against a Deity.
Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Jove's* doth hold;
(Begot on *Danae* in a show'r of gold)
Yet straight repents (so prevalent is truth)
Both to have forc'd the God, and doom'd the Youth
Now is the one inthroned in the skies:
The other through Air's empty Region flies;
And bears along the memorable spoil
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toil.
And as he o're the *Libyan* Deserts flew; (gre
The blood, that dropt from *Gorgon's* head, straig
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
With these, those much infested Climes abound.
Hither and thither, like a Cloud of rain,
Born by cross winds, he cuts the airy Main;
Far-distant earth beholding from on high;
And over all the ample World doth fly:
Thrice saw cold *Arctos*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West.
And now, not trusting to approached night,
Upon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light:
And craves some rest, till *Lucifer* displays
Aurora's blush, and she *Apollo's* rays.

Huge-ſtatur'd *Atlas Japetonides*
Here ſway'd the utmoſt bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titans* panting Steeds his Chariot ſteep,
And bathe their fiery fet-locks in the Deep.
A thouſand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed
In thoſe large Paſtures, where no neighbors tread.
Here to their tree the ſhining branches ſute;
To them, their leaves; to thoſe, the golden fruit.
Great King, ſaid *Perſeus*, if high birth may move
Reſpect in thee, behold the ſon of *Jove:*
If admiration, then my Acts admire;
Who reſt, and hoſpitable Rites deſire:
He, mindful of this prophecy, of old
By ſacred *Themis* of *Parnaſſus* told;
In time thy golden fruit a prey ſhall prove,
O *Japhets* ſon, unto the ſon of *Jove.*
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
With ſolid Cliffs, that all acceſs oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monſtrous Dragon held;
And from his Land all Foreigners expel'd.
Be gone, ſaid he, for fear thy glories prove
But counterfeit; and thou no ſon to *Jove:*
Then adds uncivil violence to threats,
With ſtrength the other ſeconds his intreats:
In ſtrength inferior; Who ſo ſtrong as he?
Since courteſie, nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perſeus* ſaid, can purchaſe my regard;
Yet from a gueſt receive thy due reward.
With that, *Meduſa*'s ugly head he drew,
His own reverſed. Forthwith *Atlas* grew
Into a Mountain equal to the Man:
His hair and beard, to Woods, and Buſhes ran;
His arms and ſhoulders into ridges ſpread;
And what was his, is now the Mountains head:
Bones turn to ſtones; and all his parts extrude
Into an huge prodigious altitude,
(Such was the pleaſure of the ever-bleſt)
Whereon the heav'ns, with all their tapers reſt,
Hippodates in hollow Rocks did cloſe
The ſtrife-ful Winds: Bright *Lucifer* aroſe
And rous'd-up Labor. *Perſeus*, having ty'd
His wings t'his feet, his fauchion to his ſide,
Sprung into air: below, on either hand
Innumerable Nations left: the Land

Of *Æthiop*, and the *Cepben* fields survey'd;
There, where the innocently wretched Maid
Was for her Mothers proud impiety,
By unjust *Ammon* sentenced to die.
Whom when the Hero saw to hard Rocks chain'd,
But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,
And light winds gently fann'd her fluent hair,
He would have thought her Marble: E're aware
He fire attracteth; and, astonisht by
Her beauty, had almost forgot to fly.
Who lighting said; O fairest of thy kind
(More worthy of those bands which Lovers bind,
Then these rude gyves) the Land by thee renown'd,
Thy name, thy birth declare, and why thus bound.
At first the silent Virgin was afraid
To speak t'a Man, and modesty had made
A Vizard of her hands, but they were ty'd:
Yet what she could, her tears their fountains hide.
Still urg'd, lest he should wrong her innocence,
As if asham'd to utter her offence,
Her Country she discovers, her own name,
Her beauteous Mother's confidence, and blame.
All yet untold, the Waves began to roar:
Th'apparent Monster (hast'ning to the shoar)
Before his breast, the broad-spread Sea up-bears:
The Virgin shrieks: Her parents see their fears.
Both mourn, both wretched (but, she justly so:)
Who bring no aid, but extasies of wo,
With tears that suit the time: Who take the leave
They loath to take, and to her body cleave.
You for your grief may have, the stranger said,
A time too long: short is the hour of aid.
If freed by me, *Jove's* son, in fruitful gold
Begot on *Danae*, through a brazen Hold,
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the snaky hair;
And boldly glide through un-inclosed air:
If for your son you then will me prefer;
Add to this worth, That in delivering her,
I'l try (so favor me the Pow'rs divine)
That she, sav'd by my valor, may be mine.
They take a Law, intreat what he doth offer:
And further, for a Dowre their Kingdom proffer.
Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the sweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow:

Eyti

Even so the Monster furroweth with his breſt
The foaming flood; and to the near Rock preſt:
Not farther diſtant, then a Man might ſling
A way-inforcing Bullet from a ſling.
Forth-with, the youthful iſſue of rich ſhow'rs,
Earth puſhing from him, to the blue ſky tow'rs.
The furious Monſter eagerly doth chaſe
His ſhadow, gliding on the Seas ſmooth face.
And as *Jove's* Bird, when ſhe from high ſurveys
A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rays;
Deſcends unſeen, and through his necks blue ſcales.
(To ſhun his deadly teeth) her talons nails:
So ſwiftly ſtoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through ſinging air: then on his back doth ſeize;
And near his right fin ſheaths his crooked ſword
Up to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:
Now capers in the air, now dives below
The troubled waves; now turns upon his foe:
Much like a chafed Boar, whom eager Hounds
Have at a Bay, and terrifie with ſounds.
He, with ſwift wings, his greedy jaws avoids;
Now, with his Pauchion wounds his ſcaly ſides;
Now, his ſhell-rough-caſt back; now, where the tail
Ends in a Fiſh, or parts expos'd t'aſſail
A ſtream mixt with his blood the Monſter ſlings
From his wide throat; which wets his heavy wings:
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their ſupport. He ſees a Rock hard by.
Whoſe top above the quiet Waters ſtood.
But underneath the wind-incenſed flood.
There lights; and, holding by the Rocks extent,
His oft-thruſt ſword into his bowels ſent.
The ſhoar rings with th' applauſe that fills the ſky.
Then, *Cepheus* and *Caſiope*, with joy.
Salute him for their ſon: whom now they call.
The Savior of their houſe, and of them all.
Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains;
The cauſe, and recompence of all his pains.
Mean-while he waſheth his victorious hands.
In cleanſing waves. And leſt the Reachy Sands
Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground he ſtrew
With leaves, and twigs that under water grew:
Whereon, *Medu ſa's* ugly face he lays.
The green, yet juicy, and attractive ſprays,

From

From the toucht Monster stiffning hardness took,
And their own native pliancy forsook.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try
On other sprigs, and in the issue joy:
Who sow again their Seeds upon the Deep.
The Coral now that property doth keep,
Receiving hardness from felt air alone;
Beneath the Sea a twig, above, a stone.
Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes Jove*, and her who war affects:
Minerva's on the right; on the left hand
Stood *Mercury*'s: *Joves* in the midst did stand.
To *Mercury*, a Calf they sacrifice;
To *Jove*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dies:
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of so great worth; with Dow'r of less regard.
Now, Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed:
The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
The house hung round with Garlands; every where
Melodious Harps, and Songs salute the ear;
Of jocund mirth the free and happy signs:
With Doors display'd, the golden Palace shines:
The *Cephen* Nobles, and each stranger Guest,
Together enter to this sumptuous Feast;
The Banquet done, with generous Wines they cheer
Their heightned spirits: *Perseus* longs to hear
Their fashions, maners, and original;
Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
This told; he said: Now tell, O valiant Knight,
By what felicity of force, or sleight,
You got this purchase of the snaky hairs.
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
How under frosty *Atlas* cliffie side
There lay a Plain, with Mountains fortify'd:
In whose access the *Phorcides* did lie;
Two sisters; both of them had but one eye:
How cunningly his hands thereon he laid,
As they from one another it convey'd!
Then through blind wastes, and rocky forests came
To *Gorgon*'s house: the way unto the same.
Beset with forms of men, and beasts, alone,
By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone:
Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,
In his bright target's clear refulgency.

And how her head he from her ſhoulders took;
E're heavy ſleep her Snakes and her forſook.
Then told of *Pegaſus*, and of his brother,
Sprung from the blood of their new-ſlaught'red mother,
Adding the perils paſt in his long way;
What ſeats, what ſoils, his eyes below ſurvey;
And to what ſtars his lofty pitch aſcends:
Yet long afore their expectation ends.
One Lord among the reſt would gladly know,
Why Serpents onely on her head did grow.
Stranger, ſaid he, ſince this that you require,
Deſerves the knowledg, take what you deſire:
Her paſſing beauty was the onely ſcope
Of mens affections, and their envyd hope:
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So ſay they who have ſeen her) then her hair;
Whom *Neptune* in *Minerva*'s Fane compreſt.
Jove's daughter, with the *Ægis* on her breſt,
Hid her chaſt bluſhes: and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon*'s hair to Snakes.
Who now, to make her enemies afraid,
Bears in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhe made.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

THe Gorgon *seen*, Cepheni *Statues grow:*
So Phineus, Prætus, Polydect, *the foe*
To Perseus *praise. The fountain* Hippocrene
By Horse-hoof rais'd. The Muses, into Nine
Rape-flying Birds: Pierides, *to Pyes.*
The Gods, by Typhon *chas'd, themselves disguise,*
Sad Cyane *into a Fountain flows.*
Th' ill-nurtur'd Boy a spotted Stellion grows.
Lov'd Arethusa *thaws into a Spring.*
Ascalaphus *an Owl. Light feathers wing*
The sweet-tongu'd Syrens, *who on Waters mourn.*
Stern Lyncus Ceres *to a* Lynx *doth turn.*

WHilst the *Danaedan* Hero this relates,
Amidst th' Assembly of the *Cepheu* States;
Exalted voices through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;
But such as menace war. The Nuptial Feast,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expreſt
A peaceful Sea, whose brow no frown deforms,
Straight ruffled into billows by rude storms.
First *Phineus*, the rash Author of this war,
Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jar.
Lo, I the Man, that will upon thy life
Revenge, said he, the rapture of my Wife.

Nor

Nor ſhall thy wings, nor *Jove* in forged gold,
Work thy eſcape. About to throw: O hold!
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do!
What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So ſoul a fact? Is this the recompence
For ſuch high merit? For her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th' incens'd *Nereides*,
But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas
(That Ork that ſought my bowels to devour)
Hath ſnatcht her from thee; raviſht in the hour
Of her expoſure. But thy cruelty
Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſs with ours. May't not ſuffice,
That ſhe was bound in chains before thine eyes;
That thou, her Uncle, and her Husband, brought
Her peril no prevention, nor none ſought;
But that anothers aid thou muſt envy,
And claim the Trophies of his victory?
Which, if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhouldſt have ſtrain'd
T' have forc'd them from thoſe Rocks, where lately (chain'd.
Let him, who did enjoy them, nor exact
What is his due by merit, and compact.
Nor think, we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him, before ſo abhor'd a ſepulcher.
He without anſwer, rowling to and fro
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw:
And pauſing, his ill-aimed Launce at length
At *Perſeus* hurls, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.
Fixt in the bed-ſtock; up fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts:
Who ſuddenly behind an Altar ſtept;
An Altar-vengeance from the wicked kept:
And yet in *Rhœtus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
He fell: the ſteel out of his ſkull they pluck:
Who ſpurns the Earth, and ſtains the board with blood,
With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
Their Launces fling; and ſome there be, who cry,
That *Cepheus*, and his ſon-in-law, ſhould die.
But *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall:
Who faith, and juſtice doth to record call,
With all the hoſpitable Gods; that he
Was from this execrable uproar free.
The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
Protects her brother, and his courage ſteel'd.

Young

Young *Indian Atys* by ill-hap was there;
Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did bear
In her clear Waves: his beauty excellent,
Which care, and coſtly ornaments augment:
Who ſcarce had fully ſixteen Summers told:
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
About his neck he wore a carquenet:
His hair with Riband bound, and odors wet.
Although he cunningly a Dart could throw;
Yet with more cunning could he uſe his bow.
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
Quick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
And daſht it on his face: out-ſtart his eyes;
And through his fleſh the ſhiv'red bones ariſe.
When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,
Shaking his formleſs looks, with blood imbrew'd:
To him in ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide:
After he had his tragedy bewail'd;
Who through the bitter wound his ſoul exhal'd:
He took the Bow, which erſt the Youth did bend;
And ſaid; With me, thou Murderer contend;
Nor longer glory in a Boy's ſad fate,
Which ſtains thy actions with deſerved hate.
Yet ſpeaking, from the ſtring the arrow flew:
Which took his plighted robe, as he withdrew,
Acriſioniades upon him preſt,
And ſheath'd his Harpy in his groaning breſt.
Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
That ſwim in night; and on his boſom lies:
Then chearfully expires his parting breath:
Rejoicing to be join'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syenit*, *Methion's* ſon,
With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*;
Eager of combate, ſlipping in the blood
That drencht the pavement, fell: his ſword withſtood
Their re-aſcent, which through the ſhort-ribs ſmote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throat.
Yet *Perſeus* would not venture to invade
The Halbertere *Eribœus* with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet high imboſt,
And maſſie, took; which at his head he toſt:
Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling down,
Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crown.

Then

Then *Polydæmon* (ſprung from Goddeſs-born
Semiramis) *Phlegias*, the unſhorn
Elyce, *Clytus*, *Scythian*, *Abaris*,
And brave *Lycetus* (old *Sperchefius* bliſs)
Fell by his hand: whoſe feet in triumph tread
Upon the ſlaughtered bodies of the dead.
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In cloſe aſſault, far off a dart doth throw:
Which led by error, did on *Ida* light;
A Neuter, who in vain forbare to fight.
He, ſternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* ſpake:
Since you, me an unwilling party make,
Receive the enemy whom you have made;
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
About to hurle the Dart, drawn from his ſide;
With loſs of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clymenus* ſword;
Next to the King, the greateſt *Cephen* Lord.
Hypſæus ſlew *Protenor*; *Lyncedes*
Hypſæus. Old *Emathion* fell with theſe;
Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue; himſelf doth interpoſe,
And deeply execrates their wicked blows,
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar; lopt
His ſhaking head; which on the Altar dropt:
Whoſe half-dead tongue yet curſes; and expires
His righteous ſoul amidſt the ſacred Fires.
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* ſlew;
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Invincible with hurle-bats, could they quell
The dints of ſwords. Neer theſe *Alphytus* fell,
The Prieſt of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
And thou *Lampetides*, whoſe pleaſant wit
Deteſting diſcord, in ſoft-peace more fit
To ſing unto thy tuneful Lire; now preſt
With Songs to celebrate the nuptial Feaſt:
When *Petralus*, at him, who ſtood far off,
With his defenſeleſs Harp; ſtrikes with this ſcoff;
Go ſing the reſt unto the Ghoſts below:
And piere't his Temples with a deadly blow:
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragical.

This

This, unrevenged *Lycormas* could not brook;
But from the door's right side a Leaver took,
And him between the head and shoulders knocks:
Down falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.
Ciniphean Palates then sought to seize
Upon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
His hand nail'd to the door-post with a Spear:
Whose side stern *Abas* pierc'd as he stuck there.
Nor could he fall, but giving up the ghost,
Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melaneus then, of *Perseus* party fell;
And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excel:
In *Nasæmonia* none then he more great
For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The steel stuck in his groin, which death pursu'd:
Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
(The Author of the wound) as he did roul
His turn'd-up eyes, and sighed out his soul:
For all thy land, said he, by this divorce
Receive thy length, and left his bloodless corse.
The Spear, revengeful *Abantides* drew
From his warm wound; and at the Thrower threw:
Which doth his nostrils in the midst divide;
And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
Whilst Fortune crown'd him, *Clytius* he confounds
And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds:
Through *Clytius* thighs a ready dart he cast;
Another 'twixt the jaws of *Danus* past.
Mindesian Celadon and *Aster* slew,
His father doubtful, gotten on a *Jew*:
Echion, late well-seen in things to come,
Now overtaken by an unknown doom:
Thoactes, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd:
And fell *Agyrtes* that foul parricide.
Yet more remain'd then were already spent:
For, all of them, to murder one, consent.
The bold Conspirators on all sides fight;
Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
The vainly-pious Father sides with th' other;
With him, the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother:
Who fill the Court with out-cries, by the sound
Of clashing Arms, and dying screeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floor imbrews
With streams of blood, and horrid war renews.

False

False *Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring
Begirt the Hero: who their Launces fling
As thick as Winters hail, that blind his sight,
Sing in his ears, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar sets,
And with undaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus prest to his left side:
The right, *Nabathean Ethemon* ply'd.
As when a Tyger, pincht with famine, hears
Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears.
Nor knows on which to rush, as being loth
To leave the other, and would fall on both:
So *Perseus*, which to strike uncertain proves,
Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes,
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:
Who at his neck uncircumspectly stroke,
And his keen sword against the pillar broke.
The blade from unrelenting stone rebounds,
And in his throat th' unhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end,
Who fearfully doth now his arms extend
For pity unto *Perseus*, all in vain,
Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian* skain.
But, when he saw his valor over-sway'd
By multitude: I must, said he, seek aid
(Since you your selves compel me) from my foe;
Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgons* head doth show.
Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright
With this thy Monster, and with all his might
A deadly dart endeavor'd to have thrown:
But in that positure became a stone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest,
And thrust his sword at bold *Lyncides* breast:
When in the pass, his fingers stupid grow,
Nor had the pow'r of moving to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile
Vaunted to be the son of seven-fold *Nile*,
And bare seven silver Rivers in his shield,
Distinctly waving through a golden field)
To *Perseus* said: Behold, from whence we sprung!
To ever-silent shadows bear a-long
This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
By such a brave and high-born enemy.

His

His utterance faultred in the latter clause:
The yet-unfinisht sound stuck in his jawes;
Who gaping stood as he would something say:
And so had done, if words had found a way.
These *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint souls that dead
Your powers, said he, and not the *Gorgon*'s head.
Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds
This youth, who thus with Magick arms confounds.
Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd;
Now mutly fixt: an armed Statue made.
These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
For *Perseus*, bold *Aconteus*, at the sight
Of *Gorgon*'s Snakes, abortive marble grew.
On whom *Astyagas* in fury flew.
As if alive, with his two handed blade:
Which shrilly twang'd; but no incision made:
Who, whil'st he wonders the same nature took;
And now his Statue hath a wondring look.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names, who perisht, of the vulgar sort.
Two hundred scap't the fury of the sight:
Two hundred turn to stone at *Gorgon*'s sight:
Now *Phineus* his unjust commotion rewes:
What should he do? the senseless shapes he viewes
Of his known friends, which differing figures bore;
And doth by name their several ayd implore.
And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht; and found it to be stone.
Then turns aside: and now, a penitent,
With suppliant hands, and arms obliquely bent;
O *Perseus*, thine, said he, thine is the day!
Remove this Monster. Hence, O hence convay
Medusa's ugly looks, or what more strange,
Which humane bodies into marble change:
Not hate, not thirst of rule begot this strife:
I onely fought to re-obtain my wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet, in contending I confess my crime.
For life (O chief of men) I onely sue:
Afford me that: the rest I yield to you.
Thus he; not daring to revert his eyes
On him whom he intreats: who thus replies.
Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to such a fearful Lord)

Take

Take courage, and perſwade thy ſelf I will:
No wounding ſword thy blood ſhould ever ſpill,
Moreover, that I may thy wiſh prevent,
Here will I fix thy laſting monument:
That thou by her thou lov'ſt mayſt ſtill be ſeen;
And with her Spouſe's image chear our Queen.
Then, on that ſide *Phorcynis* head doth place,
To which the Prince hath turn'd his trembling face.
And as from thence his eyes he would have thrown,
His neck grew ſtiff: his tears congeal to ſtone.
With fearful ſuppliant looks, ſubmiſſive hands,
And guilty countenance the Statue ſtands.
Victorious *Abantiades* now hyes
T' his native City, with the reſcu'd prize:
There, vengeance takes on *Proteus*, and reſtor'd
His Grand-father; whoſe wrongs redreſs implor'd.
For *Proteus* had by force of Arms expeld
His brother; and uſurped *Argos* held.
But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarks, could protect
Againſt the ſnaky Monſters grim aſpect.
Yet not the vertue of the youth, which ſhone
Through ſo great toyl, nor ſorrows under-gone;
With thee, O *Polydectes*, king of ſmall
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevail at all.
Endleſs thy wrath, thy hate inexorable:
Detracting; and condemning for a fable
Meduſa's death. The moved Youth replyes:
The truth your ſelf ſhall ſee; Friends, ſhut your eyes.
Then repreſents *Meduſa* to his view:
Who preſently a bloodleſs Statue grew.
Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaves:
Thenin a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves
(*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand ſide)
And o're the toyling Seas, her courſe apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there ſtay'd:
And thus unto the learned Siſters ſaid.
The fame of your new Fountain, rays'd by force
Of that ſwift-winged *Meduſæan* horſe,
Me hither drew, to ſee the wondrous Flood,
Who ſaw him iſſue from his Mothers blood.
Goddeſs, *Urania* anſwered, what cauſe
So-ever you to this our Manſion draws,
You are moſt welcome. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegaſus* this Fountain grew.

Then

Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring convey'd,
Sh' admires the waters by the horse-hoof made;
Surveys their high-grown groves, cool caves, fre
And meadows painted with all sorts of flow'rs: (bow
Then happy stiles she the *Mæonides*,
Both for their Arts, and such abodes as these.
O heav'nly Virgin! one of them reply'd,
Most worthy our society to guide,
If so your active virtue did not move
To greater deeds: deserv'dly you approve
Our studies, pleasant seat, and happy state;
Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is unlawful to the lewd:
And Maids by Nature are with fear indu'd.
The dire *Pyrenean* still invades my sight:
Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.
He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Armes; there unjustly raign'd:
Bound for *Parnassus* Temple, us he spies;
And with false zeal adores our Deities.
Mæonides, saith he, (he knew us well)
While sad stars govern, and show'rs fall (then fell
By chance a mighty show'r) vouchsafe I pray
Beneath the shelter of my roof to stay:
The Gods have entred humble Cottages.
Urg'd by the weather, and such words as these,
We to his importunity assent;
And yet no farther then the Lot by went.
It now held up: the vanquisht South-winds fly
Before the North; which purge the dusky sky.
Prest to depart; he shuts the door, prepares
To offer force: with wings we scape his snares.
He presently the highest tow'r ascends;
And, as he would have flown, his body bends:
The way you go, said he, will I pursue,
And from the battlements himself he threw:
Who falling, strikes the earth with dasht-out brains
Which with his wicked blood, he dying stains.
The Muse yet spake, when wings were heard to cla
And from high trees saluting voices chatter. (tr
Jove's daughter wonders, and inquires from whence
Those voices came, including humane sense.
Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;
Bewailing their deserved destines.

The

The Goddess to th' admiring Goddess said;
They, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
These on *Paonian Euippe* got.
Nine times she on *Lucina* call'd aloud:
The foolish sisters of their number proud,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus uncivilly they strife proclaim.
Thespiades, th' unlearned multitude
No more with your vain harmony delude:
But cope with us (if hope excite you will)
As many; yet unmatche, for voice, or skill.
Surrender you to us, if we excel,
Hyantian Aganip, and *Gorgon's* Well:
Th' *Ematian* Woods to snowy *Paone*
Shall pay our loss. The Nymphs our judges be.
A shame it was to strive: more shame it were
To yield. The Nymphs by their own rivers swear:
And sit on benches made of living stone.
Then, un-elected, rudely steps forth one,
Who sung the Giants war: their feigned acts
She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.
Now *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy intrails rais'd,
Struck all their pow'rs with fear: who fled amaz'd,
Till *Egypt* scorched soil the weary hides;
And wealthy *Nile*, who in seven chanels glides.
That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them pursu'd:
When as the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.
Jove turn'd himself, she said, into a Ram:
From whence the horns of *Libyan Hammon* came.
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbe a Cat, *Jove's* wife a Cow of snow:
Venus a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide:
And still her voice unto her Harp apply'd.
Then call they us. But, ours perhaps to hear,
Nor leasure serves you, nor is't worth your ear.
Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd-for Verse, and takes a shady seat.
Then she; On one we did the task impose:
Calliope, with Ivy crown'd, up-rose;
Who with her thumb first tun'd the quav'ring strings,
And then this Ditty to the musick sings.
The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent;
First gave us corn, a benefit now shent,

First

Pirst Laws perscrib'd: all from her bounty sprung,
By me the Goddess *Ceres* shall be sung.
Would We could Verses, worthy her, rehersе:
For she is more then worthy of our Verse.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* thrown;
Who underneath the Ilands waight doth groan;
That durst affect the Empire of the skies:
Oft he attempteth, but in vain, to rise.
Ausonian Pelorus his right hand
Down waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand;
His legs are under *Lilibæus* spred;
And *Ætna's* bases charge his horrid head:
Where, lying on his back, his jaws expire
Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oft times he struggles with his load below:
And Towns, and Mountains labours to ore-throw.
Earth quakes therewith: the King of shadows dreads,
For fear the gronnd should split above their heads,
And let-in Day, t' affright the trembling Ghosts.
For this, he from his silent Empire posts,
Drawn by black horses; tracing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
Him *Eryeina* from her Mount survay'd
(Now fearless) and, her son imbracing, said,
My Arms, my strength, my glory; for my sake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;
And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,
Who rules the triple world's inferior part.
The Gods, even *Jove* himself; the God of waves:
And who illustrates earth have been thy slaves.
Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway
Inlarge, and make th' infernal Power's obay.
Yet we (such is our patience!) are despis'd
In our own heaven; and all our force unpriz'd.
Seest thou not *Pallas* and the Queen of Night,
Far darting *Dian*; how my worth they slight?
And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
If we permit; for she affects their pride.
But, if thou favor our joynt Mornarchy,
Thy Uncle to the Virgin-Goddess tie.
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth unclose;
And one, out of a thousand arrows, chose
As her arbitrement, a sharper head
None had; more ready, or that surer sped.

Then

Then bends his bow: the ſtring t'his ear arives,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.
Nor far remov'd from *Enna*'s high-built wall,
A Lake there is which men *Perguſa* call.
Cayſter's ſlowly-gliding waters bear
Far fewer ſinging Swans then are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
With leavy veils, which *Phœbus* beams keep-out.
The trees creat freſh ayr, th' Earth various flowers:
Where heat nor cold th' eternal Spring devoures.
Whil'ſt in this grove *Proſerpina* diſports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all ſorts;
And while ſhe ſtrove with childiſh care and ſpeed,
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis ſaw, affected, carried her away,
Almoſt at once. Love could not brook delay,
The ſad-fac't Goddeſs cryes (with fear appall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd,
And as ſhe tore th' adornment of her hair,
Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap ſhe bare.
And ſuch was her ſweet Youth's ſimplicity,
That their loſs alſo made the Virgin cry.
The Raviſher flies on ſwift wheels; his horſes
Excites by name, and their full ſpeed inforces:
Shaking for haſte the ruſt-obſcured rains
Upon their cole-black necks, and ſhaggy mains
Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire
A ſulph'rous breath; through earth ingendring fire,
They paſs to where *Corinthian Bacchides*
His City built between unequal Seas.
The Land t'wixt *Arethuſa* and *Cyane*
With ſtretcht-out horns begirts th' included Sea.
Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,
Amongſt *Sicilian* Nymphs of ſpecial fame,
Her head advanc't: who did the Goddeſs know;
And boldly ſaid, You ſhall not farther go;
Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* ſon:
What you compel, perſwaſion ſhould have won,
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lov'd me: yet did he intreat;
And me, not frighted thus, eſpous'd. This ſaid,
With out-ſtretcht arms his farther paſſage ſtaid,
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could reſtrain;
But gives his terror-ſtriking Steeds the rain;

And with his Regal Mace, through the profound
And yielding water, cleaves the solid ground;
The breach t' infernal *Tartarus* extends:
At whose dark jaws the Chariot descends.
But *Cyane* the Goddess Rape laments;
And her own injur'd Spring; whose discontents
Admit no comfort: in her heart she bears
Her silent sorrow: now, resolves to tears;
And with that Fountain doth incorporate,
Whereof th' immortal Deity but late,
Her softned members thaw into a dew,
Her nails less hard, her bones now limber grew.
The slender'st parts first melt away: her hair
Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that soon impair,
And drop to streams: then, arms, back, shoulders, fa
And bosom, into little Currents glide.
Water in stead of blood, fils her pale veins:
And nothing now, that may be grasp't, remains.
Mean-while, through all the Earth, and all the M
The fearful Mother sought her child in vain.
Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when she rose,
Nor *Hesperus* could witness her repose.
Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And restless, carries them through freezing Nigh
Again, when Day the vanquisht Stars suppresst,
Her vanisht comfort seeks from East to West.
Thirsty with travel, and no Fountain nye.
A Cottage thatcht with Straw invites her eye,
At th' humble gate she knocks: An old Wife there
Her self therear; and seeing her, bestows
The water so desir'd; which she before
Had boyl'd with Barley. Drinking at the door,
A rude hard-favour'd Boy beside her stood,
Who laught, and call'd her Greedy-gut. Her blo
Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd she threw
Full in his face; which forthwith speckled grew.
His arms convert to legs; a tail withal
Spins from his changed shape: of body small,
Lest he might prove too great a foe to life:
Though less, yet like a Lizard, th' aged Wife
(That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch it) shun
And presently into a crevise runs,
Fit to his colour they a name elect;
With sundry little stars all-over speckt.

What Lands, what Seas, the goddess wandred through
Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.
To *Sicil* she returns: where ere she goes,
Inquires, and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
She, had she not been changed, all had told;
Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:
Yet, to the Mother, of her Daughter gave
A certain sign: who bore upon a wave
Persephone's rich zone; that from her fell,
When through the sacred Spring, she sunk to Hell.
This seen, and known; as but then lost, she tare,
Without self-pity, her dis-sheveld hair;
And with redoubled blows her brest invades:
Nor knows what Land t' accuse, yet all upbraids;
Ingrate, unworthy, with her gifts t' abound:
Trinacria chiefly; where the steps she found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there she brake
The furrowing plough; the Ox and owner strake
Both with one death; then, bad the fields beguile
The trust impos'd, shrunk seed corrupts. That soile,
So celebrated for fertility,
Now barren grew: corn in the blade doth die.
Now, too much drouth annoyes; now, lodging showers:
Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy Fowl devoures
The new-sown grain: Kintare, and Darnel tire
The feter'd Wheat; and Quitch that through it spire.
In *Elean* waves *Alphæus* Love appear'd;
And from her dropping hair her fore-head clear'd:
O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend
To life, said she; here let thy labour end:
To be offended with thy faithful Land;
That blameless is, nor could her Rape with-stand.
I, here a gueſt, not for my Countrey plead:
My Countrey *Pisa* is, in *Elis* bred;
And as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:
But yet no Countrey pleaseth me so well.
I, *Arethusa*, now these Springs possess:
This is my seat: which, courteous Goddess bless.
Why I affect this place, t' *Ortygia* came
Through such vast Seas; I shall impart the same
To your desire; when you, more fit to hear,
Shall quit your care, and be of better chear.
Earth give me way, through whose dark caverns rol'd
I here ascend; and long-mist stars behold.

While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
Your sweet *Proserpina* I there espy'd;
Full sad she was: even then you might have seen
Fear in her face: and yet she is a Queen;
And yet she in that gloomy Empire swayes.
And yet her will th' infernal king obayes.
Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heavy newes;
And, staring, long continued in a muse,
When grief had quickned her stupidity,
She took her Chariot, and ascends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered hair,
She kneels to *Jupiter*, and made this pray'r;
Both for my blood and thine, O *Jove*, I sue:
If I be nothing gracious, yet do you
A Father to your Daughter prove; nor be
Your care the less, because she sprung from me.
Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all
The spacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the loss assures: but if, to know
Her being, be to Find, I have found her so.
And yet I would the injury remit,
So he the stoln restore: 'Twere most unfit
That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter joyn
Unto a Thief; although she were not mine.
Then *Jove*: the pledge is mutual, and these can
To either equal: Yet this deed declares
Much love, mis-called wrong: nor should we sham,
Of such a son, could you but think the same.
All wants suppose, can he be less then great,
And be *Jove's* brother? What when all compleat?
I, but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burn
In endlest spleen; Let *Proserpine* return:
On this condition, That she yet have ta'ne
No sustenance: so Destinies ordain.
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* posts in haste:
But, Fates with-stood: the Maid had broke her fast.
For, wandring in the Ort-yard simply she
Pluckt a Pomegrannat from the stooping Tree;
Thence took seven grains, and eats them one by one
Observed by *Ascalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erst begot
In pitchy Caves: a Dame of special note
Amongst th' *Avernal* Nymphs. This utter'd, stayd
The sighing Queen of *Erebus*, who made

The

The Blab a Bird: with waves of *Phlegeton*
His face beſprinkles; plume appears thereon,
Crookt beak, and broader eyes: the ſhape he had
Heloſt, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His head o're-ſiz'd, his long nails talons prove;
His winged arms for lazineſs ſcarce move:
A filthy, ever ill-preſaging Fowl,
To Mortals ominous: a ſcreeching Owl.
Yet was the puniſhment no more then due
To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that wings and claws diſgrace
Your goodly forms, yet keep your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathleſs Powers
Were with the Goddeſs when ſhe gathered flowrs?
Whom when through all the earth you ſought in vain,
You wiſht for wings to fly upon the Main.
That pathleſs Seas might teſtifie your care:
The eaſie Gods conſented to your pray'r.
Streight, golden feathers on your Backs appear:
But, leſt that muſick, fram'd to inchant the ear,
And ſo great gifts of ſpeech ſhould be profain'd;
Your Virgin-looks, and humane voyce remain'd.
But *Jove*, his ſiſter's diſcontent to chear,
Between her, and his Brother parts the year.
The goddeſs now in either Empire ſways:
Six months with *Ceres*, ſix with *Pluto* ſtayes.
Proſerpina then chang'd her mind, and look,
(Late ſuch as ſullen *Dis* could hardly brook)
And clear'd her brows; as *Sol*, obſcur'd in ſhrowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquiſht clowds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethuſa* tell
Her cauſe of flight: and why a ſacred Well?
Th' obſequious waters left their murmuring:
The Goddeſs then above the Chryſtal Spring
Her head advanc't; and wringing her green hairs,
She thus *Alphæus* ancient love declares.
I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph: none more
The Chace affected, or t' intoyl the Bore.
By beauty though I never ſought for fame:
Though maſculine; of fair I bare the name.
Nor took I pleaſure in my praiſed face,
Which others value as their only grace:
But, ſimple, was aſhamed to excel;
And thought it infamy to pleaſe too-well.

As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat
('Twas hot, and labour had increaſt the heat)
When well-nigh tyr'd; a ſilent ſtream I found,
All eddileſs, perſpicuous to the ground:
Through which you evety pebble might have ſeen;
And ran, as if it had no River been.
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bordring ſtreams, their grateful ſhadow ſpred.
In this cool Rivulet my foot I dipt;
Then knee-deep wade: nor ſo content, unſtript
My ſelf forth-with; upon a Sallow ſtud
My Robe I hung, and leapt into the flood.
Where, while I ſwim, and labour to and fro
A thouſand ways, with arms that ſwiftly row,
I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue;
And frighted, to the higher margent ſprung.
Whither ſo faſt, O *Arethuſa*! twice
Out-cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voice,
Unclothed as I was, I fled for fear
(For, on the other ſide my garments were)
The faſter followed he, the more did burn;
Who naked, ſeem the readier for his turn.
As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eſchew;
As eager Hawks the trembling Doves purſew;
I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Pſophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Mænalus*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintained; nor could he come ny:
But, far unable to hold out ſo long;
He, patient of much labour, and more ſtrong,
And yet o're Plains, o're woody hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread,
The Sun was at our backs: before my feet
I ſaw his ſhadow; or my fear did ſee't.
How-ere his ſounding ſteps, and thick drawn breath
That fann'd my hair, afrighted me to death.
Stark tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught! help (O forlorn!)
Diana help thy Squire, who oft have born
Thy Bow and Quiver! Mov'd at my requeſt,
With muffling clouds ſhe cover'd the diſtreſt.
The River ſeeks me in that pitchy ſhrowd,
And ſearches round about the hollow cloud:
Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;
And twice he *Io Arethuſa* cry'd.

Then

Then what a heart had I! the Lamb ſo fears
When howling Wolves about the Fold ſhe hears
So heartleſs Hare, when trailing Hounds draw nye
Her ſented Form; nor dares to move an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My further ſteps: but guards the cloud and, place.
Cold ſweats my then-beſieged limbs poſſeſt:
In thin thick-falling drops my ſtrength decreaſt.
Where-ere I ſtep, ſtreams run; my hair now fell
In trickling dew; and ſooner then I tell
My deſtiny, into a Flood I grew.
The River his beloved waters knew;
And, putting off th' aſſumed ſhape of man,
Reſumes his own; and in my Current ran.
Chaſte *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind Caves
To lov'd *Ortygia* ſhe conducts my waves;
Affected for her name: where firſt I take
Review of day. This, *Arethuſa* ſpake.
The fertil Goddeſs to her Chariot chains
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with ſtubborn reins:
Her courſe, 'twixt heaven and earth, to *Athens* bends;
And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot ſends.
Part of the ſeed ſhe gave, ſhe bade him throw
On untill'd Earth; part on the till'd to ſow.
O're *Europe*, and the *Aſian* ſoyl convay'd,
The Youth to *Scythia* turns; where *Lyncus* ſwayd.
His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,
His cauſe of coming, Country, and his name:
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;
And in renowned *Athens* I reſide.
No ſhip through-toyling Seas me hither bare;
Nor over land came I; but through the ayr.
I bring you *Ceres* gift: which ſown in fields,
Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yields.
The barbarous Kings envies it: and, that he
The Author of ſo great a good might be,
Gives entertainment: but, when ſleep oppreſt
His heavy eyes, with ſteel attempts his breſt.
Whom *Ceres* turns t' a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes
The young *Mopſopian* drive her ſacred Snakes.
Our Chief concluded here her learned Layes.
The Nymphs, with one conſent, give us the Bayes.
The vanquiſht rail. To whom the Muſe: Since you
Eſteem it nothing to deſerve the due

To your contention, but muſt add foul words
To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
Our patience room: we'll wreak it on your heads,
And tread the path which Indignation leads.
The *Paeon*: laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpiſe.
About to ſcold, and with diſgraceful noiſe
To clap their hands; they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their nails, and clothe their arms throughout:
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now, new Birds, into the Forreſt flie.
Theſe ſylvan Scoulds, as they their arms prepare
To beat their boſomes; mount, and hang in ayr,
Who yet retain their ancient eloquence;
Full of baſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Sixth BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

PAllas *an old Wife. Haughty thoughts o're-throw*
Hæmus *and* Rodophe; *who Mountains grow.*
The Pigmy *a Crane.* Antigone *becomes*
A Stork. A ſtatue Cyneras *intombs*
His impious Daughters, ſtones. In various ſhapes
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.
Arachne, *a ſpider.* Niobe *yet drowns*
Her Marble cheeks in tears. Uncivil Clowns
Are curſt to Frogs. From tears clear Marſyas *flowes.*
His Ivory ſhoulder new-made Pelops *ſhowes.*
Progne, *a Swallow; ſign'd with murders ſtains.*
Sad Philomel *to ſecret night complains.*
Rage to a Lapwing turns th' Odriſian *King.*
Calais *and* Zetes *native feather wing.*

TRitonia to the Muſe attention lends:
Who both her Verſe, and juſt revenge commends.
Then ſaid t' her ſelf: To praiſe is of no worth:
Let our revengeful Power our praiſe ſet forth.
Intends *Arachnes* ruine. She, ſhe heard,
Before her curious webs, her own preferr'd.
nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart
Unto the Damſel, but excelling Art.
Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmonds* ſide;
Who thirſty Wooll in *Phocian* purple dide.

Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)
Was also mean, and equal to her mate.
Yet through the *Lydian* towns her praise was spread;
Though poor her birth, in poor *Hypæpa* bred.
The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forsook;
The flock *Pactolian* Nymphs their streams; to look
On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing
The done (done with such grace) then when a doing.
Whether she Orb-like roul the roder woll;
Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;
Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;
Or equal twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;
Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:
You might perceive she was by *Pallas* taught.
Yet such a Mistress her proud thoughts disclaim:
Let her with me contend; if foy'ld, no shame
(Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.
Pallas, forth-with, and old-wives shape indues:
Her hair all white; her limbs, appearing weak,
A staff supports: who thus began to speak.
Old Age hath something which we need not shun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorn not advice: with Dames of humane race
Contend for fame, but give a Goddess place.
Crave pardon, and she will thy crime remit.
With eyes confessing rage, and ey-brows knit,
(Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strife)
She, masked *Pallas* with these words provokes.
Old Fool, that dot'st with age; to whom long life
Is now a curse: thy Daughter, or Sons Wife,
(If thou hast either) taught be they by this:
My wisdom, for thy self, sufficient is.
And lest thy counsel should an int'rest claime
In my diversion, I abide the same.
Why comes she not? why tryal thus delayes?
She comes, said *Pallas*, and her self displayes.
Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore:
Only the Maid her self undaunted bore:
And yet she blusht; against her will the red
Flusht in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fled.
Even so the purple Morning paints the skies:
And so they whiten at the Suns uprise.
Who now, as desperately obstinate,
Praise ill affecting, runs on her own fate.

No more *Joves* daughter labours to diſſwade;
No more refuſeth; nor the ſtrife delayd.
But ſettle to their tasks apart: both ſpread
At once their warps, conſiſting of fine thread,
Ty'd to their beams: a reed the thred divides,
Through which the quick-returning ſhuttle glides,
Shot by ſwift hands. The combs inſerted tooth
Between the warp ſuppreſt the riſing woof:
Strif leſs'ning toyl. With skirts tuckt to their waſte.
Both move their cunning arms with nimble haſte.
Here crimſon dyde in *Tyrian* braſs they weave:
The ſcarce diſtinguiſh't ſhadows ſight deceave.
So watry clouds, guilt by *Apollo*, ſhow;
The vaſt sky painted with a mighty Bow:
Where though a thouſand ſeveral colours ſhine,
No eye their cloſe tranſition can define:
The next, the ſame ſo clearly repreſents;
As by degrees, ſcarce ſenſible, diſſents.
Through-out imbeliſhed with ductil gold:
And both reviv'd antiquities unfold.
Pallas, in *Athens*, *Marſe's* Rock doth frame:
And that old ſtrife about the Cities name.
Twice ſix Cœleſtials ſit inthron'd on high,
Repleat with awe-infuſing gravity:
Jove in the midſt. The ſuted figures took
Their lively forms: *Jove* had a royal look.
The Sea-god ſtood, and with his Trident ſtrake.
The cleaving Rock, from whence a fountain brake:
Whereon he grounds his claim, With ſpear and ſhield
Her ſelf ſhe arms: her head a murrion ſtield:
Her breſt her *Ægis* guards. Her Launce the ground
Appears to ſtrike; and from that pregnant wound
The hoary Olive, charg'd with fruit aſcends.
The Gods admire: with victory ſhe ends.
Yet ſhe, to ſhow the Rival of her praiſe
What hopes to cheriſh for ſuch bold aſſayes,
Add's four contentions in the utmoſt bounds
Of every angle, wrought in little rounds.
One, *Thracian*, *Rhodope* and *Hæmus* ſhowes,
Now Mountains, topt with never melting ſnows;
Once humane bodies: who durſt emulate
The bleſt Celeſtials, both in ſtile, and ſtate.
The next contains the miſerable doom,
Of that *Pygmean* matron, over-come

By

By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc't to jar
With her own nation in perpetual war.
A third presents *Antigone*, who strove
For unmatcht beauty with the Wife of *Jove*.
Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her sire,
Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia*'s ire.
Turn'd to a Stork, who, with white pinions rais'd,
Is ever by her creaking Bill self-prais'd.
In the last circle *Cynarus* was plac't;
Who charg'd with grief, the Temple stairs imbrac't;
(Of late his Daughters by their pride o're-thrown)
Appears to weep, and grovel on the stone.
The web a wreath of peaceful Olive bounds:
And her own tree her work both ends and crowns.
Arachne weavs *Europa*'s rape by *Jove*:
The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move.
Back to the shore she casts a heavy eye;
To her destracted damsels seems to cry:
And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet
With such a burden, shrinks her trembling feet.
Asteria there a strugling Eagle prest:
A Swan here spreds his wings o're *Leda*'s brest,
Jove, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
Whose fruitful womb with double issue swells:
Amphytria for *Alcmena*'s love became:
A shower for *Danae*; for *Ægina* flame:
For beautiful *Mnemosyne* he takes
A shepherds form; for *Deois* a Snakes.
Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustful Steer,
She makes the fair *Æolian* Virgin bear:
And get th' *Aloides* in *Enope*'s shape:
Now turn'd t' a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.
The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthning seed,
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steed,
Found thee a Stallion: thee *Melanibe* findes
A Delphin. She to every form assignes
Like-equal looks; to every place the same.
Aspect. A herdsman *Phœbus* here became;
A Lyon now; now Falcons wings displayes:
Macarean Issa shepherd-like betrayes.
Liber, a Grape, *Erigone* compreſt:
And *Saturn*, horse-like *Chiron* gets, half-beast.
About her web a curious trail designs:
Flowers intermixt with clasping Ivy twines.

No:

Not *Pallas* this, nor Envy this reproves:
Her fair ſucceſs the vext Virago moves;
Who teers the web, with crimes celeſtial fraught:
With ſhuttle from *Cytorian* Mountains brought,
Arachne thrice upon the fore-head ſmote.
Her great heart brooks it not. About her throat
An halter knits. Remorſeful *Pallas* ſtaid
Her falling weight; Live wretch, yet hang, ſhe ſaid,
This curſe (leaſt of ſucceeding times ſecure)
Still to thy iſſue, and their race, indure.
Sprinkled with *Hecat's* bainful weeds, her hair
She forthwith ſheds: her noſe and ears impair;
Her head grows little; her whole body ſo;
Her thighs and legs to ſpiny fingers grow:
The reſt all belly. Whence a threed ſhe ſends:
And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
All *Lydia* ſtorms; the fame through *Phrygia* rung:
And gave an argument to every tongue.
Her, *Niobe* had known; when ſhe a maid,
In *Sipylus*, and in *Mæonia* ſtaid.
Yet ſlights that home example: ſtill rebels
Againſt the Gods; and with proud language ſwells.
Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion's* town,
Their high deſcents; nor glory of a crown:
So pleas'd her (though ſhe pleas'd her ſelf in all)
As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call
The happieſt mother that yet ever brought
Life unto light; had not her ſelf ſo thought.
Tireſian Manto, in preſages skill'd,
The ſtreets, inſpir'd by holy fury, fill'd
With theſe exhorts: *Iſmenides*, prepare:
To great *Latona*, and her Twins, with prayer
Mix ſweet perfumes; your brows with Laurel bind!
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
About their temples the commanded Bay:
And ſacred fires, with incenſe feeding, pray.
Behold, the Queen in height of ſtate appears:
A *Phrygian* mantle, weav'd with gold, ſhe wears:
Her face, as much as rage would ſuffer, fair.
She ſtops; and ſhaking her diſheveled hair,
The godly troop with haughty eyes ſurveys.
What madneſs is it unſeen God (ſhe ſays)
Before the ſeen Celeſtials to prefer?
Or, while I Altars want, to worſhip her?

Me

Me *Tantalus* (alone allow'd to feast
In heav'n) begot; my mother not the least
Pleias; greatest *Atlas* fire to those,
On whose high shoulders all the stars repose.
Jove is my mothers Grandfather; and he
My father-in-law: a double grace to me.
Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdoms me obey:
My husbands harp-rais'd walls me jointly sway.
Through-out my Court behold in every place,
Infinite riches! add to this, a face
Worthy a Goddess. Then, to crown my joys,
Seven beauteous daughters, and as many boys:
All these by marriage to be multiply'd.
Behold, have we not reason for our pride?
Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cœus* got,
Before me place? to whom a little spot
The ample Earth deny'd t' unlade her womb?
Heav'n, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddess room:
A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbor gave,
Thou wandrest on the land, I on the wave,
It said; and granted an unstable place.
She brought forth two; the seventh part of my race.
I happy am: who doubts? So will abide:
Or who doubts that? with plenty fortify'd.
My state too great for fortune to bereave:
Though much she ravish, yet much more must leave.
My blessings are above low fear. Suppose
Some of my hopeful sons this people lose,
They cannot be reduced to so few.
Off with your Bays; these idle Rites eschew.
They put them off; the sacrifie forbore:
And yet *Latona* silently adore.
As much as free from barrenness, so much
Disdain and grief th' inraged Goddess touch.
Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins,
To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.
Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;
(Excepting *Juno*, second unto none)
Am question'd if a Goddess, and must lose,
If you assist not, all religious dews.
Nor is this all; that curst *Tantalian* Seed
Adds foul reproaches to her impious deed.
She dares her children before you prefer;
And calls me childless; may it light on her!

Whose

Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare.
About to second her report with prayer;
Peace, *Phœbus* said, complaint too long delays
Conceiv'd revenge; the same vext *Phœbe* lays.
Then swiftly through the yielding air they glide
To *Cadmus* tow'rs; in clouds their glories hide.
A spacious plain before the City lies,
Made dusty with the daily exercise
Of trampling hoofs; by strifeful Chariots trackt
Part of *Amphions* active sons here backt
High-bounding Steeds; whose rich caparison
With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridles shone.
Ismenus, from her womb who first did spring,
As with his ready horse he beats a ring,
And checks his foamy jaws; ay me! out cries;
While through his groaning breast an arrow flies:
His bridle slackning with his dying force,
He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.
Next, *Sipbilus* from clashing quiver flies
With slackned reyns: as when a Pilot spies
A growing storm; and, lest the gentle gale
Should scape besides him, claps on all his sail.
His hast th' unevitable bow o're-took,
And through his throat the deadly arrow strook,
Who, by the horses mane, and speedy thighs,
Drops head-long, and the Earth in purple dyes.
Now *Phædimus*; and *Tantalus*, the heir
T' his Grand-sires name; that labor done, prepare
To wrastle. Whilst with oiled limbs they prest
Each others pow'r, close grasping breast to breast:
A shaft, which from th' impulsive bow-string flew,
Them, in that sad Conjunction, jointly slew.
Both groan at once, at once their bodies bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend:
Their rowling eyes together set in death,
Together they expire their parting breath.
In rusht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harms)
And rais'd their heatless corses in his arms:
But in that pious duty fell. The threds
Of life, his heart-strings, wrathful *Delius* shreds.
Part of his lungs clave to th' extracted head.
And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
But unshorn *Damasichthon* slaught'red lies,
Not by a single wound: shot where the thighs

Kit

Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty joint.
Striving from thence to tug the fatal point.
Another at his neck the bow directs,
Thick-gushing blood the piercing shaft ejects;
Which spinning upward, cleft the passive air.
Last *Ilioneus*, with successless prayer,
His hands up-heaves: You Gods in general
Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
O pity me! The Archer had remorse;
But now irrevocable was that force:
And yet his life a little wound dispatcht,
His heart but onely with the arrow scratcht.
Ill news, the peoples grief, her houshold tears
Present their ruine to their mothers ears:
Who wonders how the Gods their lives durst touch;
And swells with anger that their power was such.
For sad *Amphion*, wounding his own breast,
Had now his sorrow, with his soul releast.
How different is this *Niobe* from that!
Who great *Latona*'s Rites suppreſt of late,
And proudly pac'd the streets; envy'd by those
That were her friends; now pitied by her foes:
Frantick she doth on their cold corses fall,
And her last kisses distributes to all;
From whom, to heaven erecting her bruis'd arms:
Cruel *Latona*, feast thee with our harms:
Feast, feast, she said; thy salvage stomack cloy;
Cloy thy wild rage, and in our sorrows joy:
Seven times, upon seven Herses born, I die.
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why
Victorious? hapless I have not so few:
Who, after all these funerals, subdue:
This said, the bow-string twangs. Pale terror chills
All hearts save *Niobe*'s; obdur'd by ills.
The sisters, in long mourning robes aray'd,
About their herses stood, with hair display'd.
One draws an arrow from her brothers side;
And joining her pale lips to his, so dy'd.
Another striving to asswage the woes
That rackt her mother, forthwith speechless grows,
And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,
Shuts her fixt teeth; the soul already fled,
This, flying falls: that, her dead sister makes
Her bed of death: this, hides her self: that quakes.

Six

Six ſlain by ſundry wounds; to ſhield the laſt,
Her Mother, over her, her body caſt:
This one, ſhe cries, and that the leaſt, O ſave!
The leaſt of many, and but one, I crave!
Whilſt thus ſhe ſues, the ſu'd-for *Delia* hits,
She, by her husband, ſons, and daughters, ſits
A childleſs Widow; waxing ſtiff with woes.
The wind wags not one hair; the ruddy Roſe
Forſakes her cheek: in her declining head
Her eye-balls fix: through-out appearing dead.
Her tongue and pallate rob'd of inward heat,
At once congeal: her pulſe forbears to beat:
Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go,
Her arms to move: her very bowels grow
Into a ſtone. She yet retains her tears:
Whom ſtraight a whirl-wind to her country bears;
And fixes on the ſummit of an Hill.
Now from that mourning Marble tears diſtil.
Th' exemplary revenge ſtruck all with fear:
Who offerings to *Latona's* altars bear
With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befals,
By preſent accidents the paſt recals.
In fruitful *Lycia* once, ſaid he, there dwelt
A ſort of Peſants, who her vengeance felt,
'Twas of no note, in that the men were baſe:
Yet wondefful. I ſaw the pool, and place,
Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, ſpent
Almoſt with age, ill-brooking travel, ſent
Me thither for choice Steers: and for my Guide
A native gave. Thoſe paſtures ſearcht, we ſpy'd
An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac'd
Amidſt a Lake, with ſhivering reeds imbrac'd.
O favor me! he, ſoftly murmuring, ſaid:
O favor me! I, ſoftly murmuring, pray'd:
Then askt, if Nymph, or Faun, therein reſide,
Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd:
O Youth, no Mountain Powers this altar hold:
She calls it hers, to whom *Jove's* Wife of old,
Earth interdicted: ſcarce that floating Iſle,
Wave-wandring *Delos* finiſht her exile.
Where, coucht on Palms and Olives, ſhe in ſpight
Of fretful *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.
Thence alſo, frighted from her painful bed,
With her two infant Deities ſhe fled.

Now

Now in *Chimæra*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd
By burning beams) and with long travel tir'd,
Heat raising thirst the Goddess sore oppress,
By their exhausting of her milk increast.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A Lake of shallow water she deseries:
Where Clowns were then a gathering picked weeds
With shrubby Osiers, and plash-loving reeds.
Approacht, *Titania* kneels upon the brink,
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drink.
The Clowns withstood. Why hinder you, said she,
The use of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, Air, Water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar; a publick gift I claim.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary limbs, but killing thirst to quench.
My tongue wants moisture, and my jaws are dry:
Scarce is there way for speech. For drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,
'Tis by your favor: life with water give.
Pity these babes: for pity they advance
Their little arms! their arms they stretcht by chance.
With whom would not such gentle words prevail?
But they, persisting to prohibit, rail;
The place with threats command her to forsake.
Then with their hands and feet disturb the lake:
And leaping with malicious motion, move
The troubled mud; which rising, floats above.
Rage quenchr her thirst: no more *Latona* sues
To such base slaves: but Goddess-like doth use
Her dreadful tongue; which thus their fates imply'd:
May you for ever in this lake reside!
Her wish succeeds. In loved lakes they strive,
Now sprawl above, now under water dive;
Oft hop upon the bank, as oft again
Back to the water: nor can yet restrain
Their brawling tongues; but setting shame aside,
Though hid in water, under water chide.
Their voices still are hoarse: the breath they fetch
Swels their wide throats; their jaws a railing stretch
Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck between,
As intercepted. All the back is green:
Their bellies (every part o're-sizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pools delight.

Thus

Thus much, I know not by what *Theban* ſaid:
Another mention of a Satyre made,
By *Phœbus*, with *Tritonia*'s reed, o'recome;
Who for preſuming felt an heavy doom.
Me from my ſelf, ah why do you diſtract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
Deſerves not ſuch a vengeance! Whilſt he cry'd;
Apollo from his body ſtript his hide.
His body was one wound, blood every way
Streams from all parts: his ſinews naked lay;
His bare veins pant: his heart you might behold;
And all the fibers in his breſt have told.
For him the Fauns, that in the foreſts keep;
For him the Nymphs, and brother Satyres weep:
His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewails:
With all the ſhepherds of thoſe hills and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their tears;
Which in her penetrated womb ſhe bears;
Till big with waters: then diſcharg'd her fraught.
This pureſt *Phrygian* Stream a way out ſought
By down-falls, till to toiling ſeas he came:
Now called *Marſyas* of the Satyres name.
The Vulgar, theſe examples told, return
Unto the preſent: for *Amphion* mourn,
And his loſt iſſue. All the mother hate.
Pelops alone laments his ſiſters fate.
While with torn garments he preſents his woes,
The Ivory piece on his left ſhoulder ſhows.
This once was fleſh, and colored like the right.
Slain by his Sire, the Gods his limbs unite:
His ſcattered parts all found; ſave that aloue
Which interpos'd the neck and ſhoulder-bone.
They then with Ivory ſupply'd th' unfound:
And thus reſtored *Pelops* was made ſound.
The neighboring Princes met: the Cities near
Intreat their Kings the deſolate to chear.
Renown'd *Mycenæ*, *Sparta*, th' *Argive* State;
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian*'s hate;
Fertil *Orchomenos*; *Corinthus*, fam'd
For high-priz'd braſs; *Meſſene*, never tam'd;
Cleonæ, *Patræ*, *Pylos*, *Nelius* crown;
And *Trœzen*, not as then *Pittheus* town;
With all that two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* Straits include:
And all without, by two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* view'd.

A

Athens alone (who would believe't?) with-held
Thee from that civil office war compel'd.
Th' inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast
Had then befieg'd thee with a barbarous hoſt:
Whom *Thracian Tereus*, with his Aids, o're-threw,
And by that victory renowned grew.
Powerful in wealth and people; from the loins
Of *Mars* deriv'd: *Pandion Progne* joins
To him in marriage. This, nor *Juno* bleſt,
Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac'd that feaſt.
The ſnake-hair'd furies held the ſputtering light
From funeral ſnatch, and made the bed that Night.
Th' ill-boding Owl upon the roof was ſet,
Progne and *Tereus* with theſe omens met:
Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoice;
And thank the Gods with one united voice.
The marriage-day, and that of *Itys* birth,
They conſecrate to univerſal mirth.
So lies the good unſeen. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run:
When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
If I have any grace with thee, afford
This favor, that I may my ſiſter ſee:
Send me to her, or bring thou her to me;
Promiſe my father that with ſwifteſt ſpeed
She ſhall return. If this attempt ſucceed,
The ſum of all my wiſhes I obtain.
He bids them lanch his ſhips into the Main:
Then makes th' *Athenian* port with ſails and oars,
And lands upon the wiſht *Piræan* ſhoars.
Brought to *Pandion's* preſence, they ſalute,
The King with bad preſage begins his ſute.
For lo, as he his wifes command recites,
And for her quick return his promiſe plights,
Bright *Philomela* came in rich aray;
More rich in beauty. So they uſe to ſay
The ſtately *Naiades* and *Dryad's* go
In Sylvan ſhades; were they apparel'd ſo.
This ſight in *Tereus* ſuch a burning breeds,
As when we fire an heap of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd ſtubble thruſt.
Her face was excellent: but in-bred luſt
Inrag'd his blood; to which thoſe Climes are prone:
Stung by his Countries fury, and his own.

He

He straight intends her women to intice;
And bribe her Nurse, to prosecute his vice;
Her self to tempt with gifts; his crown to spend:
Or ravish, and by war his rape defend.
What dares he not, thrust on by wild desire?
Nor can his breast contain so great a fire.
Rackt with delay, he *Progne*'s sute renews:
And for himself, that but pretended sues.
Love made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would say; Thus charged She.
And moving tears (as she had sent them) sheds:
You Gods; how dark a blindness over-spreads
The souls of men! whilst to his sin he climbs,
They think him good; and praise him for his crimes.
Even *Philomela* wisht the same! now she
Hangs on her fathers neck: and what would be
Her utter ruine, as her safety prest:
While *Terem* by beholding pre-possest,
Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood:
And all afford his fire and fury food.
And wisht, as oft as she her Sire imbrac't,
Him-self her Sire: nor would have been more chast.
He, by their importunities is wrought.
She over-joy'd her father thanks: and thought
Her self and Sister in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
The labor of the Day now near an end,
From steep *Olympus Phœbus* steeds descend.
The boards are Princely serv'd: *Lyæus* flows
In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose.
And yet th' *Odrysian* King, though parted, frits:
Her face and graces ever in his eyes.
Who parts unseen unto his fancy feigns;
And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled brains.
Day-rose, *Pandion* his departing son
Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun:
Dear son, since Piety this due requires;
With her, receive both your, and their desires;
By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,
I charge you guard her with a fathers love:
And suddenly send back (for all delay
To me is death) my ages onely stay.
And Daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)
For pity leave me not too long alone.

As

As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all;
And drops of tears at every accent fall.
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,
(Which mutually they give) their plighted hands:
To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,
My love remember, and salute from me.
Scarce could he bid farewel: sobs so ingage
His troubled speech; who dreads his souls presage.
As soon as shipt; as soon as active oars
Had mov'd the surges, and remov'd the shoars;
She's ours! with me my wish I bear! he cries.
Exults; and barbarous, scarce defers his joys:
His eyes fast fixt. As when *Joves* eagle bears
An Hare t'her Airy, truss'd in rapeful fears:
And to the trembling prisoner leaves no way
For hoped flight; but still beholds her prey.
The voyage made; on his own land he treads:
And to a Lodg *Pandions* daughter leads;
Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of fear;
And for her sister asking now with tears.
There mues her up; his foul intent makes known:
Inforc'd her; a weak virgin, and but one.
Help father! sister help! in her distress,
She cries; and on the Gods, with like success.
She trembles like a Lamb, snatcht from the phangs
Of some fell Wolf; that dreads her former pangs:
Or as a Dove, who on her feathers bears
Her bloods fresh stains, and late-felt tallons fears
Restor'd unto her mind, her ruffled hair,
As at a woful funeral she tare;
Her arms with her own fury bloody made:
Who, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus said;
O monster! barbarous in thy horrid lust?
Treacherous Tyrant! whom my fathers trust,
Impos'd with holy tears; my sisters love;
My virgin state; nor nuptial ties, could move!
O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!
I, an adultress to my sisters bed!
Thou, husband to us both; my onely hate;
And to expect a miserable fate.
Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat,
By forcing life from her abhorred seat?
O would thou hadst, e'r I my honor lost:
Then had I parted with a spotless ghost,

Ye

Yet, if the Gods have eyes; if their Powers be
Not meerly names; not all decay with me;
Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclame
To men, if free; if not, my voice shall break (speak:
Through these thick walls, and teach the woods to
Hard rocks resolve to ruth. Let Heaven this hear;
And Heaven-thron'd Gods; if there be any there!
These words the salvage Tyrant moves to wrath:
Nor less his fear; alike provok'd by both:
Who draws his sword: his cruel hands he winds
In her loose hair: her arms behind her binds.
Her throat glad *Philomela* ready made:
Conceiving hope of death from his drawn blade;
Whilst she reviles, invokes her father; sought
To vent her spleen; her tongue in pincers caught,
His sword divideth from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.
And as a Serpents tail, dissever'd, leaps:
Even so her tongue: and dying sought her steps.
After this fact (if we may rumor trust)
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.
Yet to his wife, even after this retires,
Who for her sister hastily inquires;
He funerals belies, with feigned grief,
And by instructed tears begets belief.
Progne her royal ornaments rejects,
And puts on black, an empty tomb erects,
To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burns,
Her sisters fate, not as she should, she mourns.
Now through twelve Signs the Sun had born his light,
What should sad *Philomela* do? her flight
A barbarous guard restrain'd, the walls were strong,
Her mouth had lost the Index of her wrong.
The wit that misery begets is great;
Great sorrow adds a quickness to conceit.
A woof upon a *Thracian* loom she spreads,
And inter-weaves the white with crimson threads,
That character her wrong. The closely wrought
Gave to a servant, by her looks besought
To bear it to her Mistress; who presents
The Queen therewith, not knowing the contents,
The wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,
And in a woful verse her state beholds.

She held her peace: 'twas strange: grief struck her
No language could with such a passion sute. (mute,
Nor had she time to weep. Right, wrong, were mixt
In her fell thoughts: her soul on vengeance fixt
It was that time; when, in a wild disguise,
Sithonian matrons use to solemnize
Lyæus three-years Feast. Night spreads her wings:
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
By night th' impatient Queen a javelin takes,
And now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes:
Vines shade her brows: the rough hide of a Deer
Shogs at her side: her shoulder bare a spear.
Hurried through woods, with her attendant troes,
Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
Thy far more sober fury *Bacchus* strives
To counterfeit. Now at the Lodg arrives:
Howls; *Evoe*, cries: breaks ope the doors, and rush
Her sisters thence: with Ivy hides her look:
In habit of a Bacchanal aray'd:
And to her City the amaz'd convey'd.
That hated roof when *Philomela* knew,
The poor soul shook; her visage bloodless grew.
Progne with-draws; the sacred weeds unloos'd;
Her woful sisters bashful face disclos'd:
Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise
Her down-cast eyes: her sisters wrong surveys
In her dishonor. As she strove t' have sworn
With up-rais'd looks; and call the Gods t' have born
Her pure thoughts witness, how she was compel'd
To that loth'd fact; she hands, for speech, upheld.
Stern *Progne* broils; her bosom hardly bears
So vast a rage: who chides her sisters tears.
No tears, said she, our lost condition needs:
But steel; or if thou hast what steel exceeds.
I, for all horrid practices, am fit.
To wrap this roof in flame, and him in it:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
T'extirp: or with a thousand wounds, divorce
His guilty soul. The deed I intend, is great:
But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to do.
Behold with cruel eyes; Ah, how I view
In thee, said she, thy father! then intends
Her tragick Scene: Rage in her looks ascends.

But

But when her ſon ſaluted her, and clung
Unto her neck, mixt kiſſes, as he hung,
With childiſh blandiſhments; her high-wrought blood
Began to calm, and rage diſtracted ſtood.
Tears trickl'd from her eyes by ſtrong conſtraint;
But when ſhe found her reſolution faint
With too much pity; her ſad ſiſter views,
And ſaid, while both, by turns her eyes peruſe.
Why flatters he? why tongueleſs weeps the other?
Why Siſter calls not ſhe, whom he calls Mother?
Degenerate! think whoſe Daughter; to whom wed:
All piety is ſin to *Tereus* bed.
Then *Itys* trails: as when by *Ganges* floods
A Tigreſs drags a Fawn through ſilent woods.
Retiring to the moſt ſequeſtred room:
While he, with hands up-heav'd, foreſees his doom.
Clings to her boſom; mother! mother! cry'd;
She ſtabs him: nor once turn'd her face aſide.
His throat was cut by *Philomela's* knife:
Although one wound ſuffic'd to vanquiſh life.
His yet quick limbs, e're all his ſoul could paſs,
She piece-meal teers. Some boil in hollow braſs.
Some hiſs on ſpits. The pavements bluſht with blood:
Progne invites her husband to this food,
And feigns her Countries Rite; which would afford
No ſervant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-fires throne,
With his ſons carved intrails ſtuffs his own:
And bids her (ſo Soul-blinded!) call his boy.
Progne could not diſguiſe her cruel joy:
In full fruition of her horrid ire,
Thou haſt, ſaid ſhe, within thee thy deſire.
He looks about: asks where. And while again
He asks, and calls: all bloody with the ſlain,
Forth like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
And at her face the head of *Itys* threw.
Nor ever, more then now, deſir'd a tongue;
T' expreſs the joy of her revenged wrong.
He, with loud out-cries, doth the board repel;
And calls the Furies from the depth of hell.
Now teers his breaſt, and ſtrives from thence in vain
To pull th' abhorred food: now weeps amain:
And calls himſelf his ſons unhappy tomb.
Then draws his ſword; and through the guilty room

Purſues the ſiſters; who appear with wings
To cut the air: and ſo they did. One ſings
In woods; the other near the houſe remains:
And on her breaſt yet bears her murders ſtains.
He, ſwift with grief and fury, in that ſpace
His perſon chang'd. Long tuffs of feathers grace
His ſhining crown; his Sword a Bill became;
His face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing news, e're half his age was ſpent,
Pandion to th'infernal Shadows ſent.
Erichthews his throne and ſcepter held:
Who, both in juſtice, and bold arms excel'd.
To him his Wife, four ſons, all hopeful bare:
As many daughters; two ſurpaſſing fair.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptial ſtaid.
The God-belov'd *Orithya* wanted long,
While he put off his pow'r to uſe his tongue,
His ſute rejected, horridly inclin'd
To anger (too familiar with that wind.)
I juſtly ſuffer this indignity:
For why, ſaid he, have I my arms laid by?
Strength, violence, high rage, and awful threats!
'Tis my diſhonor to have us'd intreats:
Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I drive;
Toſs the blue billows, knotty Oaks up-rive;
Congeal ſoft Snow, and beat the earth with hail,
When I my brethen in the air aſſail,
(For that's our field) we meet with ſuch a ſhock,
That thundring skies with our incounters rock,
And cloud-ſtruck lightning flaſhes from on high,
When through the crannies of the earth I fly,
And force her in her hollow caves, I make
The Ghoſts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus ſhould I've wood; with theſe my match him
Erichthews ſhould have bin compeld, not prayd, (mad
Thus *Boreas* chafes; or, no leſs ſtorming, ſhook
His horrid wings, whoſe airy motion ſtrook
The earth with blaſts, and made the Ocean roar.
Trailing his dusky mantle on the floor,
He hid himſelf in clouds of duſt, and caught
Belov'd *Orithya*, with her fear diſtraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increaſt:
Nor of his airy race the reyns ſuppreſt:

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th' espous'd *Athenian* Dame
Gave to the Icy author of her rape:
Who had their fathers wings, and Mothers shape.
Yet not so born. Before their faces bare
The manly ensigns of their yellow hair.
Calais and *Zetes* both unplumed were.
But as the down did on their chins appear;
So, fowl-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
In the first vessel, with the flow'r of *Greece*,
Through unknown Seas, they sought the Golden
(Fleece.

THE ARGUMENT.

F 2 OVIDS

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Seventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEn, *Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes the*
By odors caſt. A ſeir branch Olives bears,
Drops ſprout to flowers. Old Æſon *young became.*
So Libers *Nurſes. An old Sheep a Lamb.*
Cerambus *flies. A Snake, a ſnake-like ſtone.*
An Ox, a Stag. Sad Mera *barks unknown.*
Horns front the Coan *Dames. The* Telchines
All change. A Dove turn'd Maid. The hard to pli
Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie *weeps*
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe *keeps*
Her ſon-ſought life. A King and Queen eſtrang'd
To ſlightful Fowl. Cephiſus *Nephew chang'd*
Into a Seal. Eumelus *daughter flies*
Through traceleſs regions. Men from Muſhroms riſe.
Phineus *and* Periphas *light wings aſſume.*
So Polyphemons *Neece. From* Cerberus *ſpume*
Springs Aconite. Juſt Earth a grave denies
To Scyrons *bones; which now in Rocks ariſe.*
Arne, *a Chough. Stout* Myrmidons *are born*
Of toiling Ants. The late rejected Morn
Masks Cephalus. *The Dog, that did purſue,*
And Beaſt purſu'd; two Marble Statues grew.

WIth *Pegaſæan* keel the *Minyæ* plow
The curling waves: and *Phineus* ſee, who now
In endleſs night his needy Age conſumes.
The youthful ſons of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes.

Thoſe greedy *Harpyes*, with the Virgin-face,
Far-off from his polluted table chaſe.
They, under *Jaſon*, having ſuffered much;
At length the banks of ſlimy *Phaſis* touch.
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minye* aſk:
And from the King receive a dreadful taſk.

Mean while *Medea* fries in ſecret fires:
Who ſtrugling long with over-ſtrong deſires,
When reaſon could not ſuch a rage reſtrain;
She ſaid: *Medea*, thou reſiſts in vain. (prove!
Some God, unknown, with-ſtands. What will this
Or is it ſuch as others fancy, love?
Why ſeem the Kings commands ſo too ſevere?
And ſo, in truth they be. Why ſhould I fear
A Strangers ruine, never ſeen before?
Whence ſpring theſe cares? Why fear I more & more?
Theſe furies from thy virgin-breaſt repel
Wretch, if thou canſt. Could I, I ſhould be well.
A new-felt force my ſtriving powrs invades:
Affection this, Diſcretion that, perſwades.
I ſee the better, I approve it too:
The worſe I follow. Why ſhouldſt thou purſue
An husband of another world; that art
Of royal birth? Our Country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this foreign mate,
Or live, or die; 'tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he live! I ſuch a ſute might move
To equal Gods, although I did not love.
For what hath *Jaſon* done? his hopeful youth
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;
His birth, his valor, Set all theſe apart;
His perſon would: I feel it moves my heart.
Yet ſhould not I aſſiſt, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blaſt him; or, aſſaults of death
Spring up in arms from *Tellus* boſtile womb:
Or elſe the greedy *Dragon* proves his tomb.
This ſuffer, and thou haſt an heart of ſtone;
Born of a Tygreſs, and more ſalvage grown.
Yet why why ſtand I not by? behold him ſlain?
And ſo my acceſſary eyes profane?
Add fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-born ire?
And ſleepleſs Dragon with more ſpleen inſpire?
The Gods forbid! yet rather help, then pray.
My fathers kingdom ſhall I then betray?

And save this Stranger, whom I hardly know,
That say'd by me, he should without me go,
Marry another, and leave me behind
To punishment? could he prove so unkind,
Or for another my deserts neglect?
Then should he die. Such is not his aspect;
The clearness of his mind, his very grace;
That I should fraud suspect, or think him base.
Besides, before-hand he shall plight his troth;
And bind the contract with a solemn oath.
What need thou doubt? go on; delay decline:
Obliged *Jason* will be ever thine.
Hymen shall crown, and mothers celebrate
Their sons Protectress through th' *Achaian* state.
My sister, brother, father, country Gods,
Shall I abandon for unknown abodes;
Fierce is my father, barbarous my land,
My brother, a child, my sisters wishes stand
With my desires; the greatest God of all
My breast inshrines. What I forsake, is small;
Great hopes I follow. To receive the grace
For *Argo's* safety know a better place,
And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,
Are famous; with civility, and arts:
And *Æsons* son, whom I more dearly prize
Then wealthy Barth, and all her Monarchies.
In him most happy, and affected by
The bounteous Gods, my crown shall reach the sky.
They tell of Rocks that justle in the main;
Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts again
The wrackful waves now in *Sicilian* Straits,
Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waits,
My love possest; in *Jasons* bosom laid;
Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismay'd,
While I infold my husband in my arms.
Or should I fear; I should but fear his harms.
Call'st thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame
Medea, varnish with an honest name?
Consider well what thou intendst to do:
And, while thou mayst, so foul a crime eschew.
Thus she. When Honor, Piety, and Right,
Before her stood, and *Cupid* put to flight:
Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;
O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.

Her broken ardor ſhe had now reclaim'd:
Which *Jaſons* preſence forth with re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks bluſh fire: her face with fervor flaſhes.
And as a dying cinder, rak'd in aſhes,
Fed by reviving winds, augmenting, glows;
And toſſed, to accuſtom'd fury grows:
So ſickly love, which late appear'd to die;
New life aſſum'd from his inflaming eye.
Whoſe looks my chance more beauty now diſcover
Then heretofore: you might forgive the lover.
Her eager eyes ſhe rivets on her face;
And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
Nor could divert her looks. As he his tongue
Began t'unlooſe, her fair hand ſoftly wrung,
Implor'd her aid, and promis'd her his bed:
She anſwer made, with tears profuſely ſhed.
I ſee to what events m' intentions move:
Nor ignorance deceives me thus; but love.
I by my cunning will preſerve your life:
But ſwear, that done, to take me to your wife.
He, by the Altar of the Triple Power,
The groves which that great Deity imbower;
Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appears,
His own ſucceſs, and ſo great danger, ſwears,
Believ'd: from her th' inchanted herbs receives;
With them, their uſe: and his Protectreſs leaves.
The Morrow had the ſparkling ſtars defac'd:
When all in *Marſe's* field aſſemble; plac'd
On circling ridges: Seated on a throne,
The Ivory-ſcepter'd King in ſcarlet ſhone.
From adamant noſtrils braſs-hooft bulls now caſt
Fierce *Vulcan*, and the graſs with vapors blaſt.
And as full forges, blown by art, reſound,
As lime of flints, inſurneſt under ground,
By ſprinkled water fire conceive: ſo they
Pent flames, involv'd in noiſful breaſts, diſplay;
So roar their ſcorched throats. Yet *Æſons* Hair
Came bravely on: on whom they turn, and ſtare
With terrible aſpects; his ruine threat
With ſteel-tipt horns. Inrag'd, their cleft hoofs beat
The thundring ground; whence clouds of duſt ariſe;
And with their ſmoky bellowings rend the skies.
The *Minyæ* fear congeals, but he remains
Untoucht: Such virtue Sorcery contains.

Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he ſtrokes,
Inforc'd to draw the plough with unknown yokes.
The *Colchians* at ſo ſtrange a ſight admire:
The *Minyæ* ſhout, and ſet his thoughts on fire.
Then, in his cask, the Vipers teeth aſſumes:
Thoſe in the turn'd-up furrows he inhumes.
Earth mollifies the pois'nous ſeeds, which ſpring;
And forth a harveſt of new People bring.
And as an Embryon, in the womb inclos'd,
Aſſumes the form of man; within compos'd
Through all accompliſht numbers; nor comes forth
To breath in air, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
Grew great, ſhe gave mens perfect ſhapes their birth.
And, what's more ſtrange; with them, their arms.
Who at th' *Æmonian* youth their lances bend. (ſcene
When this th' *Achaians* ſaw, they hung the head:
And all their courages for terror fled.
Even ſhe, who had ſecur'd him, was afraid,
When ſhe beheld ſo many one invade.
A chill cold checks her blood; death looks leſs pale,
And leſt the herbs ſhe gave ſhould chance to fail,
Unheard auxiliary charms imparts:
And calls th' aſſiſtance of her ſecret Arts.
He hurls a maſſie ſtone among her foes,
Who on themſelves convert their deadly blows.
The Earth-born brothers mutual wounds deſtroy,
And civil war. The *Grecians* skip for joy,
And throng t' imbrace the Victor. Her the ſame
Affection ſpur'd, but was with-held by ſhame.
Yet that too weak, if none had lookt upon her:
Not virtue checkt her, but the wrack of honor.
Now, in conceit, ſhe hugs him in her arms:
And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charms.
To make the Dragon ſleep that never ſlept,
Remains; whoſe care the golden purchaſe kept.
Bright-creſted, triple-tongu'd; his cruel jaws
Arm'd with ſharp phangs; his feet with dreadful claws.
When once beſprinkled with *Lethæan* juice,
And words repeated thrice; which ſleep produce,
Calm the rough ſeas, and make ſwift rivers ſtand;
His eye-lids vail'd to ſleeps unknown command.
The Hero of the Golden Fleece poſſeſt,
Proud of the ſpoil, with her whoſe favor bleſt

His

His enterprize, another Spoil now bore
To sea, and lands on safe *Iolcian* shoar.
Æmonian parents, for their sons return,
Bring grateful gifts, congested incense burn;
And chearfully with horn-gilt offerings pay
Religious vows. But *Æson* was away;
Oppress't with tedious age, now near his tomb.
When thus *Æsonides*: O wife, to whom
My life I owe: though all I hold in chief
From thy deserts, which far surpass belief;
If Magick can (what cannot Magick do?)
Take years from me; and his with mine renew.
Then wept. His piety her passion stirs:
Who sighs to think how she had used hers:
Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy time
I can, or will, anothers life invest?
Hecat fore-fend! nor is't a just request.
Yet *Jason*, we a greater gift will give:
Thy father, by our Art renew'd, shall live,
Without thy loss; if so the triple Pow'r
Assist me with her presence in that hour.
Three nights yet wanted, e're the Moon could join
Her growing horns. When with repleniſht shine
She view'd the Earth, the Court she leaves; her hair
Untrest, her garments loose, her ancles bare.
And wanders through the dead of drowzy Night
With unseen steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,
Deep Rest had bound in humid gyves; she crept
So silently, as if her self had slept.
No Aspen wags, moist air no sound receives;
Stars onely twinkle: who to those up-heaves
Her arms: thrice turns about, thrice wets her crown
With gathered dew, thrice yawns: and kneeling down:
O *Night*, thou friend to Secrets, you clear fires,
That with the Moon, succeed when Day retires:
Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts
To our designs: you Charms, and Magick Arts:
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yields
Thy powerful simples: airs, winds, mountains, fields,
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers clear;
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appear:
By you, at will, I make swift streams retire
To their first fountains, whilst their banks admire,

Seas toss, and smooth; clear clouds, with clouds deform,
Storms turn to calms, and make a calm a Storm.
With spells and charms I break the vipers jaw,
Cleave solid rocks, oaks from their seasures draw,
Whole woods remove, the airy mountains shake;
Earth force to groan, and ghosts from graves awake,
And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale:
Through brass-resounding thy extreams avail.
Our charms thy chariot pale; our pois'nous weeds,
That blushing Goddess which the night succeeds.
Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow
Their stubborn necks unto the servile plow:
The Serpents brood by you self-slaughtred lies;
Your slumbers clos'd the wakeful Dragons eyes;
At our commandd: and send the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towers of *Greece*.
Now need I drugs, that may old age indue
With vigor, and the flower of youth renew,
Which you shall give. Nor blaze these stars in vain
Nor Dragons vainly through the airy main
This Chariot draw. Hard by the Chariot rests.
Mounting, she strokes the bridled Dragons crests;
And shakes the reyns. Rapt up, beneath her spies
Thessalian Tempe; and her Snakes applies
To parts remote. The herbs that *Ossa* bear
Steep *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; ever clear
Olympus, who the lofty *Pindus* tops;
Up-roots, or with her brazen sickle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;
By *Amphrysus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.
Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:
Nor thee smooth *Babes* with sharp rushes crown'd;
And ravisht from *Euboian Anthedon*,
That herb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknown.
By winged Dragons drawn, nine nights, nine days,
About she romes; and every field surveys.
Return'd her Snakes, that did but onely smell
The Odors, cast their skins, and age expel.
Her feet to enter her own roof refuse,
Roost by the sky: she touch of man eschews.
Two Altars builds of living turf: the right
To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight
With Vervin and green boughs; hard by, two pits
She forthwith digs: and sacrificing slits

The throats of black-fleec't Rams, With reeking blood
The ditches fills; and pours thereon a flood
Of honey, and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;
Repeating powerful words. The King of Souls,
His ravisht Queen invokes, and Pow'rs beneath,
Not to prevent her by old *Æsons* death.
They with long murmurings and pray'rs appeas'd:
She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
Her sleep-producing charm his spirits deads:
Who on the grass his senseless body spreads.
Charg'd *Jason* and the rest, far-off with-drew:
Un-hallowed eyes might not such secrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,
About the fragrant Altar trots a Round.
The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
And on the Altars fires th' infected wood:
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.
Mean while in hollow brass the med'cine boils,
And swelling high, in foamy bubbles toils.
There seeths she what th' *Æmonian* vales produce:
Roots, juices, flow'rs, and seeds of soveraign use.
Adds stones from Oriental rocks bereft:
And others by the ebbing Ocean left.
The dew collected e're the Dawning springs:
A Screech-Owls flesh with her ill-boding wings,
The intrails of ambiguous Wolves; that can
Take, and forsake the figure of a Man.
The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes
The scaly skins of small *Cinyphean* Snakes.
A Crows old head, and pointed beak, was cast
Among the rest; which had nine ages past.
These, and a thousand more, without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame.
For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now
She mingles with a withered Olive bough.
Lo! from the caldron the dry stick receives
First verdure; and a little after, leaves;
Forth-with, with over-burd'ning Olives deckt,
The skipping froth with under-flames eject,
Upon the ground descended in a dew:
Whence vernal flow'rs, and springing pasture grew.
This seen, she cuts the old mans throat; out-scrus'd
His scarce-warm blood, and her receipt (infus'd)

His mouth or wound ſuckt in. His beard and head
Black hair forthwith adorns, the hoary ſhed.
Pale color, morphew, meager looks remove:
And under-riſing fleſh his wrinkles ſmooth.
His limbs wax ſtrong and luſty. *Æſon* much
Admires his change: himſelf remembers ſuch
Twice twenty Summers paſt. With all, indu'd
A youthful mind: and both at once renew'd.
This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views:
By *Colchis* gifts his Nurſes dates renews.
Leſt fraud ſhould ceaſe, ſhe, with her bed's Conſor
Diſſention feigns, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
His Daughters (for ſad age the King arreſts
Her entertain. Who ſoon with ſlie proteſts
Of forged love, allures their quick belief.
Her many merits mentions, but in chief
Of *Æſon*: cure; inſiſting on that part.
This hope ingenders, that her able Art
Might ſo their Father's vaniſht youth reſtore:
Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
She, muſing, ſeems to doubt: and, with pretence
Of difficulty, holds them in ſuſpenſe.
But when ſhe had a tardy promiſe made;
To win your ſtedfaſt confidence (ſhe ſaid).
Take from your flocks the moſt age-ſhaken Ram;
And ſuddenly he ſhall become a Lamb.
Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew
A ſunk-ey'd Ram; whoſe youth none living knew.
Now, at his riveled throat, out-lancing life
(Whoſe little blood could hardly ſtain her Knife)
His carcaſe ſhe into a Caldron throws:
With it, her Drugs. Each limb more ſlender grow:
He caſts his horns, and with his horns his years:
Anon a tender bleating ſtrikes their ears.
while they admire, out skips a friſking Lamb;
That ſports, and ſeeks the Udder of his Dam.
Fixt with amaze: they, ſtrongly now poſſeſt,
Her promiſe more importunately preſt.
Thrice *Phœbus* had unyok'd his panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whilſt Night ſucceeds,
Studded with ſtars: when falſe *Medea* took,
With uſeleſs herbs, meer waters of the brook.
On *Pelias*, and his drowzy Guard, ſhe hung
A death-like ſleep with her inchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the ſo-inſtructed Siſters led
Into his chamber; and beſiege his bed.
Why pauſe you thus, ſaid ſhe, O ſlow to good?
Unſheath your ſwords, and ſhed his aged blood;
That his veins with ſpritely juice may fill;
His life and youth depend upon your will.
If you have any virtue, not purſue
Unfruitful hopes, perform this filial due.
With Steel your fathers age expulſe, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeal her ſpeeches urge.
Who were moſt pious, impious firſt became:
And, by avoiding, perpetrate the ſame.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:
But, with averted looks, blind wounds beſtow.
He, blood-imbrew'd, his hoary head advanc'd:
Half-mangled ſtrove to riſe. Who now intranc'd
Amidſt ſo many ſwords, his arms up-held;
And, Daughters cry'd, what do you! what compel'd
Thoſe cruel hands t' invade your fathers life!
Down ſunk their hands, and hearts. *Medea's* knife,
His following ſpeech, and throat aſunder cuts:
And his hackt limbs in ſeething liquor puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft ſhe flies
O're ſhady *Pelion* God like *Chirons* Den,
Aſpiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men.
For old *Cerambus* ſafety: who by aid
Of favoring Nymphs, relief-ful wings diſplay'd;
While ſwallowing waves the weighty earth confound:
And ſwoln *Deucalions* ſurges ſcap'd undrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaves
That Marble, which the Serpents ſhape receives;
Idæan groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer
(To cloke his ſons ſlie theft) into a Deer;
The ſand-heap which *Corytus* Sire contains;
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plains:
Euryphilus town, where horns the Matrons ſham'd
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phœbeian Rhodes, *Jalyſian Telchines*,
Drencht by *Joves* vengeance in his brothers ſeas,
For all transforming with their vicious eyes:
By *Cæa's* old *Cartheian* turret flies.
Where fates *Alcidamus* with wonder move,
To think his daughter could become a Dove.

Then

Then *Hyries* lake *Cycneian Tempe* view'd:
Grac'd by a Swan with ſudden plumes indu'd.
For *Phyllius* there, had, at a Boys command,
Wild birds, and ſalvage Lions, brought to hand.
Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;
Yet at ſo ſtern a love not ſeldom ſtorm'd,
And his laſt purchaſe to the Boy deny'd,
Pouting, You'l wiſh yo' had giv'n him me, he cry'd;
And jumpt from down-right cliffs. All held him ſlain;
When ſpreading wings a ſilver Swan ſuſtain.
His mother (ignorant thereof) became
A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.
Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* ſhuns,
With trembling wings, her life-purſuing ſons:
Then near *Latona*-lov'd *Calaurea* rang'd;
In which the King and Queen to birds were chang'd.
Cyllene on the right hand (where that beaſt
Menephron would his mother have compreſt)
Cephiſus ſpies (who for his nephew mourn'd;
Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd:)
Eumelus Court, whoſe daughter ſads her Sire,
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,
To *Piren Ephyr*: men, if Fame ſay true,
Here at the firſt from ſhow'r-rais'd muſhroms grew;
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
And *Creons* Palace, wrapt in Magick flame,
When impious ſteel her childrens blood had ſhed,
The ill-reveng'd from *Jaſons* fury fled.
Whom now the ſwift *Titanian* Dragons draw
To *Pallas* towers. Thoſe thee, juſt *Phineus*, ſaw;
And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly:
Where *Polyphemons* Neece new wings ſupply.
Ægæus entertains her (of his life
The onely ſtain) and took her for his wife.
And now arrives unknown *Ægæus* ſeed:
Who great in name had two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* freed.
Whoſe undeſerved ruine *Phaſias* ſought
By mortal Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.
This from th' *Echidnean* Dog dire eſſence draws.
There is a blind ſteep cave with foggy jaws,
Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Hero ſtrain'd,
Drag'd *Cerberus* with adamant inchain'd.
Who backward hung, and ſcouling, lookt askew
On glorious day; with anger rabid grew:

Thrice

Thrice howls, thrice barks at once, with his three
And on the graſs his foamy poiſon ſheds. (heads;
This ſprung; attracting from the fruitful ſoil
Dire nouriſhment, and power of deathful ſpoil.
The rural Swains, becauſe it takes delight
In barren rocks, ſirnam'd it Aconite.
Ægæus, by her ſly perſwaſions won;
As to a foe, preſents it to his ſon.
He took the cup; when by his Ivory hilt,
He both his ſon diſcovered, and her guilt;
And ſtruck the potion from his lips. With charms
Ingendring clouds, ſhe ſcapes his lengthleſs arms.
Though glad of his ſons ſafety, a chill fear
Shook all his powers, that danger was ſo near.
With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feaſts
The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beaſts
(Their horns with ribands wreath'd) imbrue the (ground;
No day, they ſay, was ever ſo renown'd
Amongſt th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,
Together celebrate that Feſtival.
Thus ſinging, when full bowls their ſpirits raiſe:
Great *Theſeus*, *Marathon* reſounds thy praiſe
For ſlaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
They live, who *Cremyons* waſted field manure,
By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcans* Seed
By thee glad *Epidaure* beheld to bleed.
Salvage *Procruſtes* death *Cephiſia* view'd:
Eluſis, *Cercyon's*. *Scinis* ill indu'd
With ſtrength ſo much abus'd; who beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodies 'twixt their branches rent,
Thou ſlew'ſt. The way which to *Alcathoe* led
Is now ſecure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.
The Earth his ſcatter'd bones a grave deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
Which toſſed to and fro, in time became
A ſolid rock; the rock we *Scyron* name.
If we thy years ſhould number with thy acts:
Thy years would prove a cypher to thy facts.
Great ſoul! for thee, as for our publick wealth,
We pray; and quaff *Lyæus* to thy health.
The Palace with the peoples praiſes rings,
And Sacred Joy in every boſom ſprings.
Ægæus yet (no pleaſure is compleat:
Grief twines with joy;) for *Theſeus* ſafe receit

Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war:
Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far
Through vengeance of a father: who, his harms
In slain *Androgeus*, scourgeth with just arms.
Yet wisely first endeavors foreign aid:
And all the Islands of that Sea survey'd.
Who *Anaphe* and *Astipalea* gain'd;
The one by gifts, the other war constrain'd:
Low *Mycone*, *Cymolus* chalky fields,
High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metals yields,
Champian *Seriphos*, *Paros* far display'd
With marble brows, and *Cythnos* ill betray'd
By impious *Arne* for yet-loved gold,
Turn'd to a Chough, whom sable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyme*, the Sea-loved soil,
Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oil,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; these their aid deny'd.
The *Gnossian* fleet from thence their sails apply'd
Unto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd,
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd.
But *Æacus*, there reigning, call'd the same
Ægina, of his honor'd mothers name.
All throng to see a Prince of so great worth,
Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, issuing forth,
With *Phocus*, youngest of that royal race,
Make hast to meet him. With a tardy pace
Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cause
Of his repair. When after some short pause,
With sighs, which his imbosom'd grief display'd;
The Ruler of the hundred Cities said:
Assist our arms, born for my murdred son;
And in this pious war our fortunes run:
Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd;
In vain you ask what needs must be deny'd.
No City is in stricter league then ours
Conjoin'd to *Athens*: mutual are our pow'rs,
He, parting, said; Your league shall cost you dear,
And held it better far to threat, then bear
An accidental war; whereby he might
Consume his force before he came to fight.
Yet might they see the *Cretans* under sail
From high-built walls; when, with a leading gale,
The *Attick* ship attain'd their friendly shoar;
Which *Cephalus*, and his embassage, bore.

Th' *Æacides* him knew (though many a day
Unseen) imbrace, and to the Court convey.
The goodly Prince, who yet th' impression held
Of those perfections, which in youth excel'd,
Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand
A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him stand
Clytus and *Butes*; valorous and young:
Who from the loins of high-born *Pallas* sprung.
First *Cephalus* his full oration made;
Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:
Their leagues, and ancient loves to mind recals;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
With eloquence inforc'd his embassie:
When God-like *Æacus* made this reply,
(His royal Scepter shining in his hand)
Athenians, crave not succor, but command:
This Islands forces yours vouchsafe to call;
For in your aid I will adventure all.
Soldiers I have enough, at once t' oppose
My enemies, and to repel your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Bear no excuses. May your City still
Increase with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.
At my approach I not a little joy'd,
To meet so many youths of equal years,
So fresh and lusty. Yet not one appears
Of those who heretofore your town possest;
When first you entertain'd me for a Guest.
Then, *Æacus*, (in sighs his words ascend)
A sad beginning had a better end.
Would I could utter all: Day would expire
E're all were told, and 'twould your patience tire.
Their bones, and ashes, silent graves inclose.
And what a treasure perished with those!
By *Juno*'s wrath, a dreadful pestilence
Devour'd our lives: who took unjust offence,
In that this Isle her Rivals name profest.
While it seem'd humane, and the cause ungheſt;
So long we death-repelling Physick try'd:
But those diseases vanquisht Art deride.
Heav'n first, the earth with thickned vapors shrouds;
And lazy heat involves in sullen clouds.
Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,
And had as oft with-drawn their feeble light:

Yet

Yet still the death-producing *Auster* blew,
Sunk Springs, and standing Lakes infected grew:
Serpents in until'd fields by millions creep;
And in the streams their tainting poisons steep.
Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and salvage beasts first die:
Nor birds can from the swift infection fly.
Sad Swains, amazed, see their Oxen shrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows sink.
The fleecy flocks with anguish faintly bleat;
Let fall their wool, and pine away with heat.
The generous Horse, that from the Race of late
Return'd with honor, now degenerate,
Unmindful of the glory of his prize;
Groans at his manger, and there deedless dies.
The Boar forgets his rage: swift feet now fail
The Hart: nor Bears the horned Herd assail.
All languish. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
Are fill'd with carcases, that stench the air.
Which neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowl (how much
To be admir'd!) nor hoary Wolves would touch.
Falling consume: which deadly Odors bred,
That round about their dire contagion spred,
Now raves among the wretched Country-Swains:
Now in our large and populous City reigns.
At first, their bowels broil, with fervor stretcht:
The sympcomes, redness, hot wind hardly fetcht,
Their furr'd tongues swell; their dry Jaws gasp for breath;
And with the air inhale a swifter death.
None could endure or coverture, or bed:
But on the stones their panting bodies spred.
Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat:
Even they beneath those burning burdens sweat.
None cure attempt: the stern disease invades
The heartless Leech; nor art her author aids.
The near ally'd, whose care the sick attends,
Sicken themselves, and die before their friends.
Of remedy they see no hope at all,
But onely in approaching funeral:
All their desires obey: for help none care:
Help was there none. In shameless throngs repair
To Springs and Wells: there cleave in bitter strife
T' extinguish thirst; but first extinguish life.
Nor could th' o're-charg'd arise; but dying, sink:
And of those tainted waters others drink.

The wretches loath their tedious beds; thence break
With giddy steps. Or, if now grown too weak,
Roul on the floor: their quitted houses hate,
As guilty of their miserable fate;
And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse:
Half-Ghosts, they walk, while they their legs could
You might see others on the earth ly mourning; (use
Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning:
Stretching their arms to heaven, where ever death
Surpri'd them, parting with their figh't-out breath.
O what a heart had I! or ought to have!
I loath'd my life, and wisht with them a grave.
Which way soever I convert my eye,
The breathless multitude dispersed lye.
Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes
Of rocking windes; or acorns from broad oakes.
See you yon' Temple, mounted on high stairs?
'Tis *Jupiters*. Who hath not offerd prayers,
And slighted incense there! husbands for wives;
Fathers for sons: and while they pray, their lives
Before th' inexorable Altars vent;
With incense in their hands, half yet unspent!
How oft the Ox, unto the temple brought,
While yet the Priest the angry Powers besought,
And pour'd pure wine between his horns; fell down
Before the ax had touch't his curled crown!
To *Jupiter* about to sacrifice,
For me, my countrey, sons; with horrid noise
Th' unwounded Offring fell; and now the wound
Scarce blood, to wet the knife, that made it, found.
The Inwards lost their signs of heavens presage,
Out-razed by the stern Diseases rage.
The dead before the sacred doors were laid:
Before the Altars too; the Gods t' upbraid.
Some choke themselves with cords: by death eschue
The fear of death; and instant Fates pursue:
Dead corses without Dues of funeral
They weakly bear: the Ports are now too small,
Or un-interrd they ly: or else are thrown
On wealthless pyles. Respect these give to none.
For Pyles they strive: on those their kinsfolk burn,
That flame for others. None are left to mourn.
Ghosts wander undeplor'd by sons or fires:
Nor is there room for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonish

Astonisht with these tempests of extreams:
O *Jove*, said I if they be more then dreams
That laid thee by *Ægyna*; nor thy ire
Incensed be, that I should call thee sire;
Render me mine, or me afford a grave!
With prosperous thunder-claps a sign he gave;
I take it, said I; let this Omen be,
A happy pledge of thy intents to me!
Hard by, a goodly Oak, by fortune, stood,
Sacred to *Jove*; of *Dodonean* wood:
Grain-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,
Whose little mouthes self-greater burthens draw;
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine,
While I admire their number: O divine,
And ever helpful! give to me, said I,
As many men; who may the dead supply.
The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd:
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I shook with fear: my tresses stood an end:
Yet on the earth and oak I kisses spend,
I durst not seem to hope, yet hoped did:
And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.
Night came; and Sleep care-wasted bodies cheard:
Before my eyes the self-same Oak appeard;
So many branches, as before, there were:
So many busie Ants those branches bear;
So shook the Oak, and with that motion threw
To under-earth the grain supporting crue.
Greater and greater straight they seem to sight;
To raise themselves from earth, and stand up-right.
Whom numerous feet, black colour lankness leave:
And instantly a humane shape receive.
Now sleep with-drew. My dream I waking blame:
And on the small performing Gods exclaim:
Yet heard a mighty noyse; and seem'd t'. have heard
Almost forgotten voyces: yet I feard
That this a dream was also. Where upon,
The door thrust open, in rusht *Telamon*:
Come forth, said he, O father; and behold
What hope transcends; nor can with faith be told!
Forth went I; and beheld the men which late
My dream presented: such in every state
I saw; and knew them. They salute their King.
Jove prais'd, a party to the town I bring;

Leave

Leave to the reſt the empty fields: and call
Them *Mermydons* of their original.
You ſee their perſons: ſuch their manners are
As formerly. A people given to ſpare,
Patient of labour; what they get, preſerve,
They, like in years and minds, theſe wars ſhall ſerve,
And follow your conduct; when firſt this wind
(The wind blew Eaſterly) that was ſo kind
To bring you hither, will to your avail
Convert it ſelf into a Southern gale,
Diſcourſe thus entertain'd the day; with feaſts
They crown the Evening: Sleep the Night poſſeſt.
The Morning Sun projects his golden rayes:
Still *Eurus* blew; and their departure ſtayes.
Now *Pallas* ſons to *Cephalus* reſort,
And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* ſons, to Court
With early viſits: (ſleep the King in chains)
Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertains.
For *Pelem*, with his brother *Telamon*,
To raiſe an army were already gone.
Phocus mean while into an inward room,
Of fair recipt, th' *Athenians* led: with whom
They ſeated firſt, he ſits: His fancy fed
Upon the Javelin with the golden head
Held by *Æolides*: of what tree made
Being ignorant; ſome ſpeeches paſt, he ſaid:
I haunt the deſart woods; delight in blood
Of ſalvage Beaſts; yet know not of what wood
Your Dart conſiſts: For if of Aſh it were
'Twould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appear
More Knotty: on what tree ſo e're it grew,
Mine eyes ſo fair a Dart did never view.
One of th' *Actæon* brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
And of it ſelf returns with ſlaughter red.
Phocus the cauſe deſireth much to know,
From whence it came; and who did it beſtow.
He yields to his requeſt, yet things well known,
Reſtrained by modeſty, he lets alone.
Who touch't with ſorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.
This Dart, O Goddeſs-born, provokes theſe tears:
And ever would, if endleſs were my years.

This

This me, in my unhappy Wife destroy'd:
This gift I would I never had injoy'd!
Procris Orithya's sister was: if Fame
Have more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name,
Yet she (should you their minds, and forms confer)
More worth the rape. *Eribibeus*, me to her,
And love, unite. Then happy! happy, I
Might yet have been. But O, the Gods envy!
Two months were now consum'd in chast delight:
When gray *Aurora*, having vanquisht night,
Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill,
Of steep *Hymettus*: and, against my will,
As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence:
Though rosie be her cheeks; although she sway
The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,
And Nectar drink: my *Procris* all possest:
My heart was hers; my tongue her praise profest.
I told her of her holy nuptial ties;
Of wedlocks breach; and yet scarce tasted joyes.
Fire-red she said, thy harsh complaints forbear:
Possess thy *Procris*. Though so fair, so dear:
Thou'lt wish th' hadst never known her, if I know
Insuing fate: and angry lets me go.
Her words I pondered as I went along:
Began to doubt she might my honour wrong.
Her youth, and beauty tempt me to distrust:
Her vertue checks those fears as most unjust.
But I was absent: but example fed
My jealousie: but lovers all things dread.
I seek my sorrows; and with gifts intend
To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proves a friend
To this suspition; and my form translates.
Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
And then my own. The house from blame was free:
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:
View'd with astonishment I scarce pursue
My first intent: scarce could I then forbear
Due kisses; scarce not what I was appear.
She still was sad: yet lovelier none then she,
Even in that sadness: sorrowful for me.
How excellent, O *Procris*, was that face,
Which could in grief retain so sweet a grace?

What

What need I tell how often I assaild
Her vexed chastity! how often said!
How often said she! One I only serve:
For him, where ever, I my bed preserve.
What mad man would such faith have farther prest,
But I? industrious to my own unrest,
With fervent vowes, and gifts still multiply'd,
At length she wavers. False of faith I cry'd,
Thou art disclos'd: I, no adulterer,
But thy wrong'd spouse: nor can this triall erre.
She made no answer, prest with silent shame.
Th' unhappy house and me, far more in blame,
Forsaking; mankind for my sake eschews:
And *Dian*-like the mountain chase pursues.
Abandon'd hotter flames my blood incense,
I pardon beg'd, confessing my offence:
And said, *Aurora* might have me subdu'd
With such enticements, had but she so woo'd.
My fault confest; her wrong revenged, we
Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
Besides her self, as though that gift were small,
A Dog she gave: which *Cynthia* giving; All,
Said she, surpass in swiftness: and this Spear
You so commend, which in my hand I bear.
Do you the fortune of the first inquire?
Receive a wonder: and the fact admire.
Dark prophesies, not understood of old,
The *Naides* with searching wits unfold.
When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,
Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.
A cruel Beast infests th' *Aonian* plains;
To many fatal: feard by country Swains,
Both for their cattle, and themselves. I met
The neighbouring youth, our toyles the fields beset.
He nimbly skips above the upper lines:
And mounting over, frustrates our designs.
The dogs uncouple, from them all he springs,
With no less speed, then if supply'd by wings,
All bid me let my *Lælaps* slip (for so
My dog was call'd) who struggling long ago.
Half-throtled, straind the leash. No sooner gone,
Then out of sight, his foot-steps left upon
The burning sand: who vanisht from our eyes
As swiftly as a well-driv'n javelin flyes;

Or

Or as a singing pellet from a sling
Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* string.
I mount a hill which over-topt the place,
From thence beholding this admired chace.
The beast now pincht appears, now shuns by flight
His catching jaws. Nor (crafty) runs out-right,
Nor trusts his heels: with nimble turnings shunning
His urgent foe, cast back by over-running.
Who prest what only might in speed compare.
Appears to catch th' uncaught, and mouthes the air.
My dart I take to aid: which while I shook,
And on the thong direct my hasty look,
To fit my fingers: looking up again,
I saw two marble statues on the plain.
Had you these seen, you could not choose but say,
That this appeared to run, and that to bay.
That neither should each other over-go
The Gods decreed: if Gods discend so low.
Thus he: here paus'd. Then *Phœbus*, Pray unfold
Your Darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
Joy grief fore-runs: that joy we first recite.
For O, those times I mention with delight,
When youth, and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life:
She in her Husband blest, I in my Wife.
In both one care, and one affection moves.
She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Jove's*,
Nor *Venus* could have tempted my desire:
Our bosomes flam'd with such an equal fire.
When *Sol* had rais'd his beams above the floods,
My custom was to trace the leavy woods.
Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went.
Without horse, huntsmen, toyls, or dogs, of scent,
Much kild, I to the cooler shades repair:
And where the valley breaths a fresher air.
Cool air I seek, while all with fervour gloes:
Cool air expect, the cause of my repose.
Come air, I use to sing, relieve th' oppress,
Come, O most welcome, glide into my breast:
Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.
By chance I other blandishments repeat,
(So Fates inforce) as, O my souls delight!
By thee I am fed and chear'd: thy sweets excite
My affections to these woods: O may thy breath
Still fix with mine, and so preserve from death!

A busie

A buſie ear theſe doubtful ſpeeches caught:
Who oft-nam'd air ſome much-lov'd *Dryad* thought;
And told *Procris* with a leuder tongue,
His falſe ſurmiſes; with the ſong I ſung.
Love is too credulous. With grief ſhe faints;
And ſcarce reviling, burſts into complaints:
My ſpotleſs faith with ſury execrates:
Woe's me, ſhe cryes, produ'ct to cruel fates!
Tranſported with imaginary blame,
What is not, fears: an unſubſtantial name.
Yet grieves (poor ſoul!) as if in truth abus'd:
Yet often doubts; and her diſtruſt accus'd.
Now holds the information for a lye:
Nor will truſt other witneſs then her eye,
Aurora re-inthron'd th' inſuing Day:
I hunt, and ſpeed. As on the graſs I lay,
Come Air, ſaid I my tyred ſpirits chear.
At this an unknown ſigh invades my ear.
Yet I; O come, before all joyes preferr'd
I then among the leaves a ruſling heard,
And threw my dart; ſuppoſing it ſome beaſt:
But O, 'twas *Procris*! wounded on the breſt,
She ſhreekt ay me! Her voice too well I knew;
And thither, with my grief diſtracted flew.
Half dead; all blood imbru'd, my wife I found:
Her gift (alas!) extracting from her wound.
I rais'd her body, then my own more dear:
To bind her wounds my lighter garments tear;
And ſtrive to ſtench the blood. O pity take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty ſoul forſake!
She, weak, and now a dying, thus replies
(Her laſt of ſpeech) by all our nuptial ties;
By heaven-imbowred Gods, by thoſe below,
To whoſe infernal monarchy I go:
By that, if ever I deſerved well;
By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,
Yet now in death moſt conſtantly retain;
O, let not *Ayre* our chaſter bed prophane,
This ſaid; I ſhow'd, and ſhe perceived how
That error grew: but what avai'ld it now?
She ſinks; her blood along her ſpirits took:
Who looks on me as long as ſhe could look.
My lips her ſoul receive, with her laſt breath:
Who now reſolved, ſweetly ſmiles in death.

The weeping Heroe told this Tragedy
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nye,
And his two sons, with well-arm'd Regiments,
New rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* presents.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eighth BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

HArmonious walls. Lewd Scylla *now despair;*
With Nisus, *chang'd: the Lark the Hobby flies.*
Ariadnes *Crown a Constellation made.*
Th' inventive youth a Partridge; still afraid
Of mourning. Meleagers *Sisters mourn*
His Tragedy: to Fowl, so named, turn.
Five water Nymphs the five Echinades
Demonstrate. Perimele, *near to these,*
Becomes an Iland. Jove *and* Hermes *take*
The forms of men. A City turn'd t' a Lake:
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
Old Baucis *and* Philemon, *changed are*
At once to sacred Trees in various shapes:
Blew Proteus *shapes. Oft self-chang'd* Metra *scapes*
Scorn'd servitude. The Stream of Calidon
Forsakes his own, and other shapes puts on.

NOw *Lucifer* exalts the Day: to Hell
Old *Night* descends. The Eastern winds now fell;
Moyst clouds arose: when gentle Southern gales
Befriend returning *Cephalus*. Full sailes
Wing his successful course: who long before
All expectation, touch't the wished shore.

Mean-

Mean-while just *Minos* wastes *Lelegia's* coast,
And girts *Alcathoes* City with his Hoast.
This *Nisus* held; whose head a purple hair,
'Mong those of honourable silver, bare:
His Kingdoms strength. Six aged Moons grew young:
Yet wars success in equal ballance hung:
Slow Victory, in choice yet what to do,
With doubtful wings 'twixt either army flew.
A royal Tower, with sounding walls, there stands;
Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands:
Whereon, they say, he lai'd his golden Lyre;
Whose strings the stones with harmony inspire.
This, *Nisus* daughter oft ascends alone;
And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone;
In time of peace. When war had peace expeld,
From thence the conflicts of stern *Mars* beheld,
By this delay, the Princes names she knows;
Their arms, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bows;
Europa's Son, the General, yet knew,
More then the rest, more then 'twas fit to do.
For when he wore his fairly plumed cask;
She thought him lovely in that warlike mask:
Or when his brass-refulgent shield he rais'd;
His graceful gesture infinitely prais'd.
Nor could his practis'd arm let flie a dart;
But straight sh' extols his strength, informd by art,
If he an arrow drew; sh' would swear that so
Apollo stood, when he discharged his bow.
But when, his helmet off, he shewd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He on his hot-high bounding Courser sits:
O then she scarce was mistris of her wits!
Happy she calls the launce his hand sustains:
Happy she calls his hand sustained rains.
And had she power, she would have madly past
Through all the hostile ranks; her self have cast
Amid the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower;
Or ope the brass rib'd gates to *Minos* power:
Or what he else could wish. She then survay'd
The *Gnossian* Kings white Tent; and softly said:
Whether I should for this so sad a war
Or joy or grieve; within my self I jarr.
Alas, that he I love should be my foe!
I had not known him, had it not been so.

Yet me in hoſtage might he take: of peace
A pledge; his ſpouſe; and bloody broyls ſurceaſe.
No marvel though a God her beauty took:
If ſhe that bare thee had ſo ſweet a look.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent
This dull delay; and fly to *Minos* tent.
My ſelf I would diſcloſe, confeſs my flame;
And buy him, with what dowry he ſhould name,
But to betray theſe towers: dye, dye, deſire,
E're I by treaſon to your ends aſpire.
Yet, through the Victors clemency, it ſome,
Nay many, hath avail'd t' have been o're-come.
Juſt war he wageth for his ſons ſad end:
His cauſe is ſtrong; ſtrong arms his cauſe defend.
Sure we muſt fall. If ſuch our Cities fate;
Why ſhould his power inthrone him in this State,
And not my love? better, without delay
His ſouldiers blood, his own, he conquer may.
For il-preſaging fears my reſt confound,
Leſt ſome, not knowing him, ſhould *Minos* wound:
For no heart is ſo hard, that did but know,
And would a launce againſt his boſom throw.
Then thus: with me, my country I intend
To render up; and give theſe wars an end.
What is't to intend? Each paſſage hath a guard;
My father keeps the keys, and ſees them bard.
'Tis he defers my joyes; 'tis he I dread:
Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
Tuſh, we are our own Gods. They thrive that dare,
And fortune is a foe to ſlothful pray'r.
Long ſince, another ſcorcht with ſuch a fire,
By death had forc't a way to her deſire.
And why ſhould any more adventurous prove?
I dare through ſword, and fire make way to Love.
And yet here is no uſe of fire, nor ſword;
But of my fathers hair. This muſt afford
What I ſo much affect, and make me bleſt:
Richer then all the treaſure of the Eaſt.
This ſaid; Night, nurſe of cares, her curtains drew:
When in the dark ſhe more audacious grew.
In prime of reſt, when tyr'd with day-bred cares
Sleep all infolds; ſhe ſilently repairs
Into her fathers bed-chamber; and there
Picks out (O hortid act!) his fatal hair.

Seiz'd

Seiz'd on her wicked prey; with her she bore
The guilty spoil; unlocks a Postern door:
Then past the foe (bold by her merit made)
Unto the King not un-astonisht, said.
Inforc't by Love I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seed,
Yield up my Country, and my Gods: no meed,
But thee, I crave. This purple hair receive,
My loves rich pledge: nor think a hair I give,
But my old fathers head. And therewith she
Presents the gift with wicked hand. But he
Rejects her proffer: and much terrifi'd
With horror of so foul a deed, reply'd:
The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord!)
Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
How-ere *Joves Creet*, the world wherein I raign,
Shall such a monster never entertain.
This said: the most just victor doth impose
Laws no less just, upon his vanquisht foes.
Then orders, that they forthwith oars conveigh
Aboard the brass-beakt ships, and anchors weigh.
When *Scylla* saw the *Gnossian* navy swim,
And that her treason was abhorr'd by him,
To violent anger she converts her prayers,
And fury-like, with stretcht arms, and spread hairs:
Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou? leaving me, whose love
With conquest crown'd thee? O prefer'd above
My country: Father! 'twas not thou didst win;
But I that gave: my merit, and my sin.
Not this; not such affection, could perswade:
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.
For whether should I go, thus left alone?
What? to my Country? that's by me o're-thrown,
Wer't not; my treason dooms me to exile.
Or to my father; given unto thy spoil?
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
And neighbours fear th' example in their State.
I, out of all the world my self have thrown,
To purchase an access to *Creet* alone.
Which if deny'd and left to such despair;
Europa never one so thankless bare:
But swallowing *Syrt's Charibdis* chaft with wind,
Or some fell Tygres, of th' *Armenian* kind.
Jove's not my father; nor with forged shape
Of Bull beguiled, thy mother suffer'd rape,

That ſtory of thy glorious race is fain'd:
For ſhe a wild, and loveleſs Bull ſuſtain'd.
O father *Niſus*, thy revenge behold!
Rejoyce, O City, by my treaſon ſold!
Death, I confeſs, I merit. Yet would I
Might by their hands whom I have injur'd, dye,
For why ſhouldſt thou, who onely didſt ſubdue
By my offending, my offence purſue?
My Country, and my father felt this ſin:
Which unto thee hath meritorious been,
Thou worthy art of ſuch a wife, as ſtood
A Bulls hot luſt, within a Cow of wood:
Whoſe ſhameleſs womb a modſtrous burthen bare,
Ah! do my ſorrows to thy ears repair?
Or are my fruitleſs words born by that wind
That bears thee hence, and leaves a wretch behind?
No marvel though *Paſiphae* prefer'd
A Bull, thou far more ſaluage then the Heard.
Woe's me! make haſte I muſt: the waves with oars
Reſound; his ſhip forſakes, with us, our ſhores.
In vain! I'le follow thee ungrateful King:
And while I to thy crooked veſſel cling,
Be drag'd through drenching ſeas. This having ſaid,
Attempts the waves, by *Cupids* ſtrengthning aid,
And cleaves t' his ſhip. Her father, now high-flown
Strikes airy rings (a red-maild Hobby grown)
And ſtoops to cuff her with his golden ſears.
She ſlips her hold, infeebled by her fears
While yet a falling, that ſhe might eſchue
The threatning ſea, light wings t' her ſhoulders grew.
Now changed to a bird in ſight of all:
This, of that raviſht hair, we *Ciris* call.
No ſooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,
But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,
His vowes to conqueſt-giving *Jove* he payd:
And all his palace with the ſpoil arayd.
And now his families reproach increaſt,
That uncouth prodigie, half man half beaſt,
The mothers foul adultery deſcry'd,
Minos reſolves his marriage ſhame to hide
In multitude of rooms, perplext, and blind.
The work t' excelling *Dædalus* aſſign'd.
Who ſenſe diſtracts, and error leads a maze
Through ſubtil ambages of ſundry wayes,

As *Phrygian Mæander* ſports about
The flowry vales; now winding in, now out;
Himſelf incounters, ſees what follows, guides
His ſtreams unto their ſprings; and, doubling, ſlides
To long mockt ſeas: ſo *Dædalus* compil'd
Innumerable by-ways, which beguil'd
The troubled ſenſe; that he who made the ſame,
Could ſcarce retire: ſo intricate the frame.
When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd
This double form, of man and beaſt compos'd;
The Monſter with *Athenian* blood twice fed,
His own, the third Lot, in the ninth year, fled.
Then by a Clew reguided to the door
(A Virgins counſel) never found before;
Ægides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
For *Dia*: on the naked ſhore forſakes
His confident, and ſleep-oppreſſed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the deſolate
Bacchus, with marriage, comforts and that ſhe
Might glorious by a Conſtellation be;
Her head unburthens of her crown, and threw
It up to Heaven: through thinner air it flew.
Flying, the jewels that the verge inchace
Convert to fires; faſt fixed in one place;
Th' old form retaining. They their ſtation take,
'Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.
The Sea-impriſ'nd *Dædalus*, mean-while,
Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile;
Toucht with his countries love and place of birth;
Thus ſaid: Though *Minos* bar both ſea, and earth;
Yet heaven is free. That courſe attempt I dare:
Held he the world, he could not hold the air.
This ſaid; to arts unknown he bends his wits,
And alters nature. Quils in order knits,
Begining with the leaſt: the longer ſtill
The ſhort ſucceeds; much like a riſing hill.
Their rural Pipes, the Shepherds, long ago
(Fram'd of unequal reeds) contrived ſo.
With threeds the midſt, with wax he joyns the ends;
And theſe, as natural wings, a little bends.
Young *Icarus* ſtood by, who little thought
That with his death he play'd; and ſmiling, caught
The feathers toſſed by the wand'ring ayr:
Now chafes the yellow wax with buſie care,

And interrupts his Sire. When his laſt hand
Had made all perfect: with new wings he fand
The air that bare him. Then inſtructs his ſon:
Be ſure that in the middle courſe thou run,
Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly fly:
The Sun will burn them, if thou ſoar'ſt too high.
'Twixt either keep. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,
Nor *Helice*, nor ſtern *Orions* rayes:
But follow me. At once, he doth adviſe;
And unknown feathers to his ſhoulders tyes.
Amid his work and words the ſalt tears brake
From his dim eyes; with fear his fingers ſhake.
Then kiſt him, never to be kiſſed more:
And raiſ'd on lightſome feathers flies before;
His fear behind: as birds through boundleſs ſky
From airy neſts produce their young to fly;
Exhorts to follow; taught his baneful skill;
Waves his own wings, his ſons obſerving ſtill.
Theſe, while ſome Angler, fiſhing with a Cane;
Or Shepherd leaning on his ſtaff; or Swain;
With wonder views: he thinks them Gods that glide
Through airy regions. Now on his left ſide
Leaves *Juno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,
Lebynthos, and *Calidna* on the right,
Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took
With pleaſure of his wings, his Guid forſook:
And raviſht with deſire of heaven, aloft
Aſcends. The odor-yielding wax more ſoft
By the ſwift Suns vicinity then grew:
Which late his feathers did together glew.
That thaw'd, he ſhakes his arms, which now were bare,
And wanted wherewithal to gather air.
Then falling, Help O father, cryes: the blew
Seas ſtops his breath; from whom their name they drew
His father, now no father left alone,
Cry'd, *Icarus*! where art thou? which way flown?
What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain?
Then ſpies the feathers floating on the Main.
He curſt his arts; inters the corps that gave
The land a name, which gave his ſon a grave.
The Partridge from a thicket him ſurvay'd;
As in a tomb his wretched ſon he layd;
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd
T' expreſs his joy: as then an only bird.

So

So made of late (unknown in former time).
O *Dædalus* by thy eternal crime.
To thee thy Sister gave him to be taught;
Who little of his destiny fore-thought:
The Boy then twelve years aged; of a mind
Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclin'd,
He Saws invented, by the bones that grow
In fishes backs; the steel indenting so.
And two shant Compasses with rivet bound;
Th' one to stand still, the other turning round
In equal distance. *Dædalus* this stung:
Who from *Minerva*'s sacred turret flung
The envy'd head-long; and his falling feigns.
Him *Pallas*, fautrix of good wits, sustains:
Who straight the figure of a fowl assumes;
Clad in the midst of air with freckled plumes.
The vigor of his late swift wit, now came
Into his feet, and wings: he keeps his name.
They never mount aloft, nor trust their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth.
And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they bear
Their ancient fall, and lofty places fear.
Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Scilia* lights:
In whose defence hospitious *Coc'lus* fights.
Now *Athens*, by *Ægæus* glorious Seed,
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crown their Temples: warlike *Pallas*, *Jove*,
Invoke; with all the Deities above.
Whom now they honor, with the large expence
Of blood, free gifts, and heaps of frankincense.
Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* cities spred
His praise: and all that rich *Achaia* fed
His aid in their extremities intreat,
And *Calydon* (through *Meleagers* seat)
His aid implores. A Boar by *Dian* sent,
As her revenge, and horrid instrument.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harvest blest,
To *Ceres* his first fruits of corn addrest,
To *Pallas* oil, and to *Lyæus* wine.
Ambitious honors all the Powers divine
Reap from the rurals; who neglect to pay
Diana dues, her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
Unpunisht bear: nor unreveng'd, said she,

Though un-adored, ſhall they vaunt we be,
With that ſhe ſent into *Oeneian* fields
A vengeful Boar. Rank-graſs'd *Epirus* yields
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
But thoſe are leſs which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze blood and fire: his ſtiff neck bears
Horrible briſtles, like a grove of ſpears.
A boiling foam upon his ſhoulders flows
From grinding jaws: his tuſhes equal thoſe
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth caſts
Swift lightning; and his breath the paſtures blaſts.
Now tramples down the corn, when in the blade;
The husbandmans ripe vows now fruſtrate made,
And reaps the weighty ears. Their uſual grain
The Barns, and threſhing-floors expect in vain.
Broad-ſpreading Vines he with their burden, ſhears:
And boughs from ever-leavy Olives teers.
Then falls on beaſts: the Herdſmen, now unfear'd;
Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls, defend their Herd.
The people fly; ſecurity ſcaree find
In walled towns: till *Meleager* join'd
With youths of choiceſt worth, inflam'd with praiſe,
Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;
One for his horſemanſhip, the other fam'd
For Whorl bats; *Jaſon*, who the firſt ſhip fram'd;
Theſeus with his *Pirithous*, a pair
Of happy friends; and *Lyncæus*, *Aphar*'s heir;
The two *Theſtiadæ*, *Leucippus*, crown'd
For ſtrength; *Acaſtus*, for his dart renown'd;
Swift *Idas*, *Cænem*, not a woman then;
Hippothous Dryas; *Phœnix* (beſt of men,)
Amyntors ſon; th' alike *Actorides*,
And *Phyleus* ſent from *Elis*, came with theſe:
Pheretes hope; adventurous *Telamon*;
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* ſon,
Hyantian Iolaus, the well-grac't
Eurytus, and *Echion*, who ſurpaſt
In running, *Lelex* the *Narycian*,
With *Panopæus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippaſan*,
Now youthful *Neſtor*: ſons to that intent
Hippocoon from old *Amyclis* ſent:
Penelopes father-in-law, *Parraſia*-bred
Ancæus, wiſe *Ampycides* well read
In fates, *Oiclides*, not as yet betray'd

By's

By's wife, *Tegæan Atalant'*, a maid
Of passing beauty, sprung from *Schœnus* race:
Of high *Lycæan* woods the onely grace.
A polisht Zone her upper garment bound;
And in one knot her artless hair was woond:
Her arrows Ivory guardian clattering hung
On her left shoulder; and a Bow well strung
Her left-hand held. Her looks a wench display'd
In a boys face, a boys face in a maid.
The *Calydonian* Heroes her beheld
And wisht at once: his wishes fate repel'd,
Who lurking flames attracts; and said, O blest
Is he, whom thou shalt with thy joys invest!
But time, and modesty his courtship stay,
By a more pressing action call'd away.
A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never fell'd,
Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld.
The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.
Forth-with a part their corded toils extend,
Some hounds uncoupled; some the track of feet
Together trace: and danger long to meet.
A Dale there was, through which the rain-rais'd flood
Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom stood:
Repleat with pliant willows, marish weeds,
Sharp Rushes, Oziers, and long slender Reeds.
The Boar from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crusht
Through justling clouds, among the hunters rusht:
Bears down the obvious trees; the crashing woods
Report their fall. The youths each others bloods
With high-raisd shouts inflame; who keep their stands:
And shake their broad-tipt spears with threatning hands.
The dogs he scatters; those that durst oppose
His horrid fury, wounds with ganching blows.
Echion first his javelin vainly cast,
Which struck a Beech. The next his sides had past,
But that with too much strength it over-flew:
The weapon *Pegasæan Jason* threw.
O *Phœbus*, said *Ampycides*, if I
Have honor'd, and do honor thee, apply
Thy succor in success of my intents.
The God, as much as lay in him, assents:
But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
Which gave no wound, although the Boar it strook:
The beast like lightning burns, thus chaf'd with ire:

His

His grim eyes shine, his breast breathes flames of fire.
And as a stone which some huge engine throws
Against a wall, or bulwark man'd with foes:
The deadly Boar with such sure violence
Assaults their forces. The right wings defence;
Epalamon, and *Pelagonus*, cast
On sounding earth: drawn off with timely hast.
Enæsimus, great *Hippocoon's* son,
Could not so well his slaughtering tushes shun:
Which cut the shrinking sinews in his thigh.
Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to fly.
And *Nestor* long had perished, perchance,
Before *Troy's* war; but, vaulting on a lance,
He took a tree, which there his branches spred:
And safely saw the foe from whom he fled.
Who, full of rage, his vengeful tushes whets
Upon an Oak, and dire destruction threats:
When, trusting to his new-edg'd arms, the Boar
The manly thigh of great *Oribyus* tore.
The brother Twins, not yet celestial stars;
Conspicuous both, both terrible in wars;
Both mounted on white Steeds, aloft both bare
Their glittering spears, which trembled in the air:
And both had sped; but that the swine with-drew
Where neither horse nor javelin could pursue.
In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chase;
And stumbling at a root, fell on his face.
While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged flight
Tegæa drew, which flew as swift as sight:
Below his ear the fixed arrow stood,
And stain'd his bristles with a little blood.
The Virgin less rejoiced in the blow
Then *Meleager*: who first saw it flow;
First shew'd his mates the blood; O most renown'd,
Said he, thy honor hath thy virtue crown'd.
The men, they blush for shame; each other cheer;
And high-rais'd souls, with clamors higher rear:
Their spears in clusters fling; which make no breach
Through idle store: and throws their throws impeach.
Behold, *Ancæus* with a poll-ax, stern
To his own fate; who said, By me O learn
You youths, how much a mans sharp steel exceeds
A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
Though *Dian* should take arms, and in his strife

Pro-

Protect her beast, she should not save his life.
Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands
Advanc'd his poll-ax, and on tip-toes stands.
Whom, e're his arms descend, the furious Swine
Prevents; and sheathes his tushes in his groin.
Down fell *Aneæus*, out his bowels gusht,
All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, blusht.
Ixion's son *Perithous* forward prest:
And with an able arm his launce addrest.
To whom *Ægides*; O to me more dear
Then my own life! my better half; forbear.
The wise in valor should aloft contend:
Fool-hardy courage was *Aneæus* end.
This said, his heavy cornel, with an head
Of brass, he hurls: which sure had struck him dead
(It was delivered with so true an aim)
But that a tall Beech interpos'd the same.
Æsonides then threw his thrilling lance;
Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)
A dog between his baying jaws: the wound
Rusht through his guts, and nail'd him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand discharg'd two spears:
The earth the one, the beast the other bears.
While now he raves, grunts, turns his body round,
Casts blood and foam; the author of his wound
Rusht in; provokes his greater wrath; and where
His shields dissever, thrusts his deadly spear.
They all with chearful shouts their joys unfold;
Shake his victorious hands; the beast behold
With wonder, whose huge bulk possest so much:
And hardly think it safe the slain to touch:
Yet dye their javelins in his blood. He laid
His foot upon his horrid head; and said:
My right receive beloved *Nonacrine*,
And let my glory ever share with thine.
Then gave the bristled spoil, and gastly head
With monstrous tushes arm'd, which terror bred:
She in the Gift, and giver pleasure took.
All murmur, with prepositerous envy strook.
On whom the violent *Thestiada* frown;
And cry aloud with stretcht-out arms; Lay down,
Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave.
Left thee thy beauties confidence deceive;
He no fit judg, whom love hath reft of sight:

And

And ſnatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Oenides ſwells; his looks with anger ſtern:
You raviſhers of others honors, learn
(ſaid he) the diſtance between words and deeds:
With impious ſteel ſecure *Plexippus* bleeds,
While *Toxeus*, whether to revenge his blood,
Or ſhun his brothers fortune, wavering ſtood;
He clears the doubt: the weapon, hot before
By th' others wounds, new heats in his hearts gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods *Althæa* brings
For her ſons victory; and *Pæans* ſings.
When back ſhe ſaw her ſlaughtred brothers brought:
At that ſad object ſhreecht; and grief-diſtraught,
The City fills with out-cries: off ſhe teers
Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.
But told by whom they fell; no longer mourns:
Rage dries her eyes; her tears to vengeance turns,
The triple Siſters erſt a brand convey'd
Into the fire, her belly newly laid;
Thus chanting, while they ſpun the fatal twine:
O lately born, one period we aſſign
To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave
Into his fate; and then the chamber leave.
His mother ſnatcht it with an haſty hand
Out of the fire; and quencht the fragrant brand.
This in an inward cloſet cloſely lays:
And by preſerving it, preſerves his days.
Which now produc'd; a pile of wood ſhe rais'd,
That by the hoſtile fire invaded, blaz'd.
Four times ſhe proffers to the greedy flame
The fatal brand: as oft with-drew the ſame.
A mother, and a ſiſter, now contend:
And two-contending names one boſom rend.
Oft fear of future crimes a paleneſs bred:
Oft burning fury gave her eyes his red.
Now ſeems to threaten with a cruel look:
And now appears like one that pity took.
Her tears the fervor of her anger dries:
Yet found ſhe tears again to drown her eyes.
Even as a ſhip, when wind and tide contends,
Feels both their furies, and with either bends:
So *Theſtius*, whom unſteddy paſſion drives,
By changes, calms her rage, and rage revives.
A ſiſters love at length ſubdues a Mothers:

That

That blood may calm the ghosts of bleeding brothers,
Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turn
This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burn.
Then, holding in her hand the fatal wood;
As she before the funeral altar stood:
You triple Powers, who guilty Souls pursue;
Eumenides; these Rites of vengeance view,
I act the crime I punish. Death must be
By death aton'd. On murder, murder we
Accumulate; redoubling funerals.
This cursed house by throngs of mischief falls.
Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious son?
Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? One fortune run.
Look up, O you my brothers ghosts; you late
Dislodged souls; see how I right your fate.
Accept of this infernal sacrifice,
Which cost me dear: my wombs accursed price.
Ay me! O whither am I rapt! excuse
A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse
Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by
A mothers rage me-thinks he should not die.
Then shall he scape? Alive, a victor, feast
In proud success; of *Calydon* possest?
You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlorn?
I'l not endure it. Perish Villain, born
To our immortal ruine. Ruinate
With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crown and state.
Where is a mothers heart? a parents pray'r!
Th' unthought-of burden which I ten months bare?
O would, while yet an infant, the first flame
Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same!
Thy life, I gave; by thine own merit die:
A just reward for thy impiety.
Thy twice-giv'n life resign; first by my womb,
Last by this ravisht brand; or me intomb
With my poor brothers. Fain I would pursue
Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I do!
Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:
And the sad image of so foul a deed.
Now pity, and a mothers name controul
My stern intention. O distracted soul!
You 've won, my brothers; but, alas, ill won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

To

To trembling flames expos'd the funeral brand.
The brand appears to sigh, or sighs expires:
Wrapt in th' imbracements of unwilling fires.
Unknowing *Meleager*, absent broils
Even in those flames: his blood thick-panting, boils
In unseen fire. Who such tormenting pains
With more then manly fortitude sustains,
Yet grieves, that by a slothful death he falls
Without a wound: *Ancæus* happy calls.
His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,
Now groaning names, with his last words of life:
Perhaps his mother. Flames, and pains increase;
Again they languish; and together cease.
To liquid air his vanisht spirits turn:
The sable coals in clouds of ashes mourn.
Low lies high *Calydon*: the young, the old,
Ignoble, noble, all their gifts unfold.
The *Calydonian* Matrons cut their hair;
Deflower their beauties: cry, wo and despair!
His hoary head with dust his father hides;
Lies groveling on the ground; and old age chides.
For now his mother, by her guilt pursu'd,
Revenging steel in her own breast imbru'd:
Though *Phœbus* would an hundred tongues bestow,
A wit that should with full invention flow.
All *Helicon* infuse into my brest;
His sisters sorrows could not be expresst.
Themselves forgetting decency, deface:
While he retains a body, that imbrace;
Kiss his pale lips: when turn'd to ashes, they
The ashes in their bruised bosoms lay:
Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appears,
Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.
But when *Diana's* wrath was satisfy'd
With *Oenius* misery: they all (beside
Fair *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)
On plumy pinions, by her power aspire;
With long extended wings, and beaks of horn:
Who through the air in varied shapes are born.
Mean while to *Pallas* towers *Ægides* hies
(His part perform'd in that joint enterprize)
Whose haste rain-raised *Achelous* staid.
Renown'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River said,
Vouchsafe my roof; nor to th' impetuous flood

Commit

Commit thy perſon. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken Rocks, down-tumble, loudly roar.
Herds with their ſtalls not ſeldom heretofore
Hurried away: nor was the Ox of force
To keep his ſtand; nor ſwiftneſs ſav'd the Horſe.
And when diſſolved ſnow from mountains pour'd,
Their violent whirl-pits many have devour'd.
More ſafe to ſtay until the current run
Within his bounds. To whom *Ægeus* ſon:
'Twere folly, if not madneſs, to refuſe
Thy houſe and counſel: both I mean to uſe.
Then enters his large cave, where Nature play'd
The Artiſan; of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tofus, floor'd with humid moſs:
The roof pure white, and purple ſhells imboſs.
Now had *Hyperion* paſt two parts of day:
When *Theſeus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renown
Of *Træzen*, now appearing gray; ſat down:
And whom the River, glad of ſuch a gueſt,
Preſer'd unto the honor of his feaſt.
Forthwith bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:
That t'ane away, upon the table ſet
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theſeus* turn'd his face
To under-ſeas; and pointing, ſaid; What place
Is yon', and of what name, that ſtands alone;
And yet me-thinks it ſhould be more then one?
It is not one, the courteous flood replies;
But five: their neighborhood deceives your eyes.
The leſs t'admire *Diana*, late deſpis'd,
Five Nymphs they were: who having ſacrific'd
Ten beeves, invited to their feſtival
The rural Gods; my ſelf forgot by all.
At this I ſwell: and never greater, roul
With ſtreams as much inraged as my ſoul.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teer
With them, the Nymphs (now mindful of me) bear
In exile to the deep: whoſe waves, with mine,
That then-united maſs of earth disjoin
Into as many pieces, as in ſeas
Are of the flood-imbrac'd *Echinades*.
Yet ſee one Iſle, far, O far-off remov'd!
Call'd *Peremele*; once by me belov'd.
I, from this Nymph, her virgin-honor took.

Hippodamas

Hippodamas his daughter could not brook:
But cast her from a rock into the deep.
Whom, while my loving streams from sinking keep,
I said; O *Nepiune*, thou that dost command
The wandring waves, that beat upon the land;
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end;
Incline a gentle ear. I did offend
Whom I support: O kind and equal prove!
Had but *Hippodamas* a fathers love,
Or had he not been so inhumane; he
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.
Her whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,
When in the troubled waves he cast his child;
A place afford: or let her be a place
Which I may ever with my streams imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward shook:
And, in assenting, all the Ocean strook.
The Nymph yet swims; although with fear oppres.
I laid my hand upon her panting brest:
While thus I handled her, I might perceive
The earth about her stiffning Body cleave.
Now, with a mass infolded, as she swims,
An Island rose from her transformed limbs.
He held his peace. The admiration won
In all: derided by *Ixions* son:
By nature rough, and one who did despise
All-able Gods: who said; thou tell'st us lyes,
And think'st the Gods too potent: as if they
Could give new shapes, or take our old away,
His saying all amaz'd, and none approv'd:
Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdom, mov'd.
Heav'ns power, immense and endless, none can shun;
Said he; and what the Gods would do, is done
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there grows
An Oak by a Line-tree, which old walls inclose.
My self this saw, while I in *Phrygia* stay'd;
By *Pittheus* sent: where erst his father sway'd.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
Where Coots, and fishing Cormorants abound.
Jove, in an humane shape; with *Mercury*,
(His heels unwing'd) that way their steps apply.
Who guest-rites at a thousand houses crave,
A thousand shut their doors, One onely gave
A small thatch'd Cottage: where, a pious wife

Old

Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
Both equal-ag'd. In this, their youth they ſpent:
In this, grew old: rich onely in content,
Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd:
And made it eaſie with a chearful mind.
None maſter, nor none ſervant, could you call,
They who command, obey, for two were all.
Jove hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,
And ſtooping, enters at the humble gate.
Sit down, and take your eaſe, *Philemon* ſaid,
While buſie *Baucis* ſtraw-ſtuft cuſhions laid:
Who ſtirr'd a broad the glowing coals, that lay
In ſmothering aſhes, rak'd up yeſter-day.
Dry bark, and with'red leaves, thereon ſhe th ows:
Whoſe feeble breath to flame the cinders blows.
Then ſlender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And over all a little Kettle ſets.
Her husband, with the cool-flow'rs, cuts their leaves,
Which from his grateful Garden he receives:
Took down a flitch of Bacon with a Prong,
That long had in the ſmoky chimney hung:
Whereof a little quantity he cuts:
And it into the boiling liquor puts.
This ſeething, they the time beguile with ſpeech:
Unſenſible of ſtay. A Bowl of Beech,
There, by the handle hung upon a pin:
This fills he with warm water, and therein
Waſhes their feet. A moſs-ſtuft bed and pillow
Lay on an homely bedſtead made of willow:
A coverlet us'd but at feaſts they ſpred:
Though coarſe, and old, yet fit for ſuch a bed.
Down lie the Gods. The palſie ſhaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs, one lame,
And ſhorter then the reſt, a pot-ſhare rears:
This, now made level, with green Mint ſhe clears,
Whereon they party-color'd Olives ſet,
Autumnal Cornels, in tart pickle wet,
Cool Endive, Radiſh, new Eggs roſted reer,
And late-preſt Cheeſe, which earthen diſhes bear.
A Goblet, of the ſelf-ſame ſilver wrought,
And bowls of Beech, with wax well varniſht, brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith ſent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, preſent.
This ta'ne away, the ſecond courſe now comes!

Philberds,

Philberds, dry Figs, with rugged Dates, ripe Plums,
Sweet-swelling Apples, disht in Osier twines;
And purple grapes new-gather'd from their vines:
I'th' midst, an honey-comb. Above all these;
A chearful look, and ready will to please.
Mean-while, the Maple cup it self doth fill:
And oft exhausted, is replenisht still.
Astonisht at the miracle; with fear
Philemon, and the aged *Baucis*, rear
Their trembling hands in pray'r: and pardon crave,
For that poor entertainment which they gave.
One Goose they had, their cottages chief guard;
Which they to hospitable Gods award:
Who long their slow pursuit deluding, flies
To *Jupiter*; so sav'd from sacrifice.
W'are Gods, said they; Revenge shall all destroy:
You in this ruine shall your lives enjoy.
Together leave your house; and to yon' hill
Follow our steps. They both obey their will;
The Gods conducting: feebly both ascend;
Their staves, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
A flight-shot from the top, review they take;
And see all swallowed by a mighty lake:
Their house excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbors ruine, and desire
To see their cottage, which doth onely keep
Its place; while for the places fate they weep;
That humble shed, too little even for two,
Become a Fane. Two columns crotches grew,
The thatch and roof shine with bright gold; the doors
Divinely carv'd; the pavement Marble floors.
While fearful *Baucis* and *Philemon* pray'd,
Saturnius with a chearful count'nance said:
Thou just old man; and thou good woman, who
Deserv'st so just an husband: what do you
In chief desire? They talk awhile alone;
Then thus to *Jove* their common wish make known.
We crave to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.
And since in all our lives we never jar'd,
Let one hour both dissolve: nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.
Their sute is sign'd. The temple they possest,
As long as life. With time and age oppress,
As now they stood before the sacred gate,

And call to memory that places fate,
Philemon saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout:
And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaves thrust out.
Now on their heads aspiring branches grew;
While they could speak, they spake: at once adieu
They jointly said: at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos'd; at once their shapes resign.
They of *Tyana* to this present show
These neighbor trees that from two bodies grow.
Old men, nor like to lye, nor vain of tongue,
This told. I saw their boughs with garlands hung:
And hanging fresher, said, Who Gods before
Receiv'd, be such: adorers, we adore.
The tale, and teller, wonder, and belief,
Provok'd in all, but *Theseus* mov'd in chief.
Who covetous to hear such deeds as these:
The *Calydonian* River, prest to please,
In this sort, leaning on his elbow, spake;
There be, who ever keep the form they take:
Others have power themselves, at will, to change,
As thou blue *Proteus*, that in seas dost range.
Who now a Man, a Lion now appears,
Now, a fell Boar: a Serpents shape now bears.
A Bull, with threatning horns, now seem'st to be:
Now, like a Stone, now, like a spreading Tree.
And sometimes like a gentle River flows:
Sometimes like Fire, averse to Water, shows,
Autolicus his wife, the daughter to
Leud *Erisichthon*, things as strange could do.
He was her father, who the Gods despis'd:
Nor ever on their Altars sacrific'd.
Who *Ceres* groves with steel profan'd: where stood
An old huge Oak, even of it self a Wood.
Wreaths, ribands, grateful tables, deckt his boughs,
And sacred stem, the Dues of powerful Vows.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with chaplets crown'd,
Danc'd in his shade, full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Five cubits three times told,
His ample circuit hardly could infold.
Whose stature other trees as far exceeds,
As other trees surmount the humble weeds.
Yet this his fury rather did provoke:
Who bids his servants fell the sacred Oak.
And snatches, while they paus'd, an Ax from one:

Thus

Thus storming: Not the Goddess-lov'd alone,
But though this were the Goddess, she should down,
And sweep the Earth with her aspiring crown.
As he advanc'd his arms to strike; the Oak
Both sigh'd and trembled at the threatning stroke.
His leaves and Acorns, pale together grew:
And color-changing branches sweat cold dew.
Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood
Gusht from th' incision in a purple flood.
Much like a mighty Ox, that falls before
The sacred altar; spouting streams of gore.
On all amazement seiz'd: when One of all
The crime deters; nor would his Ax let fall,
Contracting his stern brows; Receive, said he,
Thy pieties reward; and from the tree
The stroke converting, lops his head; then strake
The Oak again: from whence a voice thus spake;
A Nymph am I, within this tree inshrin'd,
Belov'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,
Vengeance is near thee. With my parting breath
I prophesie: a comfort to my death.
He still his guilt pursues: who overthrows
With cables, and innumerable blows,
The sturdy Oak: which, nodding long, down rusht;
And in his lofty fall his fellows crusht.
Their sister, and their grove, the Nymphs lament;
Who, hid in sable vales, to *Ceres* went;
On *Erisichthon* just revenge require:
Who readily consents to their desire.
The fair-brow'd Goddess shakes her shining hair:
With that, the fields shook all their golden ears.
Who to a mercilesse revenge proceeds
(Had he deserved mercy by his deeds)
By starving. But, since not by fatal doom,
Ceres, and *Famine* might together come;
A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,
Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these.
In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorn
And barren; bearing neither fruit, nor corn.
Numb Cold, pale Hue, chill Ague, there abide;
And meager *Famine*: Bid that Fury glide
Into his cursed intrails, and devour
All plenty: let her rage subdue my power.
But, lest long ways thy journey tedious make:

My

My chariot, and my yoked Dragons take.
Taking her chariot, through the empty skies
To *Scythia*, and rough *Caucasus* she flies.
There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found,
Teering with teeth and nails the foodless ground:
With snarled hair, sunk eyes, looks pale and dead,
Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust o're-spred.
Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appear,
Her huckle-bones stuck up, a valley where
Her belly should ascend, her dry breasts hung
So lank, as if they to her back had clung:
By falling flesh the rising joints augment,
Round knees and ancles leanly eminent,
Espy'd far-off (she durst not be so bold
To come too near) the Nymphs her message told,
After a little stay, although she were
Far-off, although but now arrived there,
She famine felt. Who wheels about her Snakes,
And her high passage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obeys the Goddesses command,
Though their endeavors still oppos'ed stand.
Who, by a tempest hurried through the skies,
Enters the wretches roof: besides him lies,
Then fast a-sleep: (for now Nights heavy charms
All eyes had clos'd) imbrac'd him in her arms,
Her self infus'd, breathes on his face and breast:
And empty veins with hunger rage possest.
This thus perform'd, forsakes the fruitful earth:
And back returns to her abodes of dearth.
Sound Sleep as yet with pleasurable wings
On *Erisichthon* gentle slumber flings.
Who dreams of feasts, extends his idle jaws,
With laboring teeth fantastically chaws.
Deludes his throat by swallowing empty fare:
And for affected food devours the air.
Awak'd; hot famine raves through all his veins:
And in his guts, and greedy pallat reigns.
Forth-with, what Sea, what Earth, what Air affords,
Acquits: complains of starving at full boards.
In banquets, banquets seeks. What might alone
Have Towns and Nations fed, suffice not one.
Hunger increaseth with increast repast.
And as all Rivers to the Ocean hast,
Who, thirsty still, drinks up the stranger floods:

As

As ravenous fires refuse no proffer'd foods,
Huge piles receive, the more they have, the more
By much desire, made hungry with their store.
So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,
Full dishes empties, and demands again.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat,
Who, ever empty, still prepares to eat.
His bellies gulf his patrimony wasts:
Consuming famine yet unlessned lasts:
And his insatiable throats extent,
Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent:
A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,
The begger sold to feed his hungers fire.
Her noble thoughts base servitude disdain:
Who now her hands extending to the Main;
O thou that hadst my maiden-head, said she,
Thy ravisht spoil from hated bondage free!
Neptune had this, who to her prayer consents.
And, though then by her master seen, prevents
His following search: transforming of his Rape
Into a man, maskt in a fishers shape.
Angler, her master said, that with thy bait
Conceal'st thy hook, so prosper thy deceit,
So rest the Sea compos'd, so may the fish
Be credulous, and taken at thy wish;
As thou reveal'st her, who in garments poor,
And ruffled hair, late stood upon this shoar.
For here, but very now, I saw her stand:
Nor father trace her foot-steps in the sand.
She, *Neptunes* bounty finding, well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her self, thus said:
Pardon me Sir, who e're you are, my eyes
Have been attentive on this exercise.
To win belief, so may the God of Seas,
Assist my cunning in such Arts as these:
As late nor man nor maid I saw before
Your self, my self excepted, on this shoar.
He credits, and beguil'd, the shoar forsook:
When she again her former figure took.
Her father, seeing she could change her shape,
Oft sold her; who as often made escape.
Now Hart-like, now a Cow, a Bird, a Mare:
And fed his hunger with ill-purchas'd fare.
But when his malady all means had spent;

And

And he had given it the laſt nouriſhment;
Now to devour his proper fleſh proceeds,
And by diminiſhing, his body feeds.
What need I dwell on foreign facts? even we
Can vary ſhapes, though limited they be.
Now ſeem I as I am; oft like a Snake:
And many times a Bulls horn'd figure take.
But while I horns aſſum'd, one thus was broke,
As you behold. This, with a ſigh, he ſpoke.

H OVIDS

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Ninth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

A *Serpent* Achelous: *now a Bull:*
His severed Horn with plenty ever full.
Licas *a Rock.* Alcides *sunk in flame,*
Ascends a God. The labor-helping Dame
A Weesel. Lotis, *flying lust, becomes*
A Tree: the like sad Dryope *intombs.*
Old Iolaus *waxeth young agen.*
Callirrho's *Infants suddenly grow Men.*
Byblis *a weeping Fountain.* Iphis, *now*
A Boy, to Ifis, *pays his Maiden Vow.*

HE, who his high descent from *Neptune* draws,
Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,
And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds;
His dangling curls impal'd with quivering reeds.
An heavy task you impose: his own disgrace
Who would revive? Yet was it not so base
To be subdu'd, as noble to contend:
And such a Victor doth by foil defend.
Have you not heard of fair cheekt *Deianire*?
The envy'd hope of many: the desire
Of all that knew her. We, with others, went
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent.
Parthaons son, make me thy son-in-law;
I, and *Alcides* said: the rest with-draw.

He,

He, with his father *Jove*, his Labors fame,
And Step-dames vanquisht tasks, inforc'd his claim.
'Twere shame, said I, that deathless Gods, to men
Who die, should stoop. (A God he was not then.)
These ever-living waters I command,
That wind in endless currents through thy Land.
Thy Son no stranger is, if I be He:
But of thy Country, and a friend to thee:
And be't no prejudice; that *Juno's* hate,
Nor punishing imployments press my fate.
If from *Alcmena* you your being drew:
Jove's your false father, or the crime is true.
You seek a Father in a mothers shame,
Or be not *Jove's*, or take a bastards name.
He, all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,
Upon me frown'd: and weakly rul'd his ire.
Then onely said; My hand my tongue exceeds:
Win thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To speak so big, and shrink,
I shame: and let my wave-green Mantle sink;
My arms oppose, my hands for seasure prest:
And every fitted part for fight addrest.
He throws dust on me with his hollow hand:
And I again besprinkle him with sand.
Now catches at my neck, now at my thighs,
Or proffer makes: and every limb applies.
But me my weight defends; in vain he strives.
Much like as when a roaring billow drives
Against a rock: the rock repels his pride;
By his own poisure firmly fortify'd.
Both for a while with-drew: again we meet,
And strongly keep our stands; feet join to feet.
With that I rusht upon him with my brest.
My fingers, his, my brow his fore-head prest.
So have I seen two Bulls with horrid might
Together close; the motive of their fight
The faireft Cow in all those fields; the Herd
With fear expecting which should be preferr'd.
Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline
(As oft in vain) to free his breast from mine.
The fourth assay my strong imbrace unbound:
And from my grasping arms his body woond.
Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)
Upon my back with all his burden hung.

If I have faith (this lye can find no way
To praise) on me, me thought a mountain lay.
Scarce could I clasp my arms, all froth'd with swear:
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get:
Still pressing on, he gives nor time to breathe,
Nor gather strength: my powers my trust deceive.
At last, his yoking arms my neck command:
When, pull'd upon my knees, I bit the sand.
My native flight my weaker force supply'd:
I from him like a lengthful Serpent glide.
Now in contracted folds I forward sprung:
Horridly hissing with my forked tongue.
He laughs; and flouts my cunning in this sort:
To strangle Serpents was my cradles sport.
Though other Dragons to thy conquests bow:
To dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitful: from each sever'd head;
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:
More strong by twining hairs. These thus renew'd
And multiply'd by death, I twice subdu'd.
What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to scape?
That fight'st with other arms; and beg'st thy shape.
This said; my neck his grasping fingers clinch'd;
And scruz'd my throat; as if with pincers wrinch'd:
While from his gripes I strove my jaws to pull,
Twice over-come; now, like a furious Bull,
Once more his terrible assaults oppose.
His arms about my swelling chest he throws,
And following, hales: my horn (my head turn'd round)
Fixt on the earth; and threw me on the ground.
My brow (that not sufficing) dis-adorns:
By breaking one of my ingaged horns.
The *Naiades* with fruits and flowers this fill:
Wherein abundant plenty riots still.
Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-fair,
Girt like *Diana*'s Nymph, with flowing hair,
Came in; and brought the wealthy Horn; replete
With Autumns store, and fruit serv'd after meat.
Day sprung; and mountain shone with early beams.
His Guests depart: nor stay till peaceful streams
Glide gently down, and keep their bounded race.
Sad *Achelous* now his rustick face,
And maimed head within the current shrouds.
This blemish much his former beauty clouds:

All

All elſe compleat. The dammage of his brows
He ſhades with flaggy wreathes, and ſallow boughs.
But *Deianira*, *Neſſus*, was thy wrack:
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Jove's ſon, with his new wife; to *Thebes* his courſe
Directing; came t' *Evenus* rapid ſourſe.
The big-ſwoln ſtreams increaſt with winters rain,
And whirling round, their paſſage now reſtrain.
For her he fears: fear for himſelf abhorr'd,
When ſtrong-limb'd *Neſſus* came, who knew the Ford;
And ſaid; I ſafely will tranſport thy Bride:
Mean-while ſwim thou unto the other ſide.
To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes:
Who, fearing both the flood, and *Neſſus*, quakes.
Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lions skin
(His club and bow before thrown over) in
The Heros leaps, and ſaid, How'ever vaſt,
Theſe waves, ſince undertaken, ſhall be paſt.
And confident, nor ſeeks the ſmootheſt ways:
Nor by declining entertains delays.
Now over; ſtooping for his bow, he heard
His wives ſhrill ſhrieks; and *Neſſus* ſaw, prepar'd
To violate his truſt. Thou raviſher,
What hope, ſaid he, can thy vain ſpeed confer?
Holla, thou half a beaſt; withhold thy flight;
I wiſh thee hear; nor intercept my right:
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt,
Yet, let thy Fathers wheel reſtrain thy luſt.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape revenge; how ever fleet,
Wounds ſhall o're-take thy ſpeed, though not my feet.
The laſt, his deeds confirm; for as he fled,
An arrow ſtruck his back: the barbed head
Paſt through his breaſt. Tug'd out, a crimſon flood
Spouts both ways; mixt with *Hydras* pois'nous blood,
This *Neſſus* took; and ſoftly ſaid: yet I,
Alcides, will not unrevenged die.
And gave his rape a robe, dipt in that gore:
This will (ſaid he) the heat of love reſtore.
Long after (all the ample world poſſeſt
With his great acts, and *Juno*'s hate increaſt)
From raz'd *Oechalia* haſting his remove,
To ſacrifice unto *Cenæan Jove*:
Fames bablings *Deianira*'s ears ſurprize
(Who falſhood adds to truth, and grows by lyes)

How *Iole*, *Amphitryoniades*
With love inthral'd. Stung with this strong disease,
The troubled lover credits what she fears.
At first she nourisheth her grief with tears:
Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then said; But why
Weep we? the Strumpet in these tears will joy.
Since she will come, some change attempt I must;
Before my bed be stained with her lust.
Shall I complain? be mute? shift houses? stay?
Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?
Or call to mind that I am sister to
Great *Meleager*, and some mischief do?
What injur'd woman, what the spleenful wo
Of jealousie, by harlots death, can show?
Her thoughts, long toil'd with change, now fixed stood
To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood;
To quicken fainting love. The present she
To *Lycas* gave (as ignorant as he)
And her own sorrow. Who with good intent,
And kind respects, the robe t' her husband sent,
Which now the unsuspecting Hero wore:
Wrapt in the poison of *Echidna*'s gore.
Who praying, new-born flames with incense fed:
And Bowls of wine on Marble Altars shed.
The spreading mischief works: with heat dissolv'd,
The manly limbs of *Hercules* involv'd.
Who, whil'st he could, with usual fortitude
His groans suppreſt. All patience now subdu'd
With such extreams; the Altar down he flings:
And shady *Oeta* with his clamor rings.
Forth-with, to teer the torture off, he strives.
The riven robe, his skin that lines it, rives;
Or to his limbs unseparably cleaves;
Or his huge bones and sinews naked leaves.
As fire-red steel in water drencht; so toils
His hissing blood, and with hot poison boils.
No mean! the greedy flames his intrals eat;
And all his body flows with purple sweat:
His scorched sinews crack, his marrow fries.
Then to the Stars his hands advancing, cries:
Feast, *Juno*, on our harms. O, from on high
Behold this plague! thy cruel stomack cloy.
If foes may pity purchase (such are we;)
This life, with torments vext; long sought by thee;

And

And born to toil, receive. For death would prove
To me a bleſſing: and a Step-dames love
May ſuch a bleſſing give. Have I this gain'd,
For ſlain *Buſiris*; who *Jove's* temple ſtain'd
With ſtrangers blood? That from the earth earth-bred
Antæus held? Whom *Geryons* triple head,
Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once diſmay?
Theſe hands, theſe made the *Cretan* Bull obey;
Your labors, *Elis*; ſmooth *Stymphalian* floods,
Confeſs with praiſes; and *Parthenian* woods.
You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon*:
And Apples from the ſleepleſs Dragon won.
Nor cloud-born *Centures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Boar,
Could me reſiſt: nor *Hydra* with her ſtore
Of frightful heads; which by their loſs increaſt.
I, when I ſaw the *Thracian* Horſes feaſt
With humane fleſh, their mangers over-threw:
And with his Steeds, their wicked Maſter ſlew.
Theſe hands the *Hemean* Lion chok'd: theſe quell'd
Huge *Cacus*, and theſe ſhoulders heav'n up-held.
Jove's cruel wife grew weary to impoſe:
I never to perform. But O, theſe woes,
This new-found plague, no virtue can repel;
Nor arms, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
Shoot through my veins; and on my liver prey.
Euryſtheus yet triumphs: and ſome will ſay
That there be Gods! Here his complaint he ends;
And high-rais'd ſteps o're lofty *Oeta* bends,
Hurried with anguiſh: like a Bull, that bears
A wounding javelin; whom the wonder fears.
Oft ſhould you ſee him quake, oft groan, oft ſtriving
To teer his garments; ſolid trees up-riving.
Inraged with the mountains, and then rears
His ſcorched arms unto his fathers ſpheres.
Hid in an hollow Rock, he *Lycas* ſpies:
When torture had poſſeſt his faculties
With all her furies. *Lycas* didſt thou give
This horrid gift, ſaid he? Think'ſt thou to live;
I dying by thy treaſon? While he quakes,
Looks ghaſtly pale, unheard excuſes makes;
While yet he ſpake, while to his knees he clung;
Caught by the heels, about his head thrice ſwung,
Him into deep *Eubœan* ſurges threw;
(As engines ſtones) who hardned as he flew.

As falling ſhow'rs congeal'd with freezing winds,
Convert to ſnow; as ſnow together binds,
And rolling round, in ſolid hail deſcends:
So while the air his forced body rends,
Bloodleſs with terror, all his moiſture gone;
That Age reports him chang'd to rugged ſtone:
And ſtill within *Eubœas* gulphy deeps,
A ſmall rock lies, which mans proportion keeps:
Whereon the mariners forbear to fall,
As if 't had ſenſe: and this they *Lycas* call.
But thou, *Jove's* God-like ſon (a Pile with ſtore
Of trees advanc'd, which lofty *Oeta* bore)
Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lie
Thoſe arrows, that again muſt viſit *Troy*)
Bequeath'ſt to *Peans* Heir: who catching fire
Puts to the Pile. While greedy flames aſpire;
Thou on the top thy Lions ſpoil didſt ſpread:
And lay'ſt thereon (thy club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a look; as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthful feaſt.
Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:
And their Contemners patient limbs invade.
The Gods much thought for Earths Defender took:
When thus *Saturnius*, with a chearful look:
This grief, you Gods, is our delight: with all
Our ſoul we joy, that ſuch a people call
Us King and Father; who ſo grateful are,
And of our progeny expreſs ſuch care:
For though his noble acts deſerve as much;
You us oblige. But leſt vain terrors touch
Your loyal hearts, let not theſe flames diſpleaſe:
Who conquered all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vulcan ſhall but his mothers part ſubdue:
For that's immortal which from us he drew;
And can nor taſt of death, nor ſtoop to fire:
Which, freed from earth, ſhall to our joys aſpire!
This all your Deities I think will pleaſe.
If any grudg ſuch grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his honor; let them envy ſtill:
They ſhall confirm our act againſt their will.
The Gods aſſent. And *Juno's* ſelf accords;
At leaſt in ſhow: yet *Jupiter's* laſt words
Unſmooth her fore-head with obſerv'd diſtaſt,
What flame could vanquiſh, *Mulciber* doth waſt.

And

And *Hercules*, not known by face, remains;
Who nothing of his mothers form retains:
Now onely *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years
Cast with his skin, and sprightly young appears
With glittering scales: so, the *Tiryntian*,
Having put off the habit of frail man,
Shines in his better part, and seems more great:
With aw-infusing majesty repleat,
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,
Through hollow clouds unto the stars above.
Prest *Atlas* feels his weight. *Eurisbeus* ire
Ends not in death: his hatred to the Sire,
Pursues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care,
Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare
Her old-wives plaints, her sons hard labors (known
Through broad-spread Earth) his fortunes, and her own
Her *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* testament,
Took to his bed, with loves unforc'd consent;
And fill'd her womb with generous seed: when thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time draws near
To call *Ilithya*, whom sad mothers fear:
To me made difficult by *Juno*'s spight.
For ten accomplisht signs, did now excite
My travel to *Alcides* birth; whose weight
My belly stretcht: which bare so great a fraight,
That you might swear it was begot by *Jove*,
When with intolerable pains I strove.
Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart:
And griefs remembred adds to grief a part.
Seven nights, seven days, thus rackt; with anguish tir'd,
My hands upheld, with out-cries, I desir'd
Lucina's aid, my burden to untie,
She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by
Jove's wife, to execute her deadly hate,
Hearing my groans, she sat before the gate
On yonder Altar: her right knee upholds
Her cross left ham; whose fingers knit in folds
Delay'd delivery: and with mutter'd spells
Of secret power, the pressing birth repels.
I strive: and raving task ungrateful *Jove*,
Desire to die; and breath complaints might move
Relentless flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my despair.

Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of mean descent;
In all employments stoutly diligent,
Beloved for her duty; doth misdoubt
Malicious *Juno*. Passing in and out,
She saw the Goddess on the Altar sit:
Her arms about her knees her fingers knit.
What e're you be, rejoice with us, she said;
Joyful *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.
The Goddess, ruling child-birth, starting, rose;
And parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my Throes.
They say *Galanthis* laughe at this deceit:
Whom straight the flooted Goddess, in a fret,
Drags by the hair; nor suffers her to rise:
Forth-with her arms convert to legs and thighs:
Agility and colour still abide:
Her shape transform'd. In that her mouth supply'd
Help to that child-birth, at her mouth she bears.
Nor now our still frequented houses fears.
This said, she sighs for her old servants sake:
To whom her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.
You, Mother, sorrow for no kindreds fate.
But what if I the wondrous change relate
Of my poor sister? Tears, and sorrow seize
My troubled speech. Of all th' *Oechalides*
For form few might with *Dryope* compare;
The onely child her dying mother bare:
I born by a second wife. Her virgin-flow'r
Being gath'red by that over-masting pow'r,
Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reside;
Andræmon weds her: happy in his Bride:
A Lake there is, which shelving borders bound,
Much like a shoar, with fragrant Myrtles crown'd.
Hither came simple *Deyope* (what more
Afflicts me!) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.
Her arms, her child, a pleasing burden, hold;
Who suckt her breasts: not yet a twelve-month old:
Hard by the lake a flow'ry Lotus grew,
(Expecting berries) of a crimson hue.
Thence pulling flowers, she gave then to her son
To play withall; so was I like t' have done:
For I was there, I saw the blood descend
From dropping twigs: the boughs with horror bend,
And heard, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled
From lustful *Priapus* to quit her dread,

Assum'd

Assum'd this shape, the name of *Lotus* kept.
My Sister, this not knowing, backward stept;
And would depart, as soon as she had pray'd,
But roots her feet, for all her strugling, stay'd,
Who onely moves above. The bark increast,
Ascending from the bottom to her breast.
This seen, she thought t' have torn her hair, but teers
Leaves from their twigs, her head green branches bears.
The child *Amphissus* (for his grand-father *Eurytus*, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his mothers breasts both stiff and dry,
I, a spectator of thy tragedy,
Dear sister, had in me no power of aid.
Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I staid,
Clung to thy spreading boughs; and wisht that I
Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus lie.
Behold, *Andræmon* comes; with him her Sire;
(Both wretched!) And for *Dryope* inquire:
When I for *Dryope* the Lotus show'd.
They kisses on the yet warm wood bestow'd:
And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
Now all of thee, dear Sister, but thy face
Th' incroaching habit of a tree receives.
With tears she bathes her new-created leaves.
Who, while she might, while yet a way remain'd,
For speaking passion; in this sort complain'd:
If credit to the wretched may be given;
I swear by all the Pow'rs inbow'rd in Heaven,
I never this deserv'd. Without a sin
I suffer: innocent my life hath bin.
Or if I lye, may my green branches fade:
And, fell'd with axes, on the fire be laid.
This Infant, from his dying mother bear
To some kind Nurse: and often let him here
Be fed with milk; oft in my shadow play,
Let him salute my tree; and sadly say,
(When he can speak) This Lotus doth contain
My dearest mother. Let him yet refrain
All lakes; nor ever dare to touch a flower:
But think that every tree inshrines a Power.
Dear Husband, Sister, Father, all farewel.
If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,
Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs;
Nor on my leaves let hungry cattel browze.

And I

And since I cannot unto you decline,
Ascend to me; and join your lips to mine,
My little son, while I can kiss, advance,
But fate cuts off my failing utterance,
For now the softer rine my neck ascends,
And round about my leavy top extends.
Remove your hands, without the help of those;
The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.
So lest to speak, and be. Yet humane heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a seat.
While *Iole* this story told, her eyes,
Fill'd with her tears, the kind *Alcmena* dries,
And weeps her self. Behold, a better change
With joy defers this sorrow, nor less strange.
For *Iolaus*, twice a youth, came in,
The doubtful down now budding on his chin.
Fair *Hebe*, at her Husbands sute, on thee
This gift bestow'd. About to swear that she
Would never give the like; wise *Themis* said,
Forbear; War raves in *Thebes* by discord sway'd:
And *Capaneus* but by *Jove* alone
Can be subdu'd. The brothers then shall groan
With mutual wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost
In swallowing earth, alive shall see his Ghost.
His Sons red hands his mothers life extract,
T' appease his Sire; a just yet wicked fact.
Rapt from his home and senses, with th' affright
Of staring furies, and his mothers Spright,
Until his wife the fatal gold demands:
Her husband murder'd by *Phegides* hands.
Then *Acheloian Callirrhoa*
Shal *Jove* importune, that her infants may
Be turn'd to men: and due revenge require
(As he, for his) of those who slew their Sire;
Her pray'rs shall win consent from *Jove*; who then
Will bid thee make *Callirrho*'s children men.
This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung,
Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,
Why she this gift should not to others give.
Aurora for her husbands age doth grieve;
Ceres complains of *Jasius* hoary hair;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repair;
And cares of time to come in *Venus* reign,
That her *Anchises* might wax young again.

All

All sue for some: seditious favour strove
In height of tumult; thus suppresst by *Jove*.
What mutter you? Or wher is your respect?
Think you, you can the power of Fate subject?
Old *Iolaus* was by fate renew'd:
By fate *Callirrhoe*'s babes shall be indew'd
With youth: not by ambition, nor by war,
Even we, that you may better brook it, are
Prescrib'd by Fate. Which could we change; not thus
Should time suppress our God-like *Æacus*:
Eternal youth should *Radamanthus* crown:
Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renown;
Despised now through age: who heretofore,
With such a brave command his scepter bore.
These words of *Jove* the yielding Gods asswage;
Sith *Radamanth*' and *Æacus*, with age
Decline: and *Minos* whose youths active flame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
But now in minde and body impotent,
Delonides Miletus fear'd ascent
This throne suspects; adorn'd with youth, and stile
Of *Phœbus* son: nor durst his fears exile.
But thou *Miletus*, of thy own accord
Forsook'st thy native home: and now abord,
Through deep *Ægean* seas to *Asia* came:
Erecting there a city of thy name.
He, as the Nymph *Cyanee* (excellent
For beauty) daughter to *Meander*, went
Along his winding banks, compress her there:
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.
Byblis example lawless love reports:
Byblis Apollinean Caunus loves,
Nor as a sister should a brother do:
Nor at the first her own affections knew.
Nor thought it sin so eagerly to kiss:
Nor by imbracing to have done amiss.
Whom shadow of false piety beguiles;
Love by degrees corrupts. Her dress, and smiles,
She frames t'attract; to seem to fair desires:
And envies whomsoever he admires
Yet knows not her disease: no wishes rise
In sighs as yet; and yet within she fries.
Now calls him Lord; the due of blood disclaim'd:
Who would by *Byblis*, and not sister nam'd,

Nor.

Nor waking durſt ſhe harbour in her breſt
A wanton hope: but in diſſolving reſt
Her lover oft enjoyes; her ſenſes keep
A feſtival; yet bluſhes in her ſleep.
Sleep fled; long mute; her dream again renues
By repetition: which ſhe thus purſues.
Woe's me! what boad theſe fantaſies of night?
If true, how wretched! why ſhould ſuch delight?
His heavenly form by envy is approv'd:
Who might, if not a brother, be belov'd
And merits my affections (O too well)
If I were not his ſiſter: there's my hell!
While waking, I endeavor no ſuch ill,
May theſe bewitching dreams inchant me ſtill?
No ſpy could blab that imitated joy.
O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy!
What pleaſure, what content had I that night!
How lay I all diſſolved in delight!
With how much joy remembred! ſhort thoſe joyes;
And haſty Night our happineſs envies.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine!
Or he the intereſt in his blood reſign!
How well, O *Caunus*, might our father be
A father in law, or to thy ſelf, or me!
O would to *Jove* we all in common held,
Except our birth! though mine his birth exceld!
Who then, (O faireſt!) wilt thou make a mother?
How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other!
Still muſt thou be my brother: what I hate
I only have. What then prognoſticate
Theſe flattering viſions? What in theſe extreams,
Can dreams avail? or is their weight in dreams?
The Gods forbid! Yet Gods their Siſters wed.
Saturn and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
So *Tethis* with *Oceanus*; ſo *Jove*
Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.
Gods have peculiar lawes: how dare I draw
From them examples, bound t' another law?
Die, die, forbidden flames, or let me dye.
Then may my brother kiſs me when I lye
On ſable herſe. Beſides, the joynt conſent
This craves of two. Say it ſhould me content:
He may abhor it. Yet *Æolides*
Imbraced his. Whence ſprung ſuch proofs as theſe!

O whether rape! you wicked flames, remove:
A brother, as befits a ſiſter, love.
Yet ſhould he firſt affect, perhaps I then
His love might cheriſh, and affect agen.
Then ſhall I, who would not his ſute reject,
Sue firſt? What, canſt thou ſpeak? thy thoughts detect?
I can: Love prompts. If ſhame my ſpeech ſuppreſs,
Yet letters may my hidden flames confeſs.
This pleas'd her, and a little ſatisfide
Her doubtful mind. When rais'd on her left ſide,
And leaning on her elbow. Hap what may,
We will (ſaid ſhe) our frantick love diſplay.
O, whither ſlide I! O what flames excite
Theſe thoughts? then fits her trembling hands to write:
One holds the wax, the ſtyle the other guides.
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides,
Notes, razes, changes oft, diſlikes, approves,
Throws all aſide, reſumes what ſhe removes,
Her will ſhe knows not, no compoſure brooks:
Soft ſhame, and impudence ſtrive in her looks.
She had writ Siſter: that, as moſt unfit,
Defacing, took the tables, and thus writ.
Health to her onely Love that Lover ſends,
Whoſe heath alone upon your love depends.
To tell you who I am, alas, I ſhame.
If you would know my ſute, without a name
O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* known,
Until my hopes be to aſſurance grown.
Pale colour, leanneſs, ruthful looks, wet eyes,
Long ſighs, which from concealed paſſion riſe,
Frequent imbracements, and (if you ſo much
Obſerved) kiſſes of too hot a touch
To ſute a ſiſters coldneſs: theſe expreſt
The deep diſtemper of my wounded breſt.
And yet, although my ſoul the wound ſuſtain'd
Although in me a firy fury raign'd,
Heavens witneſs, that I might at lenghth be well,
I try'd the utmoſt, ſtriving to repel
The violent darts of *Cupid*: and far more
Then you would think a woman could, I bore.
Againſt my will, I now become your ſlave:
And with afflicted language pity crave.
You may preſerve, you only can undo:
Chooſe which you will. Nor ſues a foe to you,

Nor

But who, too near ally'd, would never joyn:
And in a ſtrickter league of love combine.
Let old men know what's lawful, good, or ill:
And to their frosty rules ſubject their will.
Raſh *Venus* fits our years. Yet know not we
Intangling lawes: let us think all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternal awe,
Reſpect of fame, nor fear, can us with-draw:
Alone all diffidency lay aſide.
Our eaſie ſtealths a brothers name will hide.
We may in private talk; converſe and kiſs,
Who ever by. What wants to crown our bliſs,
O pity me, who have my love confeſt;
Nor would, had not my utmoſt ardor preſt:
Leſt thy remorſeleſs cruelty be read
Upon my monument, when I am dead.
The wax thus fild with her ſucceſsleſs wit;
She verſes in the utmoſt margent writ.
Then ſeals her ſhame: her parched tongue deny'd
To wet her gem; which weeping eyes ſupply'd
She, bluſhing, calls a ſervant of known truſt,
And flattering him a while; My friend, thou muſt
See theſe with care, and ſecrecy convaid
To my (there paus'd and after) brother, ſaid.
In their delivery the tables fell:
She, at that Omen, ſtarts; yet bids farewel.
The wary meſſenger attends his time:
And gives to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
Amaz'd *Meandrius* high in choler grew:
And on the ground the half-read tables threw.
About to ſtrike; Thou wicked inſtrument
Of horrid luſt, ſaid he, by flight prevent
My ſwords revenge: but that our infamy
Thy death would publiſh; villain, thou ſhouldſt dy.
He, frighted, flies; and to his miſtreſs bears
The wrath of *Caunus*, *Byblis* quaking hears
Her ſad repulſe: a death-reſembling cold
Beſieg'd her heart, and vital heat controld.
Yet, with her ſoul, her frantick love returns:
Who, with ſcarce moving lips, thus ſoftly mourns,
And worthily, Why, O too raſh! have I
Diſclos'd this wound? affections ſecrecy,
Who would ſo ſoon to headdy lines commit?
Firſt, with ambiguous words it had been fit

T have

T'have felt his thoughts; and train'd him to purſue
I ſhould have noted how the weather grew;
And choſen a ſafe ſea: but now my ſails
Swell deſperately with unperplexed gales.
Now born on cruſhing Rocks, the floods o're-bear
My ſinking Bark; nor can I back-ward ſteer.
Could not that Omen check the cheriſht ſcope
Of my deſires; when, with our blaſted hope,
The tables fell? ſhould I not have aſſign'd
Another day; or wholly chang'd my mind?
O no, the day, This, Heaven foreſhew'd by ſad
And ſure preſages; had I not been mad.
My ſelf, before my letters, ſhould have ſu'd;
And lively love expreſt: he ſhould have view'd
My moving tears; a Lovers pleading eyes:
More could I have ſpoke then letters can compriſe.
About his neck my arms I might have wound;
And, had he caſt me off, appear to ſownd;
Clung to his feet, and groveling, life implore.
This paſſion might have acted and much more:
Whereof, though each particular had fail'd;
Yet altogether joyn'd might have prevail'd.
Perhaps the blame-deſerving meſſenger
In choice of time, or circumſtance, did err:
Nor took him, when his mind was pleas'd and free.
This wrackt my hopes. For of no Tigreſs he,
Nor Lyoneſs was born: his gentle breſt
Rough flint, hard ſteel, nor adamant inveſt.
He muſt be won, no ſowr repulſe ſhall make
My ſute ſurceaſe, till life my breaſt forſake.
The beſt, if what is done were to begin,
Is not t'attempt; next, what w'attempt, to win.
For never would he, though I ſhould o're-ſway
My ſtrong deſires, forget this lewd aſſay.
Deſiſting, would condemn my love for light;
Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this ſlight;
Or may conceive that bruti'ſh luſt did move
Theſe extaſies; and not the God of love.
Nor can I but have had a wicked mind;
My will polluted; which my hand hath ſign'd.
No giving back can make me innocent;
Nought can I add to ſin, Much to content.
This ſaid; one thought another doth controul;
So great a diſcord wracks her wavering ſoul:

Diſ-

Dislikes, yet acts: who never satisfi'd,
(Accurst) attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
This seen, he flies his country for her crime:
And builds a City in a forreign clime.
When woful *Byblis*, raving through despair,
Her garments, from her bruised bosom tare,
Striking her arms through fury, and proclames
In high distraction, her incestuous flames,
Hopeless, her hated mansion she eschues:
And frantickly, her brothers flight pursues.
And as *Ismarian Bacchanals* (great son
Of *Semele*) struck with thy Thyrsus, run
In thy Triennials: so *Bubasian* Dames
Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying or'e their plains.
From these she wanders through the *Carian* bounds,
The warlike *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds:
Cragus, *Lymira*'s streames, the silver waves
Of *Xanthus* past; and where *Chimera* raves
On craggy rocks; with Lyons face and main,
A Goats rough body, and a Serpents train.
The woods were past: when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
With long pursuit, and passions strong constrain,
Sunk'st down; thy rufled hair on earth displaid:
Thy face upon the withered leaves low laid.
The kind *Lelegian* Nymphs oft in their arms
Attempt to raise her: and with powerful charms
Of counsel, strive to cure her love-sick mind.
Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.
She, grasping the green rushes, silent lyes:
And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.
The *Naiades* thrust under these a spring:
Their bounty could not give a greater thing.
As pitch distilleth from the barks black wound,
As stiff Bitumon issues from the ground,
As floods, which frosts in icie fetters bind,
Thaw with th' approaching Sun, and Southern wind;
Even so *Phœbeian Byblis*, spent in tears,
Becomes a living fountain, which yet bears
Her name: and under a black Holm that grows
In those ranck vallies, plentifully flowes.
The fame of this so wonderful a fate
Had fild'd *Crees* hundred Cities; if of late
The change of *Iphis*, generally known,
Had not produc't a wonder of their own.

For

For *Phæstus*, neer to *Gnossus*, fostered
One, *Lygdus*, of un-noted parents bred:
How'ever free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincerely just, and of a blameless life.
Who thus bespake his now down lying wife:
Two things I wish: that you your belly lay
With little pain; and that it prove a boy.
A daughter is two chargeable, and we
Too poor to match her, If a girl it be,
I charge, what I abhor (O Piety
Forgive me!) that, as soon as born it dye
This having utter'd; the commanded wept
And the Comander; tears no measure kept.
Yet *Telethusa* still with fruitless prair,
Desires he would not in the Gods dispair.
But he too constant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burden stretcht her heavy womb:
When *Inacis*, with all her sacred band,
In dead of night, or stood, or seem'd to stand
Besides her bed. Her brows a crown adorns.
With ears of shining corn, and *Cynthian* horns
Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubastis* bright,
Black, *Apis* spotted variously with white,
He whose mouth-sealing finger silence taught,
Tymbrels, *Osiris* never enough sought,
And forrain serpents, whose dire touch constrain
A deadly slumber, consummate her train.
Then (as if seen awake) the Goddess said:
My *Telethusa*, be not thus dismaid;
Reject these cares, thy husband disobay:
And when *Lucina* shall thy belly lay,
Foster what ere it be. A Deity
Auxiliary to Distress am I;
Ready to help, and easily implor'd:
Nor shall it grieve thee that thou hast ador'd
Ungrateful *Isis*. This admonished,
She leaves the room. When, rising in her bed,
Her hands to heaven glad *Telethusa* threw:
And humbly prays her vision may prove true.
Increasing throws at length a girl disclos'd,
Both by the father, and the world suppos'd,
To be a boy; so closely hid: and known
But to the mother, and the nurse alone.

He

He paies his vowes, and of his Fathers name
It *Iphis* calls; which much rejoy't the dame,
To each sex common; nor deceives thereby;
Who still with pious fraud conceals her lye.
A boy in show; whose looks should you assign
To boy or girl, love would in either shine.
At thirteen years her father her affide
To yellow-trest *Ianthe*: she the pride
Of *Phæstian* virgins for unequald fair:
Telestes daughter, and his only heir:
Like young, like beautiful, together bred,
Inform'd alike, alike accomplished:
Like darts at once their simple bosoms strike;
Alike their wounds; their hopes, O far unlike!
The day they expect, *Ianthe* thought time ran
Too slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man
Poor *Iphis* loves, despaires; despair ejects
Far fiercer flames: a maid, a maid effects.
What will become of me (she weeping said)
Whom new, unknown, prodigious love invade!
If pittiful, the Gods should have destroy'd:
Or else have given what might have been injoy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare pursues:
But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rams their Ewes,
So Birds together pair. Of all that move,
No Female suffers for a female loue.
O would I had no being! Yet; that all
Abhord by Nature should in *Crete* befal;
Sol's lust incensed daughter [illegible]'d a Bull:
They male and female. Mine, O far more full
Of uncouth fury! for she pleas'd her blood;
And stood his error in a Cow of wood:
She, for her craft, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their daring wits confer:
Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renue,
And hither fly, what could his cunning do!
Can art convert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit *Ianthe* for a maidens joy?
No, fix thy minde; compose thy vast desires:
O quench these ill advis'd and foolish fires!
Think of thy sex, or even thy self abuse:
What may be, seek; and love as females use.
Hope wings desire: hope *Cupids* flight sustains:
In thee thy Sex this deeds. No watch restrains

Our

Our dear imbrace, nor husbands jealousies,
Nor rigourous Sires; nor she her self denies:
Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canst thou be
Happy in her; though men and Gods agree!
Now also all to my desires accord:
What they can give the easie Gods afford;
What me, my father, hers, her self, would please,
Displeaseth Nature; stronger then all these.
She, she forbids. That day begins to shine;
Long wisht! wherein *Ianthe* must be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst!
I starve at feasts, and in the river thirst.
Juno, O *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
We both are Brides: but where is the Brid-groom?
Here ended. Nor less burns the other Maid;
Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance pray'd.
Yet *Telethusa* fears what she affects;
Protracting time: oft want of health objects;
Ill-boading dreams, and auguries oft fains:
But now no colour for excuse remains.
Their nuptial rites, put off with such delay,
Were to be solemniz'd the following day.
When she unbinds, hers, and her daughters hair;
And holding by the Altar form'd this pray'r:
Isis, who *Paraetonium*, *Pharos* Isle,
Smooth *Mareotis*, and seven-channell'd *Nile*,
Chear'it with thy presence: thy poor suppliants hear:
O help in these extreams, and cure our fear!
Thee Goddess, thee of old; these ensigns, I
Have seen, and know: thy lamps, attendancy,
And sounding Timbrels: and have thee obayd.
To me, impunity; life, to this Maid,
Thy saving counsel gave: to both renue
Thy timely pity. Tears her words pursue.
The Goddess shakes her Altar; when the gate
Shook on the hings: horns that imitate
The waxing Moons, through all the Temple flung
A sacred splendor: noyse-ful Timbrels rung.
The mother, glad of this successful sign,
Though not secure, returns from *Isis* shrine.
Whom *Iphis* follows with a larger pace.
Then usual; nor had so white a face.
Her strength augments; her look more bold appears;
Her shortned curles scarce hang beneath her ears;

By

By far more full of courage, rapt with joy:
For thou of late a Wench, art now a Boy.
Gifts to the Temple bear, and *Io* sing:
Sing Joy! Their gifts they to the Temple bring;
And add a title; in one verse display'd:
What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd
The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame:
When *Juno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts divine,
Iphis the Boy, to his *Ianthe* joyn.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Tenth BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

FEar turns a Man to ſtone. Lethæas blame
Olenus bears: now ſtones, their ſhapes the ſame.
Next Cybele, to Pine her Atys turns,
Sweet Cyparissus in a Cypreſs mourns.
Enamoured Jove an Eagles wings diſplayes;
And lovely Ganymed to Heaven convayes.
Slain Hyacinthus ſighes in his new flower.
The cruel Sacrificers by the power
Of Venus turn'd to Bulls. The Proſtitute
To Stones. Pygmalion weds the living fruit
Of his rare Art. Erigone doth ſhine
In Heaven; converted to the Virgin Sign.
Myrrha, a weeping tree. Hippomenes
And Atalanta, Lyons. Cyprides
(Inform'd by Mentha's change) her Paramour
Turns to a fair, but quickly fading flower.

HEnce, to the *Cicones*, through boundleſs skies,
In Saffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies:
By *Orpheus* call'd. But neither uſual words
Nor chearful looks, nor happy ſigns affords.
The Torch his hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſputtering rais'd
A ſullen ſmoke: not yet, though ſhaken, blaz'd.
Th' event worſe then the Omen. As his Bride
Troops with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* ſide;

A Serpent bit her by the heel: which forc't
Life from her hold, and nuptial tyes divorc't
When when the *Thracian* Poet had above
Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move
The under Shades, by *Tenarus* descends
To *Stygian* floods; and his bold steps extends
By airy shapes; and fleeting Souls, that boast
Of sepulture, through that unpleasant coast
To *Plutos* Court. When, having tun'd his strings,
Thus to his harp the God-like Poet sings.
You powers that sway the world beneath the Earth,
The last abode of all our humane birth:
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to discover Hell,
Nor bind that scoulding Curr, who barking shakes
About his triple brows *Medusa's* snakes.
My wife this journey urg'd. Who by the tooth
Of trod on Viper, perisht in her youth.
I would, and strove t'have born her loss: but Love
Won in that strife. A God well known above:
Nor here, perhaps, unknown. If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.
By these obscure abodes, so full of dread;
By this huge *Chaos*, and deep Silence, spread
Through your vast Empire, by these prayers of mine,
Euridices too-hasty fate untwine.
We are all yours: and after a short stay,
Early or late, we all must run one way.
Hither we throng, for our last home assign'd:
Th'eternal habitation of man-kind.
She, when her time by nature shall expire,
Again is yours: I but the use desire.
If fate deny me this, my second choice
Is here t'abide: in both our deaths rejoyce. (strings,
While thus he sung, and struck the quavering
The bloodless Shadows wept: nor flattering Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*, *Ixions* Wheele stood still,
Their Urn the *Belides* no longer fill:
The Vultures feed not, *Tityus* left to grone:
And *Sisyphus* sate listning on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquisht by his verse, were seen
To weep, that never wept before. Hells Queen,
The King of Darkness, yield t' his powerful plea.
Among the late-come Souls, *Euridice*

They

They call: she came; yet halting of her wound.
Given *Orpheus*, with this law: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Avernus* pass, if back thou cast
Thy careful eyes, thou lossest what thou hast.
A steep ascent, dark, thick with foggs, they clime
Through everlasting Silence. By this time
Aproach the confines of illustrious Light.
Fearing to lose, and longing for a sight.
His eyes th'impatient lover backward threw:
When she, back-sliding presently withdrew.
He catches at her, in his wits distraught;
And yielding air for her (unhappy!) caught.
Nor did she dying twice, her spouse reprove:
For what could she complain of, but his love?
Who takes her last farewell: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his ears; and so revolves to death.
Her double loss sad *Orpheus* stupifi'd;
With equal terror unto his, who spi'd
Three-headed *Cerberus* whom fear alone,
Oppressing nature, turn'd into a stone.
Or like *Olenus*, whot'excuse his wife
Accus'd himself, and taxt his guiltless life:
With thee *Lethæa* whose proud beauty late
Drew on thy self, and him a cursed fate:
United bodies once; but for thy pride
Now Marble statues on fount-fruitful *Ide*.
He kindly (pressing to return) intreats
The Ferry-man: who answers him with threats.
Upon the banks seven days he sate, forlorn
And comfortless; all sorts of food forborn:
Care, grief of mind, and tears, his only chear,
Calling the Gods of *Erebus* severe,
At length to snowy *Rhodope* he hasts;
And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northern blasts.
Now *Titan* thrice had finished his years
In watery *Pisces*. *Orpheus* still forbears
The love of women. Or through bad success:
Or former vowes. Yet many ne'r the less
Th'affected Poet seek; but none injoyes:
Who beauty first admir'd in hopeful boys.
A Hill there was; a plain upon that hill;
Which in a flowry mantle flourisht still:
Yet wanted shade. Which, when the Gods Descent
Sate down and toucht his well-tun'd instrument,

A ſhade receiv'd. Nor trees of *Chaony*,
The Poplar, various oaks that pierce the ſky,
Soft Linden, ſmooth-rinde Beech, unmarried Bayes,
The brittle Haſel, Aſh, whoſe ſpears we prai'e,
Unknotty Firr, the ſolace ſhading Planes,
Rough Cheſnuts, Maple fleet with different grace,
Stream-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,
Tough Box whom never ſappy ſpring forſakes,
The ſlender Tamariſk, with trees that bear
A purple fig, nor Myrtles abſent were.
The wanton Ivy wreath'd in amourous twins,
Vines bearing grapes, and Elms ſupporting Vines,
Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red
Arbutus; theſe the reſt accompan'ed.
With limber Palms, of Victory the prize:
And up-right Pine, whoſe leaves like briſtles riſe:
Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for ſhe
Her luſt-ſtain'd *Atys* turned into that tree.
The ſpyre-like Cypreſs in this throng appears
Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who bears
The ſilver bow, and ſtrikes the quavering ſtrings,
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Caribean* Springs.
A Stag there was; whoſe horns, on high diſplay'd
With ſpreading palms, afford his head a ſhade.
His antlers ſhone with gold; a carquenet
His neck imbrac't with ſparkling Diamonds ſet,
A ſilver bell upon his forehead hung
By ſilken ſtrings, which every motion rung.
Round pearl, of equal ſize, from either ear
Hung on his cheeks: who, void of native fear,
Frequented houſes: and well pleaſ'd, would ſtand,
The gentle ſtrokings of a ſtrangers hand.
This, *Cyparissus*, was thy only joy,
(Of all that *Cea* bred, the faireſt boy)
By thee full oft, to change of Paſture led:
To purling ſtreams that part the rancker mead.
With various flowers now wouldſt thou trick
Now on his back (who no ſuch burden ſcorns)
About the ſpacious fields in pleaſure ride;
And with a purple raine the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high Noon: Dates burning eye
Made *Cancers* crooked clawes with fervor fry.
Upon the ground the panting Hart was laid,
Cool ayr receiving from the ſpreading ſhade.

Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance:
And seeing life pursue his tug'd-out lance,
Resolves to dye. What did not *Phœbus* say,
That might a grief, so slightly caus'd allay?
He answers him in sighes: this last good-turn
Implores; That he might never cease to mourn.
His blood now shed in tears, a greenish hiew
His body dims: the locks that dangling grew
Upon his ivory fore-head, bristling rise
And pointing upward, seem to threat the skies.
When *Phœbus*, sighing: I for thee will mourn:
Mourn thou for others: Herses still adorn.
Such trees attracting; and inviron'd round
With birds and beasts, upon the rising ground
The Poet sits: who, having tun'd his strings
Though dissonant, yet musical, thus sings.
From *Jove*, O Muse, my Mother, draw my verse;
All bow to *Jove*: *Joves* power we oft rehearse.
And late of Giants sung, in lofty strains,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plains,
Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes
Belov'd of Gods, turn we our softer layes:
And women well deserving punishment,
On interdicted lust, with fury bent
Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love:
There was what *Jove* would rather be then *Jove*:
Yet dains no other shape then hers that bears
His awful lightning in her golden sears.
Who forthwith stooping with deceitful wings,
Truss up *Iliades* by *Ida's* springs.
Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* scoules)
Delitious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.
And *Amyclides*, thee in azure skies
Had *Phœbus* fixt; if cruel Destinies
Had not prevented: yet in some sort made
Eternal. For, as oft as Springs invade
Sharp winters, and to *Aries Pisces* yields:
So oft renu'd, thy Flower adorns the fields:
My Fathers love to thee did mans excell,
Their president the Delphians miss, who dwell
On round Earths Navel: while the God of Beams,
Haunts wall-less *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* streams.
Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares:
Himself debasing, berres the corded snares:

Or leads the Dogs; or clambers Mountains; led
By Lordly *Love*, and flames by custom fed.
Now *Titan* bore his equal-distant Light,
Between fore-running and ensuing Night:
When lightned of their garments, either shone
With suppling oyl, in strife to throw the stone.
This swinging through the air first *Phebus* threw:
The obvious clouds dispersing as it flew;
On solid earth, though flying long, at length
Descends; and shews his art-inabling strength.
Th'impudent Boy attempts with fatal hast
To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, cast
The stone, O *Hyacinthos*, at thy head.
The Boy look't pale; so lookt the God, who bled
Even in his bleeding. Raised from the ground;
He sought t'asswage, and dry the bitter wound.
And would with herbs his flying soul have staid:
That wound was cureless; art affords no aid.
As Violets, or Lillies loving streams,
Or Poppy, bruised in their yellow stems,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,
Nor raise themselves, but bow to their first beds:
So hung his dying looks; so over-sway'd,
His limber neck upon his shoulder lay'd.
Sweet flower said *Phœbus*, blasted in the prime
Of thy fair youth: thy wound presents my crime.
Thou art my grief and shame. This hand thy breath
Hath crusht to air: I, author of thy death,
Yet what my fault? unless t'have plaid with thee,
Or lov'd thee (O too well!) offences be.
I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might dye!
Or dye with thee! but since the Fates deny
So dear a wish; thou shalt with me abide:
And ever in my memory reside.
Our Harp, and Verse thy praises shall resound:
And in thy Flower my sorrow shall be found.
A valiant Heroe shall in time, to it
Another add; and in the same be writ.
While thus *Apollo* truly propheci'd:
Behold the blood which late the grass had dide,
Was now no blood: from whence a flower full-blow
Far brighter then the *Tyrian* scarlet shone:
Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right
A Lilly: changing but the red to white.

Nor ſo contented; (for the youth receiv'd
That grace from *Phœbus*) in the flower he weav'd
The ſad impreſſion of his ſighes which bears
Ai! Ai! diſplaid in funeral Characters.
Nor ſhame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures;
Whoſe adoration to this day endures:
For now as then, they yearly celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feaſt in ſolemn State.
Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask (whoſe earth
Abounds with mettals) if ſhe like the birth
Of her *Propœtides*; ſhe would reply:
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monſtrous horns defam'd:
Whereof they ſtily were *Ceraſta* nam'd.
Before their doors the tragick Altar ſtood
Of *Jove* the Hoſpitable; ſtain'd with blood
Of ſtranger gueſts. Who had this ſhambles ſeen,
Would think that blood the blood of Calves had been.
A Gueſt new ſacrific'd; fair *Cyprides*
Offended with ſuch cruel Rites as theſe,
Her towns and *Ophiuſa*'s fields prepares
Tabandon. Yet ſaid ſhe, what guilt of theirs
In me ſo great a deteſtation breeds?
Rather with death reward ſuch bloody deeds;
Or exile: if from theſe extreams they ſcape,
What middle courſe, but to transform their ſhape?
When muſing to what form, ſhe caſt her look
Upon the horned Herd; who from them took
A reſolution ſo to arm their skulls:
And turns their mighty limbs to monſtrous Bulls.
Yet durſt th. obſcene *Propœtides* deny,
O *Venus*, thy all-rulling Deity.
The firſt that ever gave themſelves for hire
To proſtitution; urged by thy ire
Their looks imboldned, modeſty now gone,
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion ſeeing theſe to ſpend their times
So beaſt-like; frighted with the many crimes
That rule in women; choſe a ſingle life:
And long forbore the pleaſure of a wife.
Mean while, in Ivory with haypy art
A Statue carves, ſo graceful in each part,
As women never equal'd it: and ſtands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

It ſeem'd a virgin, full of living flame;
That would have mov'd if not with-held by ſhame.
Such Art his art conceal'd: which he admires:
And from it drawes imaginary fires:
Then often feels it with his hands, to try
If 'twere a body, or cold ivory.
Nor could reſolve. Who kiſſing, thought it kiſt:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wriſt;
The fleſh impreſſing (his conceit was ſuch)
And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her; now ſparkling ſtones preſents,
And Orient pearl (loves witching inſtruments)
Soft-ſinging birds, each ſeveral colour'd flowre,
Firſt Lillies, painted balls, and tears that powre.
From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her perſon deck;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting gems her neck;
Pendants, her ears; a glittering zone her breſt.
In all, ſhew'd well; but ſhew'd when naked, beſt.
Now layes he her upon a gorgeous bed:
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple ſpred.
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow preſt.
Of plumy down, as if with ſenſe poſſeſt.
Now came the day of *Venus* Feſtival:
Through wealthy *Cyprus* ſolemniz'd by all.
White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by ſtrokes
Of axes fall: aſcending incenſe ſmokes.
He, with his gift before the Altar ſtands:
You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
Give me the wife I wiſh: one like, he ſaid.
But durſt not ſay, give me my ivory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, preſent at her feaſt,
Conceives his wiſh; and friendly ſigns expreſt:
The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aſpires.
To his admired Image he retires:
Lyes down beſides her, raiſ'd her with his arm;
Then kiſt her tempting lips and found them warm.
That leſſon oft repeats; her boſom oft
With amourous touches feels, and felt it ſoft.
The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accuſtom'd hardneſs: as *Hymettia* wax
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for uſe.
Amaz'd with doubtful joy, and hope that reels;
Again the Lover, what he wiſhes, feels.

The

The veins beneath his thumbs impreſſion beat:
A perfect Virgin full of juyce and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with joy expreſſing words,
To pleaſure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to her he joyns, which ſeems to melt:
The bluſhing Virgin now his kiſſes felt;
And fearfully erecting her fair eyes,
Together with the light, her Lover ſpies.
Venus the marriage bleſt which ſhe had made,
And when nine Creſcents had at full diſplaid
Their joyning horns, repleat with borrowed flame,
She *Paphus* bore: who gave that Iſle a name.
He *Cinyras* begot: who might be ſtil'd
Of men moſt happy, if with-out a child.
I ſing of Horror! Daughters, far, O far
From hence remove! and You, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verſe your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will believe the ſame for true:
Believe withal the judgements that enſue.
If nature could permit ſo foul a Crime:
I joy for you *Iſmarians*; for this Clime;
This world of ours; ſo diſtant from that earth,
That gave to ſuch a curſed Monſter birth.
In Coſtus, Cinnamon; and Amomum,
Rich let *Panchaia* be: let pretious Gum
Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
So't *Myrrha* bear. No new tree of that worth.
Cupid denies t'have us'd his darts therein:
And vindicates his flames from ſuch a ſin.
Alecto, with ſwoln ſnakes, and *Stygian* fire
That fury raiſ'd. 'Tis ſin to hate thy Sire:
This Love, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leave in all parts; and for thee fall at odds:
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one;
So one of all be in that number none.
She knew't: and ſtriving; to her ſelf thus ſpake:
Ah whither rapt! what is't I undertake:
O Gods: O Piety! divine reſpect
Of Parents guard me: and this ſin eject:
If ſo a ſin it be. No piety
Condemns ſuch *Venus*; Natures common tye.
Horſes their fillies back, ſires Heifers bears;
Goats kids beget on thoſe whoſe kids they were:

Birds of that seed conceive, whereof but late
Conceiv'd themselves: nor they degenerate.
Happy in this are those! But humane care
Hath fram'd malignant laws: and we who are
By nature free; malitious customs bind.
Their is a Nation to their blood more kind;
Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
Affection doubled by their birth and bed.
Woe's me, that there I was not born! the place (base,
Makes this a crime. What thoughts are these! hence
Hence wicked hopes. Though he he all-worthy be:
Yet, a father, must be lov'd by thee
Were I not daughter to great *Cyniras*;
All I conceive in my desires might pass.
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximity
Dis-joyns us; nearer, were we not so nigh
Hence would I fly by un-returning ways
To shun this sin: dire Love my journey stays;
To feast my hungry eyes with his dear sight,
Talk, touch and kiss; or more, if more I might.
O wicked Virgin, canst thou more propound!
Know'st thou what laws and nams thy lusts confound!
Thy Fathers Whore! a Rival to thy Mother!
Thy own Sons Sister! Mother to thy Brother!
Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their kissing hair,
Who on the faces of the guilty stare,
With dreadful Torches! From thy soul exile
This mischief, ere it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law
Of powerful Nature: but in time with-draw.
Would I, he would not: too too well inclin'd.
O that like fury would inflame his mind!
Thus she. But *Cyniras*, prest with the store
Of worthy suters who his voice implore;
In his own choice irresolute, demands
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.
She, thoughtful silent; gazing on his face,
Flusht with imbosom'd flames and wept apace.
He, taking this for maiden fear; Desists
From weeping, said: then dri'd her cheeks, and kist.
This too much pleas'd her. Once more asked, who
She best could like: repli'd, One, like to you.
Be still, said he, so pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.

'Twas

'Twas now the mid of night: when Sleep bestows
On men, and on their cares, a sweet repose.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires;
Retracting her implacable desires.
Despairs, hopes; will not, will; now shames, again
Desires; nor knows what course to take. As when
A mighty Oak (now almost feld) his fall
On each side threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Even so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
Waves to and fro; and changes still propounds.
No mean, no cure, was left for love but death.
Death pleas'd. Resolv'd to choak her hated breath
Up-starting, to a beam her girdle ties.
Dear *Cinyras* farewel (she softly cries)
And of my ruine understand the cause.
That said, the noose about her neck she draws.
Her wakeful Nurses faithful ears, they say,
A whispiring heard: who in the Lobby lay.
Straight rose; unlockt the doors; the instrument
Of death beholding, shreecht: together rent
Her hair and bosom: and, with trembling haste,
The girdle from her pallid neck displac't.
Now had she time to weep, t'imbrace her Care:
And ask the cause of such accurst despair.
She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:
And grieves at deaths prevented enterprise.
Bating her hoary hairs and empty breast,
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest
Her griefs disclosure. *Myrrha* turns aside,
And sighes. The Nurse would not be so deni'd:
Nor only promist secrecry, but said,
Tell me, my child, and entertain my aid.
My old age is not fruitless: charms have we,
And powerful med'cines, if it fury be:
If witchcraft, magick shall thy torments ease:
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease
With sacrifice, What can be else surmiz'd,
Thy fortunes by incursions unsurpriz'd,
Thy mother, and thy father, well; That name
Drew from her soul a sigh, that scorcht like flame:
Nor in the Nurse did this suspition move
Of such a Crime: and yet she saw 'twas Love.
Importunate to know what least she fears,
Laid in her lap now watred with her tears,

Sh'infolds her in her feeble arms, and ſaid;
I know thou lov'ſt: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maiſt on my ſedulity rely:
Nor ſhall thy father ever this deſcry.
At that, in fury from her lap ſhe ſprung;
Then on the bed her proſtrate body flung:
Muffling her guilty looks: be gon, ſhe ſaid,
And ſpare the bluſhes of a wretched Maid.
Still urg'd: Be gon, reply'd; or elſe forbear
T'inquire of that which is a ſin to hear.
The Nurſe loſt in a maze: her hands with years
And terror trembling (kneeling to her) rears:
Now ſpeaks her fair, now threatens to diſcloſe
(Unleſs ſhe made her privy to her woes)
Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to prove
Both ſecret, and aſſiſtant to her love.
At that, her head ſhe rais'd; her Nurſes breſt
With weeping bathes: oft ſtrove to have conſeſt;
As oft with-held: at length ſhe hid her head;
And ſaid, O Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then groans. The Nurſe cold horror ſhook:
Now too much knowing: with a gaſtly look,
Her hoary hair ſtar'd on her head: Who ſaid,
What not, that might ſo foul a luſt diſſwade,
The Vigin could not ſuch a truth deny:
But ſtands reſolv'd, or to poſſeſs or dye.
Live, ſaid ſhe, and poſſeſs (there ſtopt, as loath
To ſay; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feaſt
Of *Ceres*; whom long linnen ſtoles inveſt:
And offer garlands of their firſt ripe corn;
Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborn,
And touch of man. In ſpotleſs ornaments,
With theſe, the Queen her ſecret Rites frequents,
Lying alone the lewdly diligent
Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charg'd with wine, preſent
With proffer of true love, though falſely maskt:
And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being aſkt?
Of equal age with *Myrrha*, ſhe replies.
When bid to bring her: home in haſte ſhe highes;
Rejoyce, ſaid ſhe, I bring the victory.
Th'unhappy Virgin felt but little joy;
Such ill ſucceſs her troubled Soul divin'd:
And yet ſhe joy'd: ſuch diſcord rackt her mind.

Now

Now Silence over all the world did raign:
And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his Wain.
(To sin addrest) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies;
Stars shroud their heads in clouds: Night lost her eyes.
Erigone, *Icarus*, first remove:
She plac'd in Heaven for her paternal love.
Thrice stumbled she; the funeral Owl thrice rent
The air with ominous shreeks: yet on she went:
By pitchy Night, of modesty bereft,
Her Nurses right hand holding with her left,
And groping with the other hand, explores
Her blind access. Now came she to the doors
Of that dire chamber; now the way to sin
She boldly opens; and now enters in.
Yet blood and courage her at once forsook;
Her knees, unknitting, one another strook;
The neerness to her crime removes desire:
Who now repents and would unknown retire.
Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led;
And, having rendred her unto his bed.
Here *Cinyras*, said she, receive thine own,
And joyns their cursed bosoms He unknown,
His bowels to his bed assumes: and chears
With comfortable words her maiden fears:
By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)
And she him father: that their names might hold.
Now his incestuous bed his daughter leaves,
With wicked seed her cursed womb conceives:
Who bears about the burden of her shame:
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same.
When *Cinyras* who longs to see his Lover,
So oft imbrac't; did with a light discover
His sin, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
Could utter: he unsheaths his shining sword.
She swiftly flies: whom nights black shelter shields
From threatned death; and strayes through spacious fields:
Palm-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchæa* past;
Now having wandred by nine Noons, at last
Rest to her weary limbs *Sabæa* gave.
Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to crave;
Between the hate of life, and fear of death,
Those thoughts she utters with her fainting breath.
You Powers! If Penitency pierce your ear;
I have deserved, nor refuse to hear,

Your

Your just inflictions: yet lest I prophane
Or those who live, or who in death remain
O banish me from either Monarchy,
That, chang'd by you, I may nor live, nor dye.
Confession some cœlestial pity found,
Those wishes had their Gods. Even then the ground
Cover'd her legs: a down-ward-spreading root
Burst from her toes; whose ever-fixed foot
Sustain'd the lenghtful bole. Bones turn to wood,
To pith her marrow, into sap her blood:
Her arms great branches grow, her fingers spine
To little twigs; her skin converts to rine.
Now her big womb the rising tree possest.
Her bosom folds, and now her neck opprost:
When she, delay il-brooking, downward shrunk
And vales her visage in the closing trunk.
Though sense, with shape, she lost; still weeping, she
Sheds bitter tears, which trickle from her tree:
Tears of high honor; these their Mistress name
As yet preserve, and still shall bear the same.
This ill-got infant, now at perfect growth
Within the tree; endeavours to get forth.
The strickt imbracing bark, her belly wrung,
With torment stretcht: nor had that grief a to gut:
Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throws:
And yet the tree like on in labour shows;
Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches stood;
Her hand impos'd, and uttered powerful words.
The yauning tree the crying Babe affords
A passage; whom those Nymphs receive with joy.
And in his mother tears anoint the Boy.
Nor envy could but praise his beauty: so
The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, show.
But, lest their habits some distinction make,
A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.
Time glides away with undiscovered hast,
And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly so fast.
He, whom his sister bore, his Oransires son,
Late trees-inclos'd, who lately life begun,
But now a most sweet infant, now as rare,
A boy, now man, now then himself more fair,
And now now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
Revenge inflicts; who dotingly admires,

For

For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her tender breast; with smart
Incenst, she thrust him from her, nor then found
The wounds deceitful depth, yet deep the wound.
Not now *Cythera* could the Lover please;
Not *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas.
High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brass,
Nor heaven frequents; her heaven *Adonis* was,
Him wooes, accompanies, besides him lies
In grateful shades, and strives to please his eyes.
Now like *Diana* she her self attires; (Briers:
And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and
Hollows the Hound; pursuing beasts of chase,
Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Hares who fly apace:
But rapeful Wolves, rough Bears, fell Boars eschews;
And Lions, whom the blood of Beeves imbrues.
And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts disswade
From such encounters; had they been obey'd.
Who fly, said she, be bold in following those:
Valor unsafely copes with valiant foes.
Sweet Boy! subject not me to fortunes stroke,
Nor cruel beasts by nature arm'd provoke,
For fear such glory but too costly prove.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move,
Nor bristled Swine, nor shaggy Lion touch:
Pity ne're pierc'd the eyes nor hearts of such.
Boars, in their crooked tushes lightning have:
And Lions with impetuous fury rave.
I hate them. Asked why? We will relate
Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.
But now un-usual toil my strength invades:
And lo, yon' Poplar courts us with her shades,
The grass affords a bed: There let us rest.
When, lying down, the grass and him she prest.
Her head now in her Lovers bosom laid:
Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said:
Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who wan
The Prize in running from the swiftest Man.
'Tis true, She, won indeed: nor could you tell
Whether her speed or beauty did excel.
Enquiring of an husband, this reply
Apollo gave. The use of husband fly
O *Atalant'*: yet thou shalt vainly strive
Against thy fate, and lose thy self alive.

Frighted

Frighted herewith in shady woods she lives:
And troops of pressing Sutors from her drives
With this reply: Except out-run I be,
I am a wife for no man; Run with me.
My bed and I, are both the winners meed:
The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed.
She, cruel: yet so powerful was her look,
That many a youth the peril undertook.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick strife,
Will any through such danger seek a wife?
(Said he) and taxt their follies that pursu'd.
But when his face and naked form he view'd;
Such as is mine; or thine, wert thou a Maid:
Amaz'd! with hands up-heav'd, forgive (he said)
O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
The prizes worth. Love still by praising grew:
Who wishes now that none might run so fast:
Envies and fears. Why linger, I, nor hast
(Said he) to try my fortune? Gods still aid
Th' adventurous. While this in thought he said;
The Virgin with a winged pace past by.
Though seeming to th' *Aonian* Youth to fly
As swift as *Scythian* shafts; her form he more
Admires; by motion lovelier then before.
The wind reverberates her ancles wings,
And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple strings,
Tossing her hair, on Ivory shoulders spred.
Her pure white body so receives the red,
As when carnation curtains are display'd
On pure white walls, and dye them with their shade.
While this the stranger view'd, the race was run:
And *Atalanta*'s brows the Garland won.
The vanquisht sigh, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could so sad success his fear procure:
Who rose; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
Why seek you praise by easie victories?
Contend with us: if we obtain the Bays,
Our victory will not eclipse your praise.
Megareus me begot, *Onchestius* blood;
He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred flood:
Nor we degenerate. My foil, your name
Will honor; and immortalize your fame.
This while, a well-pleas'd eye she on him threw:
Nor knows her wish; to lose, or to subdue.

What

What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy
This Youth, said she, who seeks my bed t' enjoy
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The judg, there is not so much worth in me.
Nor is't his beauty moves, though it might move;
But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.
Besides; his courage, and contempt of death!
Who from great *Neptunes* son derives his birth!
And then, his love; content to part with life,
If harder fate deny me for his wife!
Be gone O stranger; shun my bloody bed,
While yet thou mayst: this match will lose thy head.
No Virgin is there who would not be thine;
And such would seek, whose lusters darken mine.
Yet why regard I him, so many slain?
Look to thy self, or perish, since in vain
Admonisht by such numbers, whom this strife
Hath sent to death. Th'art weary of thy life.
And must he dye, because he'd live with me?
Must death, adventurous love, thy wages be?
This murder will our victory defame:
And purchase hate; yet am not I in blame.
O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun!
Or since so mad, wouldst thou could faster run!
How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!
Ah poor *Hippomenes!* O would this place
Th'hadst never seen! thou well deserv'st to live.
Were I more happy, and hard fate would give
Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,
To whom my bed, and beauties should be known.
Thus she, who raw, and pierc'd with loves first touch,
Errs in her thoughts; and loves; nor knew so much,
Now King and People call upon the Race;
When *Neptune*'s Issue thus implor'd my grace.
O *Venus*, favor my attempts, he said,
And those affections, which you gave me, aid!
This friendly winds convey'd unto my ear:
I pity, and no longer help forbear.
A field there is, so fertile none, through all
Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damascenus* call,
Antiquity this to my honor vow'd;
And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.
A Tree there flourisht on that pregnant mold,
Whose glittering leaves, & branches, shone with gold:

Three

Three golden Apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, so us none could see,
Himself excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
Together with their use, deliver'd these.
The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start,
Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths upper-part.
Their feet, unwet, the sea might well have born:
Or unsuppressed stalks of standing corn.
Favor and Clamor, joining in remorse,
The youth thus hearten: Now thy speed enforce,
Make haste *Hippomenes*, delay decline,
Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
'Tis doubtful whether, what the people said,
More joy'd the Heros or *Schœnean* Maid.
How often lag'd she, when she might o're-go;
And gazing on him, sigh'd t' out-strip him so!
Short breath from panting bosoms scorching flew,
The Goal far-off: when *Neptune's* Nephew threw,
One Apple of the three: The Maid admires;
And greedy of the shining fruit, retires
To catch the rolling gold: the Youth past by,
And all the field resounded shouts of joy.
This hindrance she repairs with winged haste:
Again *Hippomenes* behind her cast,
The second fruit, thrown farther then before,
Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more:
The Race now near an end, he said, O save!
Great Goddess, give success to what you gave!
And threw the shining gold another way
With all his vigor, to prolong her stay.
When I compel'd her, doubtful what to do,
To take it up, and added weight thereto,
With-held, both by diverting her pursuit,
And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.
But lest my words the race in length exceed:
She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.
Deserv'd not I both thanks and frankincense,
Think you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
He neither gave. Provokt with sudden rage
At this contempt, and lest the future age
By such examples should my God-head slight,
Against them both I due revenge excite.
The Fane, erected by *Echions* vow
Unto the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had

Had paſt, obſcur'd by dark and ſecret ſhades:
When their long journey them to reſt perſwades.
Hippomenes, inceníed by my fires;
Here luſteth with unſeas'nable deſires.
A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,
Stood near this Fane; to which light pumice gave
A natural cover; by devotion grac'd:
Within this Cell the reverent Prieſt had plac'd
The wooden Images of ancient Gods:
This entring; he pollutes their chaſt abodes.
The Statues wry their looks. The Mother, crown'd
With towers, had ſtruck them to the *Stygian* Sound:
But that ſhe thought that puniſhment too ſmall.
When yellow mains on their ſmooth ſhoulders fall;
Their arms, to legs; their fingers turn to nails;
Their breaſts of wondrous ſtrength: their tufted tails
Whisk up the duſt; their looks are full of dread;
For ſpeech they roar: the woods become their bed.
Theſe Lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits; and yokes their ſtubborn necks.
Theſe O my Dear, and all ſuch kinds of beaſts
As will not turn their backs, but bend their breaſts
T' encounter with the raſh Aſſailant, Shun:
Leſt by thy courage We be both undone.
This ſaid: thence flew ſhe, rais'd by yoked Swans,
But Valor ſuch admoniſhments with-ſtands.
By chance the dogs, purſuing long before,
His ſcented footings, had diſlodg'd a Boar,
Whom, ruſhing from his covert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Boar with crooked tooth
Writhes out the javelin, with his blood imbru'd,
Who now his ſafety-ſeeking Foe purſu'd;
Sheathing his tuſhes in his groin: and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's weightleſs chariot through the air,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heavenly Fair
Thence heard his dying groans; and wheeling round,
Her ſilver birds directs to that ſad ſound:
But when ſhe ſaw him weltring in his Gore;
Down jumping from the skies, at once ſhe tore
Her hair and boſom: then her breaſt invades
With bitter blows; and Deſtiny upbraids.
Not all, ſaid ſhe, is ſubject to your waſt:
Our ſorrows monument ſhall ever laſt.

Sweet

Sweet Boy! thy deaths ſad image, every year
Shall in our ſolemniz'd Complaints appear.
But be thy blood a Flower. Had *Proſerpine*
The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint? is mine
Inferior? or will any envy me
For ſuch a change? This having utter'd, ſhe
Pour'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant ſmell.
Sprinkled there-with; the blood began to ſwell;
Like ſhining bubbles, which from drops aſcend.
And e're an hour was fully at an end,
From thence a Flower, alike in color, roſe:
Such as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits incloſe
Within the limber rind their purple grains.
And yet their beauty but a while remains;
For thoſe light-hanging leaves infirmly plac't,
The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blaſt.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eleventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent chang'd to ſtone. Rough barks infold
The cruel Bacchanals. *To ſtarving Gold*
All turns at Midas *touch: His body laves*
In clear Pactolus, *whoſe enriched waves*
Waſh off his gold and gilt; and Aſſes ears
His ſilly ſhame: the whiſp'red Secret bears
Like ſounding Reeds. Apollo, *and the Guide*
Of ſacred Seas, in humane ſhapes reſide.
Forc'd Thetis *varies forms.* Dædalion
T'a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone.
Morpheus *to Mortals,* Phobetor *to Brutes,*
And Phantaſus *to ſhapes inanimate ſuites.*
Tranſform'd Halcyone *and* Ceyx *fly.*
So Æſacus, *who vainly ſtrives to die.*

THus while the *Thracian* Poet with his ſongs
Beaſts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold, *Ciconian* Dames (their furious breſts
Clad with the ſpotted skins of Salvage beaſts)
The ſacred Singer from an hill eſpy'd,
As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd;
Of theſe, One cry'd, and toſs'd her flaring hair;
Lo he who hates our Sex! then threw her ſpear
At his melodious mouth; which Ivy-bound,
Kiſt his affected lips without a wound.

Another

Another hurls a ſtone; this, as it flew,
His voice and Harps according tunes ſubdue:
Which ſelf-accus'd for ſuch a rude aſſay,
Before his feet, as in ſubmiſſion lay:
Raſh violence, the mean exil'd, increaſt:
And mad *Erynnis* reign'd in every breaſt.
His ſongs had all their weapons charm'd, if noiſe
Of *Berecynthian* ſhalms, clapt hands, loud cries,
Drums, howling *Bacchanals*; with frantick ſound
Had not his all-appeaſing muſick drown'd.
The ſtones then bluſh with ſilenc'd *Orpheus* blood.
But firſt on raviſht beaſts that liſtning ſtood,
On Fowl, and Serpents, they their ſpite inter;
And raze the glory of his Theater.
Then all with cruel hands about him fly:
And flock like birds, when they by day eſpy
The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey
To eager hounds; ſo they together flung
Their leavy ſpears, not fram'd for ſuch a wrong;
Some clods, ſome arms of trees, ſome ſtones let fly,
And leſt wild Rage ſhould weapons want, hard by
By chance ſlow Oxen drew the furrowing ploughs;
And Swains, providing food with ſweating brows,
Dig'd with their brawny arms: who fear-inclin'd,
Before them fled, and left their tools behind.
Their Mattocks, Rakes, and Spades diſperſed lay
About the empty fields: theſe ſnatcht away,
(The ploughs from threatning Oxen torn) their hate
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vain
Firſt ſpent his breath, nor pity could obtain,
That Rout of ſacrilegious Furies ſlew!
Even through that mouth (O *Jupiter!* which drew
From ſtones attention, which affection bred
In Salvage beaſts, his forced ſpirits fled!
Sad birds, wild Herds, hard flints, and woods, of late
Led by thy verſe, then wept: at thy ſad fate
Trees ſhed their leaves; ſtreams with their tears in-
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inveſt (creaſt:
Themſelves in ſullen ſable, and diſplay
Their ſcattered hair. Thy limbs diſperſed lay.
His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,
The harp ſounds ſomething ſadly; the dead tongue

Sighs

Sighs out ſad ditties: the banks ſympathize
(That bound the river) in their ſad replies.
Now then to Sea their native current bore;
Both caſt upon *Methymnian Lesbos* ſhoar.
A Dragon on the foreign ſand prepares
To ſeize his head, and lick his dropping hairs,
When gaping to devour the Hymniſts face,
Phœbus deſcends; and in that very ſpace,
Into a ſtone converts him by his power,
With jaws extended ready to devour.
His Ghoſt retires to under-ſhades: once more
He ſees, and knows, what he had ſeen before.
Then through the *Elyſian* fields among the bleſt
Seeks his *Euridice*. Now repoſſeſt
With ſtrict imbraces, guided by one mind,
They walk together: oft he comes behind,
Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* ſafely may
His following *Euridice* ſurvey.
Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate.
Who vexed at his Prophets cruel fate,
Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by
With ſpreading roots; and who more eagerly
Purſu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the ſolid earth, which down-ward grew.
And even as fowl, whoſe feet intangled are
Within the ſubtil fowlers ſecret ſnare,
Become by fearful fluttering faſter bound,
So, each of theſe, now cleaving to the ground,
With terror ſtruggle to eſcape in vain;
For faſter-binding roots their flight reſtrain.
One, looking for her nails, her toes, her feet:
Behold, her twining legs in timber meet:
In paſſion, thinking to have ſtruck her thighs,
She ſtrikes hard oak her breaſts ſupplies;
Her ſhoulders ſuch: her arms appear to grow
In natural branches; and indeed did ſo.
Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaves:
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troop receives,
And ſwift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
No precious ſands, nor grains of envy'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* to him repair,
His uſual train: *Silenus* then not there.
Him erſt the *Phrygian* Rurals reeling found
With age and wine; and now, with Ivy crown'd,

To

To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
When known to be his partner in those Rites;
Full twice five days, with their succeeding nights,
He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
Eleven times *Lucifer* the stars suppress:
When, with wild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
And to the God his foster-father yields.
He in his safe return doth much rejoice:
Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.
For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.
Forth-with to him his wish *Lyæus* gives:
And at his folly not a little grieves.
But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joys:
And home-ward bound, the truth by touching trie.
Scarce trusting his own sense, a tree bereaves
Of slender boughs; they shone with golden leaves.
Takes up a stone; that stone pale gold became:
Takes up a clod; the clod presents the same:
Crops stalks of corn; these yield a sheaf of gold:
An Apple pulls; therein you might behold
Th' *Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone.
The marble pillars with rich metal shone.
And when he washt; that water, show'rd in vain,
Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.
His breast scarce holds his hopes; whose fancy wrought
On golden wonders: when his servants brought
Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be
A shining mass: the carved viands straight
Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.
About to drink mixt wine; you might behold
His thirsty jaws o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with so strange a plague: (both rich and poor;)
He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.
His plenty feeds him not; he burns with thirst:
By loathed gold deservedly accurst.
Then lifting up his shining arms, thus pray'd:
Father *Lenæus*, O, afford thy aid!
I have offended; pity thou, and me
From this so glorious a mischief free:
The gentle power the penitent restor'd:
And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

Left

Left ill-wisht gold about him still abide;
Go, said he, to those Crystal streams that glide
By potent *Sardis*: keep the banks that lead
Along th' encountring Current to his head.
There, where the gushing fountain foams, dive in:
And, with thy body, wash away thy sin.
The King obeys: who in the fountain leaves
That golden virtue, which the Spring receives.
And still those ancient seeds these waters hold:
Who gild their shoars with glittering grains of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestows
His time with *Pan*; whom mountain Caves inclose.
Yet his gross wit remains: his shallow brain,
And sottish senses punish him again.
High *Tmolus* with a steep ascent displays
His rigid brows, and under-seas surveys:
Whose stretcht-out bases here to *Sardis* join;
There to *Hypæpis*, girt in small confine.
Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise
To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rural lays,
Before *Apollo*'s durst his songs prefer.
They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
Th' old Judg on his own Mountain sits; and clears
His ears from trees: alone a garland wears
Of Oak, with acorns dangling on his brow.
Who thus bespake the God of Shepherds: Now
Your Judg attends. He blows his wax-bound reeds,
And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.
Then sacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,
Converts his looks: his words his motion follow.
He, his long yellow hair with Laurel bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,
A Viol holds, with sparkling gems inchac'd,
And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right-hand grac'd.
A perfect Artist shew'd. Then sweetly play'd,
When *Tmolus*, ravisht with his musick, said,
Pan to the Viol yield thy ruder reed.
All like of what the Mountain had decreed,
But *Midas* onely; whose exclaims traduce
The Censure. *Phœbus* for this gross abuse
Transforms his ears, his folly to declare:
Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray hair:
Instable, and now apt to move. The rest
The former figure of a man possest.

Punisht

Puniſht in that offending part; who bears
Upon his skull a ſlow-pac'd Aſſes ears.
He ſtrives to cover ſuch a foul defame:
And with a red Tiara hides his ſhame.
But this his ſervant ſaw that cut his hair:
Who big with ſecrets, neither durſt declare
His Soveraigns ſeen deformity, nor yet
Could hold his peace. Who digs a ſhallow pit,
And therein ſoftly whiſpers his diſgrace:
Then turning in the earth forſook the place.
A tuft of whiſp'ring Reeds from thence there grows
Which coming to maturity, diſcloſe
The husbandman: and by ſoft South-winds blown
Repeat his words, and his Lords ears make known.
Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies
Through liquid air; and on the land which lies
On that ſide *Helles* ſtraitned ſurges ſtands:
Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.
Between *Rhœteum* and *Sygeum* ſtood
An ancient Altar, high above the flood,
Vow'd to the *Panompheean* Thunderer:
From whence he ſaw the King begin to rear
New *Troy*'s ſcarce founded walls; with what ado,
And with how great a charge they ſlowly grew.
Who, with the father of the ſwelling Main,
Indues a mortal ſhape: both entertain
Themſelves for unregarded gold to build
The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That work fulfil'd;
The King their promiſed reward denies:
And falſhood by forſwearing multiplies.
Revengeful *Neptune* his wild waves unbound;
Which all the ſhoars of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,
And made the Land a Lake: the Country Swain
His labor loſt beneath that liquid Plain.
Beſides, the daughter of the King demands:
Who chained to a Rock, expoſed ſtands
To feed a Monſter of the Sea; ſet free
By ſtrenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
The horſes of *Laomedon* enjoy;
His valors hire: who ſacks twice perjur'd *Troy*;
And gives his fellow-Soldier *Telamon*
Heſione: for *Peleus* now had won
A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
Took greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

For

For *Jupiter* had nephews more then one:
But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.
For aged *Proteus* thus fore-told the truth
To wave-wet *Thetis*: thou shalt bear a Youth,
Greater then him, from whom he took his birth,
In arms and fame. Lest any thing on earth
Should be more great then *Jove*, *Jove* shuns the bed
Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
His strong desires: who bids *Æacides*
Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.
A Bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and far-stretcht arms extends:
Which were, if deep, an harbor lockt by land;
Where shallow Seas o're-spread the yellow sand.
The solid shoar (whereon no Sea-weed grows)
Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shows.
Hard by, a Mirtle grove affords a shade:
In this, a Cave; rather, though doubtful, made
By Art then Nature: hither *Thetis* swims
On Delphins back, here laid her naked limbs.
In this the sleeping Goddess *Peleus* caught:
Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,
Attempes to force, and clasp her in his arms.
And, had she not assum'd her usual charms
In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd;
Now turns t'a fowl, yet he her flight restain'd:
Now seems a massie tree adorn'd with leaves;
Close to the bole th' enamor'd *Peleus* cleaves.
A spotted Tygress she presents at last:
When he, with terror struck, his arms unclaspt!
Who pouring wine on Seas, those Gods implores;
And with perfumes and sacrifice adores:
Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
And said; *Æacides*, enjoy her bed.
Do thou but bind her in her next surprize,
When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lies:
And though she take a thousand shapes, let none
Dismay; but hold, till she resume her own.
This *Proteus* said, and div'd to the Profound:
His latter word in his own waters drown'd.
Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* Seas
Descends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to ease,
Forsook the flood, and to her Cave repair'd.
No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd;

But forthwith varies forms; until she found
Her virgin-limbs within his fetters bound.
Then, spreading forth her arms, She sighing said,
Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid:
Appears her self; nor his imbrace repel'd;
Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* swell'd.
Happy was *Peleus* in his son and wife:
And had not *Phocus* murder soil'd his life,
All fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
Thee *Thracia* harbors, from thy home exil'd.
Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigor, reign'd;
The son of *Lucifer*; whose looks retain'd
His fathers luster: then disconsolate,
Nor like himself for his lost brothers fate.
Hither, with travel tir'd, and clog'd with cares,
The banisht with a slender train repairs:
His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,
Left in a shady vale not far from thence.
Conducted to his royal presence, He
With Olive brancht, down bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: the murder masks
With forged cause of flight: a dwelling asks
In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies:
Our hospitable bounty open lies
To men of vulgar rank: what ows it then
To your high spirit, so renown'd by men
Of monumental praise? Whose blood extracts
His sourse from *Jove*, improved by your acts?
To sue, is times abuse: your worth assures
Your full desires; of all, the choice is yours:
I wish it better. And then wept. The cause
Jove's Nephew asks: when, after a short pause;
Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rapt,
To all a terror, ever had that shape.
He was a man; as constant in his mind
As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dedalion nam'd; sprung from that Star which wak
The dewy Morn; the last that heaven forsakes.
Affected peace I foster'd, with the rites
Of nuptial joys: he joy'd in bloody fights.
His valor Kingdoms with their Kings subdu'd;
By whom the *Thisbian* Doves are now pursu'd,
His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew
A thousand suters, ripe for marriage grew,

By fortune *Phœbus* and the ſon of *Maï*,
From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way:
Here meeting, look, and like. The God of Light
Deſers his joy-imbracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brooks delay: who on her laid
His drowzy rod, and forc'd the ſleepy Maid.
Night ſpangs the skies with ſtars. An old-wives ſhape
Apollo took, and ſeconds *Hermes* rape.
Now when the fulneſs of her time drew nigh,
Autolichus was born to *Mercury*.
Nor from the Sire the Son degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wily in all ſleights:
Who could with ſubtilty deceive the ſight;
Converting white to black, and black to white.
To *Phœbus* (for ſhe bears two ſons) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harp, and ſongs.
What is't t'have had two ſons? two Gods t' inflame
A valiant father? *Jupiter* the ſame?
Is glory fatal? ſure 'twas ſo to Her:
Who to *Diana*'s durſt her face confer,
And blame her beauty. With a cruel look,
She ſaid; Our deeds ſhall right us. Forthwith took
Her bow, and bent it; which ſhe ſtrongly drew;
And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.
It bleeds; of ſpeech and ſound at once bereft:
And life, with blood, her falling body left.
What grief (O Piety!) oppreſt my heart!
What ſaid I not, t' aſſwage my brothers ſmart!
Who hears me ſo, as rocks the roaring waves
That beat their brows; and for his Daughter raves.
But when he ſaw her burn, four times aſſail'd
To ſack the flamy Pile: as often fail'd.
Then turns his heels to flight (much like a Bull
By Hornets ſtung) whom ſcratching brambles pull:
Yet ſeem'd to run far faſter then a man,
As if his feet had wings; and all out-ran.
Who ſwift in chaſe of wiſhed death, aſcends
Parnaſſus top. As he his body bends
To jump from down-right cliffs, compaſſionate
Apollo, with light wings, prevents his fate:
With beak and tallons arm'd; with ſtrength repleat
Above his ſize: his courage ſtill as great.
This Falcon, friend to none, all fowl purſu'th:
And grieving, is the cauſe of common ruth.

As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
Phocean Anetor ruſheth through the gates;
(Who kept the Herd) and cry'd (half out of breath)
Pelews, I bring thee news of loſs and death,
Report, ſaid *Pelews*, we are bent to bear
The worſt of fortunes. While the King with fear
Hangs on his tongue. He panting, ſtill afear'd:
To winding ſhoars we drave the weary Herd,
When *Phœbus* from the heighth of all the ſky,
The Eaſt and Weſt beheld with equal eye.
A part on yellow ſands their limbs diſplay,
And from their Reſt the wavy fields ſurvey:
While other ſlowly wander here and there:
Some ſwim in Seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.
A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Parean* ſtone,
Of blocks adjoins; within a grove o're-grown,
This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:
By Sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, ſo told,
Near it, a Mariſh, thick with Sallow, ſtood;
Made plaſhy by the interchanging flood.
A Wolf, a monſtrous beaſt; with hideous noiſe
That frights the confines, from thoſe thickets flies.
His lightning jaws with blood and foam beſmear'd
In whoſe red eyes two darting flames appear'd,
Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
More greedy far: nor hunger ſeeks t' aſſwage
With blood of beeves, and ſo ſurceaſe; but all
He meets with, wounds; inſulting in their fall.
Nor few of us, while we his force withſtood,
Fell by his cruel phangs. The ſhoar with blood,
With blood the Sea-brim bluſht, and bellowing lake
Delay is loſs; who doubts, himſelf forſakes.
Arm, arm, while ſomething yet is left to loſe:
And joining force, this mortal plague oppoſe.
The Herdſman ends. Nor did this loſs incenſe
Æacides; remembring his offence:
Born, as the juſtice of ſad *Pſamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obſequie.
The King commands his men to arm: provides
To go in perſon. Buſie rumor guides
This to *Alcyone*: her paſſion bare
Her ſwiftly thither; running with her hair
Half uncompos'd: and, that diſordering, clung
About his neck: then weeps; and with a tongue

That ſcarce could ſpeak, intreats, that they alone
Might go; nor hazard both their lives in one.
To whom *Æacides*: Fair Queen forbear
(Too much your bounty flows) your virtuous fear.
No force avails in ſuch extreams as theſe:
'Tis pray'r that muſt the Sea-thron'd Power appeaſe.
A lofty tower within a fortreſs ſtood;
A friend to wandring ſhips that plow the flood;
They this aſcend; and ſighing, ſee the ſhoar
With cattel ſtrew'd; the Spoiler drencht in gore.
Here *Peleus* fixt on Seas, with knees that bend,
Blue *Pſamathe* implores, at length to end
The juſtice of her wrath. She from his ſpeech
Diverts her ears: till *Thetis* did beſeech,
And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could
The ſalvage Wolf from thirſt of blood withhold;
Till ſhe the beaſt, as he an heifer ſlew,
Transform'd to Marble; differing but in hue:
All elſe intire. The color of the ſtone
Shews him no Wolf: now terrible to none.
Yet fate would not permit *Æacides*
To harbor here; nor found in exile eaſe;
Till at *Magneſia*, in an happy time
Acaſtus purg'd him from his bloody crime.
Mean-while perplext with former prodigies,
Both of his neece and brother; to adviſe
With ſacred Oracles, the joys of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,
With his *Phlegyan* hoſt, alike prophane,
The paſſage ſtopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.
Yet firſt to thee his ſecret purpoſe told,
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
Shot through her bones: her changing face appears
As pale as box, bedewed with her tears.
Thrice ſtrove to ſpeak, thrice weeps through dear
Sobs interrupting her divine complaint (conſtraint:
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?
Where is that love that late ſo clearly ſhin'd?
Canſt thou thy ſelf enjoy, from me remov'd?
Do long ways pleaſe? is now my abſence lov'd?
Yet didſt thou go by land, I ſhould alone
Grieve without fear: now both combine in one.
Seas fright me with their tragical aſpect:
Of late I ſaw them on the ſhoar eject

Ther ſcattered wracks: and often have I read
Sad names on ſepulchers that want their dead.
Nor let falſe hopes thy confidency pleaſe;
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
The ſtrugling winds in rocky caverns keeps:
And at his pleaſure calms the raging Deeps.
They, once broke looſe, ſubmit to no command;
But rage through all the Sea, on all the land;
Perplex the clouds, with ſtern encounters roar,
And ſtrike forth flames. I fear, by knowledg, more,
Theſe knew I, and oft ſaw their rude comport;
While yet a Girl, within my fathers Court:
But if my prayers no favor can procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too ſure;
Take me along: let both one fortune bear;
Then ſhall I onely what I ſuffer fear.
Together ſail we on the toiling Main:
And equally what'ever hap ſuſtain.
Thus ſpake *Alcyone*: whoſe ſorrows melt
Her ſtar-like Spouſe; nor he leſs paſſion felt,
Yet neither would his firſt intent forſake,
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much ſaid he to aſſwage her troubled breſt:
As much in vain. This adds unto the reſt,
(Which anſwer onely could her paſſion tame)
All ſtay is irkſom; by my fathers Flame,
I ſwear, if Fate permit, return I will
E're twice the Moon her ſhining Creſcents fill.
Reviv'd with promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay:
He bids them lanch the ſhip without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renews her fears;
Preſaging ill ſucceſs: abortive tears
Flow from their ſprings; then kiſt: a ſad farewell,
Long firſt, at length ſhe takes; and ſwooning, fell.
The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
Reduce their oars, up-riſing from their Banks
With equal ſtrokes. She rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her husband on the Poop eſpies
Shaking his hand: that, anſwers. Now from ſhoar
The veſſel drives, and thence her object bore.
Her following eyes the flying ſhip purſue:
That loſt, the ſails her eager gazes drew.
When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
And on the empty bed her body throws.

The

The bed and place, with tears to mind recal
That abſent part, which gave eſteem to all.
Now far from Port; the winds began to blow
On quivering ſhrouds; their Oars the Sailers ſtow:
Then hoiſe their Yards a trip, and all their ſails
At once let fall to catch th' approaching gales.
The ſhip ſcarce half her courſe, or ſure no more,
By this had run; far off from either ſhoar:
When, deep in night, fierce *Eurus* ſtiffly blew,
And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamy grew.
Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſail, let the Main-ſhear fly,
And furl your Sails, the Maſter cry'd; his cry
The bluſtring winds and roaring Seas ſuppreſs.
Yet of their own accord in this diſtreſs
They ply their tasks: ſome fieling yards beſtride
And take-in Sails; ſome ſtop on either ſide
The yawning leaks; ſome Seas on Seas eject.
While thus Diſorder toils to ſmall effect,
The bitter ſtorm augments; the wild winds wage
War from all parts, and join with *Neptunes* rage.
The Maſter, loſt in terror, neither knew
The ſtate of things, what to command, or do;
Confeſſing ignorance; ſo huge a maſs
Of ills oppreſs! which ſlighted Art ſurpaſs.
Loud cries of men reſound; with ratling ſhrouds,
Floods juſtling floods, and thunder-craſhing clouds.
Now toſſing Seas appear to touch the ſky,
And wrap their curls in clouds, frothe with their ſpry:
The ſand now from the bottom lave, and take
Their ſwarter dye; now black, as *Stygian* lake;
Sometimes depreſt, with hiſſing foam all white,
The *Trachin* ſhip ſuch horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountain rockt with flaws,
Views under-vales, and *Acherons* dark jaws:
Now head-long with the tumbling billows fell;
And Heaven ſurveys from that low depth of Hell:
Her wave-beat ſides an hideous noiſe report:
As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort.
As chafed Lions, whom no terrors fright,
Ruſh on extended ſteel with horrid might:
So Seas invade with ſtorm-imbatled power
The ſhips defence; and o're her hatches tower,
Her yielding planks now ſpring: ſtern *Neptune* raves,
Charging her breaches with his deadly waves.

The prodigal clouds in ſhowers their ſubſtance ſpend;
Ambitious ſeas to gloomy heaven aſcend;
All heaven deſcending to the lofty Main:
At leaſt ſo ſeem. Sails ſuck the falling rain;
Show'rs join with floods. No friendly ſtar now ſhone:
Blind Night in darkneſs, tempeſts, and her own
Dread terrors loſt: theſe horrid lightning turns
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burns.
Now vaulting floods her upper deck oppreſt,
And as a Soldier, braver then the reſt,
Tempting to ſcale the walls with loſs aſſays,
At length enjoys his hopes; and ſpur'd with praiſe,
Among a thouſand onely ſtands the ſhock:
So, while aſſailing waves the veſſel rock,
The tenth bold billow ruſheth in, nor ſhrinks
Until the ſhip beneath his fury ſinks.
Thoſe Seas, without, the laboring Bark aſſail:
Theſe ſack her hold. All tremble and look pale;
As at a ſiege, when foes enforce a wall;
While ſome within to execution fall.
Art fails, hearts ſink: on every riſing wave
Death ſits in triumph, and preſents a grave.
He weeps; he ſtands amaz'd; he calls them bleſt,
Whom funerals grace: he vows to heaven addreſt,
Looking at what he ſees not, and beſought
The Gods in vain: he on his parents thought,
His children, houſe, and what he left behind.
Alcyone poſſeſt all *Ceyx* mind;
Her onely names: now in her abſence joy'd,
Whoſe preſence was in heaven: and had imploy'd
His eyes laſt duty, to deſcry the way
To her abode, but knew not where it lay.
The giddy Seas ſo whirl, ſuch pitchy clouds
Obſcure the ſky, Night, two-fold darkneſs ſhrouds.
Loud-howling whirlwinds over-board now bore
The ſhivered Maſt; and now the Rudder tore.
A billow, with theſe ſpoils encourag'd, raves;
Who Victor-like contemns the under-waves:
Nor lighter falls, then if ſome God had torn
Pindus and *Athos* from their roots, up-born
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.
Nor could the ſhip ſuch force and weight ſuſtain;
But to the bottom ſinks. Moſt of her men
The Seas infold; who never ſeen again,

Accompliſhed

Accompliſhed their fates: while other ſwim
On ſcattered planks, a plank upholding Him
Who late a Scepter held. His father-in-law,
And father, now invokes: but could not draw
(Alas!) from either ſuccor. Still his wife
Runs in his thoughts, in that ſhort ſpan of life
He wiſht the waves would caſt him on the ſands
Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.
Who ſwimming, ſighs *Alcyone* her name
His laſt of ſpeech: in Seas conceives the ſame.
Behold, an arch of waters, black as hell,
Aſunder breaks: the breaking ſurges quell
Their ſinking Burden. *Lucifer* that night
Became obſcure; nor could you ſee his light.
And ſince he might not render up his place,
With pitchy clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Mean-while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown)
Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on
A garment for her Lord; another makes
To wear her ſelf: whoſe flattering hope miſtakes
In his return. Who holy fumes preſents
To all the Gods; but moſt of all frequents
The Fane of *Juno*: at her altars pray'd
For him that was not. Grant ſucceſs! (ſhe ſaid)
A quick return! Give he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the laſt ſucceeds alone.
The melting Goddeſs could no longer brook
Her death-croſt prayers; but from her altar ſhook
Her tainted hand; and thus to *Itis* ſpake:
Haſt faithful Meſſenger, thy journey take
To drowzy *Sleeps* dim palace: bid him ſend
A dream, that may preſent the woful end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This ſaid;
She, in a thouſand-colored robe aray'd,
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends:
And in a cloud to his abode deſcends.
Near the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in ſteep
And hollow hills; the Manſion of dull *Sleep*:
Not ſeen by *Phœbus* when he mounts the skies,
At height, nor ſtooping: gloomy miſts ariſe
From humid earth, which ſtill a twilight make:
No creſted fowls ſhrill crowings here awake
The chearful Morn: no barking Sentinel
Here guards; nor geeſe, who wakeful dogs excel,

Beasts tame, nor salvage; no wind-shaken boughs,
Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noises rouze
Secured Ease. Yet from the Rock a Spring,
With streams of *Lethe* softly murmuring,
Purls on the Pebbles, and invites Repose.
Before the Entry pregnant Poppy grows,
With numerous Simples; from whose juicy birth
Night gathers sleep, and sheds it on the Earth.
No doors here on their creeking hinges jarr'd:
Through-out this Court there was no door, nor guard.
Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed
High-mounted stands, with sable coverings spred,
Here lay the lazy God, dissolv'd in rest.
Fantastick dreams, who various storms expreſt,
About him lay: then Autumn's ear far more;
Or leaves of trees, or sands on *Neptunes* shoar.
The Virgin entring, parts the obvious Dreams:
And fills the sacred Concave with the beams
Of her bright robe. The God with strife disjoins
His sieled lids; again his head declines,
And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon
Sleep casts off sleep; and softly leaning on
His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:
Thou Rest of things, most meek of all the Gods;
O *Sleep*, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes
Care ever flies; restoring the decay
Of toil-tir'd limbs to labor-burd'ning Day:
Send thou a Dream, resembling truth, in post
T' *Herculean Trachis*; that like *Ceyx* Ghost,
May to *Alcyone* his wrack unfold,
Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of Sleep
Resist no longer. When she found it creep
Upon her yielding senses, thence she flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
The Sire among a thousand sons, excites
Shape-feigning *Morpheus*: of whose brother Sprights
None (bid t'assume) with subtler cunning can
Usurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,
His habit, and known phrase. He onely takes
An humane form: Another shews a Snakes,
A Birds, a Beasts. This *Icelos* they call,
Whom heaven imbow'r; though *Phobetor* by all

Of

Of mortal birth. Next *Phantasus*; but he,
Of different faculty indues a tree,
Earth, water, stone, the several shapes of things
That life enjoy not. These appear to Kings;
And Princes in deep night: the rest among
The vulgar stray. Of all the airy throng
Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose
To act *Thaumantia*'s charge. His eyes then close
Their drowzy lids, and hanging down his head,
Oppress with slumber, shrinks into his bed.
His noiseless wings by night he flie *Morpheus* strains;
And with the swiftness of a thought, attains
Th' *Æmonian* towers; then laid them by, and took
The form of *Ceyx*. With a pallid look
He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,
Before the bed of his unhappy wife:
His beard all wet, the hair upon his head
With water drope; who leaning on her bed,
Thus spake; while tears from seeming passion flow.
Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
Or am I chang'd in death? look on the Lost:
And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.
Thy pious prayers no favor could obtain:
Lo, I am drown'd, no longer hope in vain.
Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Ægeum* caught
Our ravisht ship, and wrackt her with her fraught.
My voice the floods oppress, while on thy name
I vainly call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
Nor doubtful author tells: this I relate,
I, that there perisht by untimely fate.
Arise, weep, put on black; not undeplor'd
For pity send me to the *Stygian* Ford.
To this he adds a voice, such as she knew
Expresst her Lords; with tears appearing true,
And gesture of his hand. She sigh'd and wept;
Stretcht out her arms t' imbrace him as she slept,
But claspt the empty air. Then cry'd, O stay!
Ah, whither wilt thou! Let us go one way.
Wak'd with his voice, and husbands ghost; with fear
She looks about for that which was not there.
For now the maids, rais'd with her shrieks, had brought
A taper in. Not finding what she sought,
She strikes her cheeks, her nightly linen tare,
Invades her breast; nor stays t' unbind her hair,

But

But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cause demands
Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the passion of her grief reply'd:
There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! she dy'd:
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see
My shipwrack'r Lord: I knew him; and my hands
Thrust forth t' have held him, but no mortal bands
Could force his stay. A Ghost; yet manifest:
My husbands Ghost: which, O but ill expresst
His form and beauty, late divinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet dropping hair.
Here stood the miserable; in this place:
Here, here (and sought his airy steps to trace.)
O this my sad mis-giving soul divin'd;
When thou forsook'st me to pursue the wind.
But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to Sea: an happy fate for me!
Then both together all the time assign'd
For life had liv'd; nor in our death disjoin'd.
Now here, I perisht there: on that Profound
Poor I, was wrack't: yet thou without me drown'd.
O I, then floods more cruel; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive!
Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer.
Though one Urn hold not both, one sepulcher
Shall join our titles: though thy bones from mine
The Seas dissever, yet our names shall join.
Grief chok'd the rest. Sobs every accent part:
And sighs ascend from her astonisht heart.
Day springs: She to the shoar addrest her hast,
Even to that place from whence she saw him last.
And while she sadly utters, here he stay'd;
Here parting kist me; from thence anchor waigh'd;
While she such sighs reveals; her steady eyes
Fixt on a Sea, far off she something spies;
But knows not what: yet like a corse. First she
Doth doubt: driven nearer (though not near) might see
A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much
The Omen mov'd her, since his fate was such.
Poor wretch, who e're thou art; and such (she said)
Thy wife (if wed) by thee a widow made!
By floods driven nearer; the more near, the more
Her spirits faint: now nigh th' adjoining shoar.

She

She sees now what she knows; her husbands Corse.
Woe's me! 'tis He, she cries! at once doth force.
Her face, hair, habit: trembling hands extends
To soul-less *Ceyx* and then said: Here ends
My last of hopes: thus, O then life more dear;
O Husband, thus return'st thou! Art a Peer;
Had stretcht into the surges; which with-stood,
And brake the first incursion of the flood.
Thither forth-with (O wonderful!) she springs;
Beating the passive air with new-grown wings,
Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes
About she flies, and full of sorrow, makes
A mournful noise; lamenting her divorce:
Anon she toucht his dumb and bloodless Corse;
With stretching wings imbrac't her perisht bliss;
And gave his colder lips a heatless kiss.
Whether he felt it, or the floods his look
Uprais'd, the vulgar doubt: yet sure he took
Sense from her touch. The Gods commiserate:
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As late, they love: their nuptial faiths they shew,
Now little birds; engender, parents grew,
Seven winter dayes with peaceful calms posset,
Alcyon sits upon her floating nest.
Then safely sail; then *Æolis* incaves
For his, the windes, and smooths the slooping waves.
Some old man seeing these their pinions move
O'r broad-spread Seas, extolls their endless love.
By theirs, a neighbor, or himself, revives
An others fate. Yon' sable fowl that dives;
(And therewith shews the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
Of royal parentage may also vant.
Whose ancestors from *Tros* their branches spred;
Ilus, *Assaracus*, *Javes Ganimed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the last
That raign'd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who surpast
In fortitude) a brother. If by power
Of Fate unchanged in his youths first flower,
He might perhaps as great a name have won,
Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters son.
For *Alcithoe*, a countrey Maid,
Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
He, hating Cities, and the discontents
Of glittering Courts; the lonely woods frequents.

And

And unambitious fields; but made repair
To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonair,
Nor unexpugnable to love. Who ſpide
Eperia, oft deſir'd, *Cebren's* ſide
(Her fathers river) drying in the Sun
Her flowing hair. Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a frighted Hind the Wolf at hand;
Or like a fearful fowl thruſt over-land
Beneath a Falcon. He purſues the chace:
Fear wings her feet, and love enforc't his pace,
Behold; a lurking Viper in this ſtriſe,
Seiz'd on her heel; ſuppreſſing flight with life,
Frantick, his trembling arms the dead include:
Who cry'd, Alaſs that ever I purſu'd!
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
Worth ſuch a loſs. Ay me! two, one deſtroy.
Thy wound the Serpent, I th' occaſion gave:
I, O more wicked: yet thy death ſhall have
My life for ſatisfaction. There-with flung
His body from a cliff which over-hung
The undermining Seas. His falling limbs
Upheld by *Tethys* pity; as he ſwims
With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives.
To be compel'd, to live the Lover grieves;
Diſdaining that his ſoul, ſo well appaid
To leave her wretched ſeat, ſhould thus be ſtaid.
And mounting on new wings, again on Seas
His body throws: the fall his feathers eaſe.
With that, enrag'd, into the deep he dives:
And ſtill to drown himſelf as vainly ſtrives.
Love makes him lean. A long neck doth ſuſtain
His ſable head; long-joynted legs remain.
Nor ever the affected Seas forſakes:
And now a ſuted name from diving takes.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Twelfth BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Snake-like Stone. Cycnus *a Swan;*
Cænus *the Maid, now* Cænus *and a Man*
Becomes a Fowl. Neleius *varies shapes:*
At last an Eagle, now Aleides *scapes.*

OLd *Priam* mourns for *Æsacus*, nor knew
That he surviv'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with tears,
Pay to the tomb which his inscription bears.
But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,
Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to *Troy*.
A thousand ships, in one confederate,
Pursue his stealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd revenge so long had been delaid,
If wrathful seas had not their passage staid:
At fishy *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,
Their wind-bound Navy in expectance lay.
Here (as of old) to *Jove* they sacrifice.
While from the antique altar flames arise,
A blew-scal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Ascends a tree, which near the Altar grew.
A Nest there was upon an upper bough,
With twice four Birds: these, and their Dam (which
Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake (now
At length devour'd. This all with wonder strake.

Whe-

When *Chalchas* cry'd (who could the truth divine)
Rejoyce, *Pelasgians*, 'tis a happy sign!
Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toyl and care,
These thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare
She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,
Became a stone, that held a Serpents shape.
Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raves,
Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves
Would *Troy* preserve, and save the walls he made.
Thestorides dissents, who knew and said,
A Virgins blood must *Dian*' reconcile.
Now did the publick cause the private foil.
A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood
Before the Altar to resign her blood.
The Priest then wept, so pity did subdue
The Goddess, who a cloud about her threw,
And while they prosecute her Rites, and prai'd
Produc't a Hinde to represent A Maid.
When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage,
Her fury and the Seas, at once asswage.
A forewinde then their thousand Vessels bore;
Who, suffering much, attain the *Phrygian* shore.
Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,
A place there is, the confines to all these.
Where all that's done, though far remov'd appear,
And every whisper penetrates the ear.
The House of *Fame*, who in the highest tower
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bower
Innumerable ways conduct, no way
Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day.
All built of ringing brass, through-out resounds,
Things heard reports, and every word rebounds,
No rest within, no silence, yet the noise
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.
Such as from far by rowling billows sent,
Or as *Joves* fainting thunder almost spent.
Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,
Millions of Rumors wander too and fro,
Lyes mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
Of these, with news unknowing ears some fill;
Some carry tales, all in the telling grows,
And every Author adds to what he knows.
Here dwels rash Error, light Credulity,
Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

New

New ras'd Sedition, secret Whisperings
Of unknown Authors, and of doubtful things.
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame surviews:
And through the ample world inquires of news.
She notice gave, how with a dreadful hoast
The *Grecian* Navy steered for their coast.
Nor unexpected came: the *Trojans* bend.
Their powers t'encounter, and their shores defend.
First thou thy life, *Protesilaus*, lost
By *Hectos* fatal lance; the battle cost
The *Greeks* much noble blood: so clearly shone
Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet unknown.
Nor no small streams of blood their valours drew
From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do,
And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* stain:
Now *Neptunes Cycnus* had a thousand slain,
Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* slew;
And with his lance whole squadrons overthrew:
Seeking for *Cycnus*, or for *Hector*, round
About the field; at length brave *Cycnus* found:
(For *Jove* nine years great *Hectors* life sustains.)
Cheering his horses with the flaxen mains,
His thundring charriot drives against his foe,
And shakes his trembling lance: about to throw;
O youth, he said, what ere thou art, rejoyce:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
His spear pursues: the steel no wound impresst, (brest,
Though strongly thrown. When, bounding from his
He said, Thou Goddess-born, Fame bruits thee such;
Why wondrest thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
This helm with horse-hair decke, this shield I bear,
Defend not me: for fashion these I wear.
So *Mars* his person arms. Should I display
My naked breast, thy force could finde no way.
The grace to be *Nereis* son is small.
I his, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw
His lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through
Nine Ox-hides rusht: the tenth did it restrain.
The Heroe caught it, and retorts again
The singing steel; again it gave no wound.
The third assay no better entrance found,
Though *Cycnus* bar'd his bosom to the blow.
He rages like a Bull in Circian shew;

Whose

Whose dreadful horns the skarlet, which provoke;
His fury, toss with still deluded strokes.
Then searches if the head were off: that on;
What, is my hand, said he, so feeble grown?
On one is all my vigor spent? my power
Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrnessus* tower:
When *Tenedos Eetian Thebes*, were fild
With blood of theirs, by my encounters spild.
The red *Caycus* slaughtred natives dyde:
Twice *Telephus* my javelin powerful tryde.
Behold these heaps of bodies! these I slew:
Much could my hand have done! as much can do.
This said, his former deeds almost suspects,
And at *Menetes* breast his aim directs.
(A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithless curass pierc't his heart:
Whose dying body struck the groaning ground.
Snatching the weapon from the reeking wound;
This hand, he said, this now victorious lance
Shall urge thy fate: assist me equal chance!
With that, th'unerring dart at *Cycnus* flung,
Th'unevitated on his shoulder rung;
Which like a Rock the Lance repeld again:
Yet where it hit, it left a purple stain;
By vainly glad *Æacides* descry'd:
He woundless: this *Menetes* blood had dy'd.
Then roaring, from his chariot leaps; and made
A horrid on-set with his flaming blade:
Who breaches in his Helm and shield beheld;
Yet he secure: his skin the steel repeld.
Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's
Hard front invades with thick redoubled blows:
Prest on as he gave back, pursues, insists;
Nor lets the astonisht breathe. He faints; blew mists
Swim over his dim eyes: whose backward steps
A Stone with-stood, On whom *Achilles* leaps
With all his strength, and *Cycnus* up-ward cast
On sounding earth: there held the Heroe fast.
Then sets his shield and knees upon his brest;
And, drawing hard his helmet-strings, oppresst
His grasping jaws: the breathing path and way
Of life shuts up. About t'unarm his prey,
The body mist. To a Fowl as white as snow
By *Neptune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.

This

This toil, this fight gave many days of reſt:
And either part from deeds of arms ſurceaſt.
While on their walls the watchful *Phrygians* ward,
And while the watchful *Greeks* their trenches guard,
A feaſt was kept: wherein *Æacides*,
For *Cycnus* death with heifers blood did pleaſe
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid
On burning altars, to the Gods convaid
An acceptable ſmell: a part addreſt
To ſacred uſe; the board receiv'd the reſt.
Down lay the Heroes, fed on roaſted fleſh,
And generous wines their cares and thirſt refreſh.
Nor muſick now, nor ſongs their ears delight;
But in diſcourſe conſume the ſhortned night.
The ſubject, Valour: of the valour ſhown
By their couragious foes, and of their own.
Promiſcuouſly of paſſed dangers tell,
And former enterprizes. What ſo well
Could great *Achilles* ſpeak of? or what were
A fitter theam for great *Achilles* ear?
Then ſpake he of his conqueſt, in the fall
Of noble *Cycnus*: wondred at by all,
That weapons had no power to penetrate
His woundleſs body, which could ſteel rebate.
This the *Pelaſgans*, this *Æacides*
Himſelf admires. When *Neſtor* ſaid to theſe:
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned ſteel, and could be hurt by none.
I ſaw *Perrhæbian Cæneus* once indure
A thouſand ſtrokes; yet he from wounds ſecure.
Perrhæbian Cæneus, excellent in deeds,
On *Othrys* dwelt: and what belief exceeds,
A woman born. This prodigy begets
Their greater wonder. Every one entreats
Achilles thus: Divinely eloquent;
O thou the wiſdom of our age; conſent
To our deſires; for all deſires the ſame:
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;
In what contention, or what battel known;
By whom, if ſo by any, overthrown.
Then He: Though age impair my memory,
And much beheld in youth my knowledge ſlye,
I much remember: yet, of all that are
Among ſo many acts of peace and war,

None deeper is imprinted in my brain.
And if the length of time not spent in vain
Can many accidents to knowledge give;
Two ages Ages finisht in the third I live.
Not all the Virgins that *Thessalia* bare,
With *Elatcian Cænis* could compare,
For beauty. From the Cities bordering,
And those, *Æacides*, which call thee King
(For she her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
A world of lovers her affection sought.
And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that already to thy mother wed,
Or el'e assur'd, *Cænis* still forbore
All nuptial ties, As on the secret shore
She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent
Enforc't to Rape: for so the rumor went.
Rapt with the joy of loves first tasted fruit;
All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sute;
Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.
My wrong, said *Cænis*, makes my wishes bold:
That never like inforcement may befall,
Be I no woman; and thou giv'st me all.
Her latter words a deeper voice expres,
Much like a mans: for now it prov'd no less.
The Sea-god had assented to her will:
And further adds, that steel should neither kill
Nor wound his person. Yong *Atracides*
Departs; rejoycing in such gifts as these:
Who great in every manly vertue grows;
And haunts the fields through which *Penæus* flowes.
The son of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the salvage Centaures, bred
Of clasped Clouds, his invitation grac't;
In shady bowers at sundry tables plac't.
There were th' *Æmonian* Princes; there was I:
The Palace rung with our confused joy.
They *Hymen* sing; the Altars fume with flames:
Forth came th'admired Bride with troops of Dames.
We call *Peribœa* happy in his choice:
But scarce maintain the Omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more heady then the rest,
Foul rapine harbours in his salvage brest;
Incenst by beauty, and the heat of wine:
Lust and Ebriety in out-rage joyn.

Straight

Straight, turn'd-up boords the feast prophane; the fair
And tender spouse now haled by the hair.
Fierce *Eurytus Hyppodame*; all took,
Their choice, or whom they could: sackt Cities look
With such a face, The women shreek; we rise.
When *Theseus* first; O *Eurytus*, unwise!
Dar'st thou offend *Peritbous* as long
As *Theseus* lives? in one to suffer wrong
The great-sould *Heroe*, not to boast in vain,
Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce disdain
The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be justifi'd by words:
But with his fists the brave redeemer prest;
Assails his face, and strikes his generous brest.
Nor far off stood an antique Goblet, wrought
With high-rais'd figures: this *Ægides* caught;
Hurld at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood
Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted blood,
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.
The Centaures, frantick for their brothers death,
Arm, arm, resound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage gives. At first an uncouth flight
Of Flagons, Pots, and Boles, began to fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broyls.
First, *Amycus*, *Ophions* issue, spoils
The sacred places of their gifts; who ramps
Tears down a brazen Cresset stuck with Lamps:
This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
The Sacrificer strikes; which crusht the skull
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
His face unknown; confusion form bereft.
Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt
His shiver'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.
Pelæan Peladæs, a tressel tore
That propt the boord, and seld him to the flore.
He knocks his chin against his breast, and spude
Blood mixt with teeth. A second blow pursude
The first; and sent his vexed soul to hell.
Next, *Grynens* stood; his looks with vengeance swell:
Serves this, said he, for nothing? therewith rais'd
A loft a mighty altar: as it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burden threw;
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* slew.

Orions

Orions mother *Myeale*, with fear
Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her sphear.
Exadius cry'd: Nor shalt thou so depart
Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
The Antlers from a Pine he puls; they fix
Their forks in *Gyneus* darkned eyes: one sticks
Upon the horn, the other in thick gore
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhœtus* bore,
Snatcht from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head
Crackt through the skull, with yellow-tresses spred,
The rapid flame his blazing curls surround,
Like corn on fire; blood broyling in his wound
Horribly hisses: as red Steel that gloes
With fervent blasts, which pliant tongues dispose
To quenching cool-troughs, sputters, strives, consumes
And hissing under heated water, fumes.
The wounded from his singed tresses shakes
The greedy flame; and on his shoulders takes
A stone torn from the threshold, which alone
Would load a Wain, at distant *Rhœtus* thrown.
This, falling short, *Cometes* life invades:
And sent his friend to everlasting shades.
When *Rhœtus*, laughing may you all abound
In strenghth so try'd; and aggravates his wound
By blows redoubled, with his burning brand,
Crusht bones now sink in brains. Then turns his hand;
On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:
Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely slew.
What glory can the slaughter of a Boy
Afford, *Avagrus* said? nor more could say:
For *Rhœtus* e're his jaws together came,
Hid in his throat and brest the choking flame.
Then whisks the brand about his brows: assails
The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails:
For through his shoulder, who hath triumpht long
In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.
Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:
And soil'd with blood, now saves himself by flight,
So *Lycodas Arnæus*, *Medon* (red
With his own blood) *Prisoner*, *Caumus*, fled:
Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late swift of pace;
Menelaus, *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace
The Bore; and *Assyles*, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainly bad his friends that war eschue;

And

And ſaid to frighted *Neſſus*, Fly not ſo;
Thou art reſerv'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,
Areus, nor *Imbreus*, unſlaughtred paſs:
All ſlain by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Caneus* too,
Though turn'd about to fly, a forewound-ſlue:
For looking back; the point between his ſights,
There, where the noſe joyns with the forehead, lights.
Unwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Diſſolv'd in death-like ſleep, *Aphidus* lay
Upon a Bears rough hide on *Oſſa* kild:
Whoſe lazy hand a mixed goblet held.
Phorbas far off the vainly hurtleſs ſpy'd:
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,
Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.
This ſaid, at ſlumber-bound *Aphidus* threw
His trembling dart: the ſteeled aſh made way
Through's naked neck, as he ſupinely lay.
Death was unfelt: his full throat voids a flood:
The hide and goblet, drown'd and fild with blood.
I ſaw *Petræus* tearing from the ground
A well grown Oak: while he imbrac't it round
With his ſtrong arms, now, this, now that way hal'd,
Perithous to the bole his boſom nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Perithous*: valour fell:
Perithous valour *Chromis* ſunk to hell.
Theſe leſs the glory of his acts elate
Then *Aclops* death, and *Dictys* ſtranger fate.
His eager javelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right ear ruſhed through the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountain ſlides,
As he *Ixions* furious ſon avoids,
And head-long fell: his weight aſunder brake
A mighty Aſh, the ſtumps his entrails ſtake,
In ruſht revengeful *Pherens* with a ſtone
Torn from a rock: his mighty elbow-bone
(About to hurl) in ſhivers *Theſius* crackt:
Nor leaſure had, or further care t'exact
His uſeleſs life. Then nimbly vaults upon
Byzas's back, before beſtir'd by none,
His knees claps to his ſides, his ſhaggy hair
His left hand hales: his eyes, that grimly ſtare
And threaten, cruſhes with his knotty Oak.
Dart fam'd *Lyceſhes*, and *Medimnus* ſtroke

To

To humble earth: ſo *Hippaſus*, whoſe beard
Reacht to his breaſt; and *Riphæus*, who appear'd
More tall then trees; with *Thereus*, who caught
Wild bears on *Othris* heretofore, and brought
Th'enraged purchaſe to his home alive.
Demoleon frets to ſee *Ægides* thrive.
With ſuch ſucceſs; and from the center ſtrives
To tear a Pine: which when he could not, rives
The yielding bole, and darts it as his foe.
Theſeus far off eſpi'd the deadly throw;
Who by *Minerva*'s counſel (for ſo he
Would have us think) with-drew: and yet the tree
Not idle fell; but *Crantors* ſhoulder, breaſt,
And throat divides; which tortur'd life releaſt
He was (*Æacides*) thy fathers Squire;
Given by ſubdude *Amyntor* to thy ſire
(*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
In hoſtage for their peace, and faith affide.
When *Peleus* ſaw that ſpectacle of ruth;
Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,
This ſacrifice, he ſaid: and ſent a dart,
With all the rigor of his hand and heart,
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that joyn
His ribs transfixt; and quaver'd in the chine.
His hands from thence the headleſs Javelin pluck,
And hardly that: the head behind it ſtuck.
Anguiſh it ſelf the heat of wrath improoves:
He rears afore, and paws him with his hooves.
Who with his ſhield and burganet defends
The ſounding ſtrokes: yet ſtill his ſword extends
And twixt his ſhoulders at one thruſt doth gore
His double breaſts. Yet had he ſlain before
Phlegæus, *Hyles*, with his lances flight,
Hipbinous and *Danis*, in cloſe fight,
Adds *Dorylas* to theſe, who wore a skull
Of Wolf-skin tan'd, the ſharp horns of a Bull,
Inſteed of other weapon, fixt before,
And dyde in crimſon with *Lapian* gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd I ſaid in ſcorn,
Behold how much our ſteel excels thy horn.
And threw my lance: not to be ſhun'd, he now
Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow,
Which both together naild. They rore: and while
Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toyl,

Th

Thy father, who was neereſt, neerer preſt:
And thruſt his ſword deep in, below his breſt.
He Bounds aloft, on th' earth his bowels trails:
Thetrailed kicks, the kickt in pieces hales;
Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighes:
So falls; and with a gutleſs belly dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave:
If ſuch a two-form'd figure beauty have.
His chin began to bud with down of gold;
And golden curls his ivory back infold:
His looks a pleaſing vigor grac't; his breſt,
Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,
Surpaſſing arts admired images.
Nor were his beſtial parts a ſhame to theſe:
Add but a horſes head and creſt, he were
For *Caſtors* uſe; his back ſo ſtrong to bear,
So largely cheſted; blacker then the crow:
His tail and feet-locks, white as falling ſnow.
A number of that nation fought his love;
Whom none but fair *Hylonome* could move:
None for attracting favor ſo excel,
Of all the half-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
Shee, by ſweet words, by loving, by confeſt
Affection, onely *Cyllarus* poſſeſt
With combs ſhe ſmoths her hair; her perſon trims
With all that could be graceful to ſuch lims,
Of roſes, roſemary, and violets,
And oft, of Lillies curious dreſſings pleats.
Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall
From *Pegaſæan* hills; twice daily all
Her body bathes in cleanſing ſtreams and ware
The skins of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,
Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſs her breſt,
Vail her left ſide. Both equal love poſſeſt:
Together on the ſhady mountains ſtray,
In woods and hollow caves together lay:
Then to the palace of the *Lapithite*
Together came; and now together fight.
A javelin from the left hand ſlung, thy breſt
O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.
Her heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)
Grew forth-with cold; and all his body pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limbs receives;
Foments his wound, cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaves,

To stay his flying soul. But when she found
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamor drown'd,
Even on that steel, which through his bosom past,
She threw her own: and him in death imbrac't.
Me thinks I see grim *Phœcomes* yet:
Who with two Lions skins, together knit,
Protect's his double form. A log he took,
Which scarce two teems could draw; this darted
The crown of *Phonolenides*; his brains (stroo
It through his battered skulls deep crannies strains;
Which from his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrils gush
Like curds through wickar squeas'd; or juyces crus
Through draining colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t'unarm, my sword his bowels shred.
Your father saw his downfall. *Chthonius* too,
And stout *Teleboas* our fawchion slew.
The first a forcked branch, the other bore
A lance; the lance this wound had given before;
Whereof you see the ancient scar. Then I,
Then should I have been sent t'have ruin'd *Troy*,
Then might I have restrain'd, if not o'rethrown
Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,
Or else a child. Now spent with age, I wain.
What speak I of two-shapt *Pyretus* slain
by *Periphas*? Thy dart without a head,
Brave *Ampycus*, four-hoov'd *Oicles* sped.
Macareus born by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupus* with a leaver knocks
To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd
Deep in *Nessens* groyn and life bereav'd.
Nor would you think *Ampycides* alone
Could fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopsus* thrown
Odites slew: this, as the Centaur rail'd,
His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his bosom nail'd.
Five *Cæneus* slew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
Ax-arm'd *Pyracmus*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.
Although forgetful by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well,
Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broyls;
Arm'd with *Emathian Alesus* spoyls:
His years, twixt youth and age; nor age impairs.
The strength of youth, though sprinkled with gr
A *Macedonian* spear, a sword, and shield, (hai
Confirm his pride: o'r-views the well-fought field.

Clas

Claſhes his arms; and trotting in a round,
Enforc'd the air with this diſdainful ſound.
Shall I indure thee *Cænis*? ſtill to me
Thou art a woman, and ſhalt *Cænis* be.
Thou haſt forgot thy births original,
And for what fact rewarded; by what fall
Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting ſhape.
Think of thy birth; think of thy eaſie rape.
Go, take a Spindle and a Diſtaff; twine
The carded wooll, and arms to Men reſign.
While thus he ſcoffs; and circularly ran;
Cæneus his ſides gores with his lance, where Man
And Horſe unite. He, mad with anguiſh, flings
His ſpear at the *Phyllian* youth, which rings
On his unwounded face; and back recoyls,
As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tyles.
Then ruſhing on, with thruſts aſſays to wound
His hardned ſides, the ſword no entrance found.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape; the edg ſhall lanch thy throat,
Although the point be duſt. This ſaid, and ſmote
At once, The blow, as if on marble, ſounds:
And from his neck the broken blade rebonds.
When he his charmed limbs had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Cæneus* ſaid:
Now will we try, if thou our ſword canſt feel.
Then 'twixt his ſhoulders thruſt the fatal ſteel
Up to the hilts; which to and fro he waves
Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.
The frighted Centaures with a horrid cry,
On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no blood:
For *Cæneus* ſtill invulnerable ſtood.
This more amaz'd, Ah, *Monychus* exclaims,
One foils us all, to all our endleſs ſhames!
He ſcarce a man! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was: ſo poor our actions be.
What boots our mighty limbs? our double force?
The ſtrongeſt of all creatures, Man and Horſe,
In us by Nature joyn'd? ſure we are not
A Goodeſs birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
Who durſt the Queen of Deities imbrace:
This half-man conquers his degenerate race.
Stons, maſſie Logs, whole Mountains on him roul;
And with a pyle of Trees cruſh out his ſoul.

Let woods oppreſs his jaws: o're-whelm with weight
In ſtead of idle wounds. Thus he: and ſtraight
An Oak up-rooted by the furious blaſts
Of frantick winds, on valiant *Cæneus* caſts.
Th' example quickly *Othris* diſ-gray'd
Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted ſhade.
Preſt with ſo huge a burden, *Cæneus* ſweats:
And to th' o're-whelming Oaks his ſhoulders ſets.
But now the load above his ſtature climbs,
And chokes the paſſage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints; then ſtruggles to advance his crown
Above the Pile, and throw the timber down:
Sometimes the burden with his motion quakes;
As when an Earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* ſhakes.
His end was doubtful: ſome there be, who tell
How with that weight his body ſunk to Hell;
Mopſus diſſents; who ſaw a fowl ariſe
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies
(The firſt I ever ſaw) which flying round
About our tents, ſent forth a mournful ſound.
This he purſuing with his Soul and ſight,
Cry'd, Hail thou Glory of the *Lapithite*:
O *Cæneus*, late a man at arms; but now
An un-matcht fowl! his witneſs all allow.
Grief whets our fury; brooking ill, that one
By ſuch a multitude ſhould be o're-thrown:
And ſorrow ſo long executes the fight,
Till half were ſlain: half ſav'd by ſpeed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debar:
Since in the repetition of that war,
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you ſo forget (he ſaid)
Alcides praiſe? my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaurs fell.
To this ſad *Neſtor* anſwer'd: Why ſhould you
Compel me to remember, and renew
My ſorrow loſt in time? or iterate
Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?
His acts tranſcend belief, his high repute
Fills all the world: which would I could refute,
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extol'd by us.
For who commends his foe? *Meſſene's* walls
He raz'd: Fair *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

Deteſt

Deteſt his fury; Cities which his hate
Had not deſerv'd with them did ruinate
Our Houſe with Sword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his ſtern out-rage fell;
Twice ſix fair-fam'd *Neleidæ* were we;
Twice ſix *Alcides* ſlew, excepting me.
Others have been ſubdu'd: but more then ſtrange
Was *Periclymen's* ſlaughter! who could change
And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gave; the root of *Neleus* race.
He, forc'd to vary forms, at length appears
Like *Jove's*-lov'd Fowl, who in her talons bears
Impetuous thunder; and in his deſcent
His face with his ſtrong beak and pounces rent.
At him his Bow, too ſure, *Alcides* drew,
As tow'ring in the lofty clouds he flew,
And ſtruck his ſide-join'd wing. The wound was ſlight;
But ſunder'd nerves could not ſuſtain his flight.
When tumbling down, his weight the arrow ſmote
In at his ſide, and thruſt it through his throat.
Now brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet;
Thinkſt thou *Alcides* praiſe a ſubject meet
For my diſcourſe? Alone with ſilence we
Revenge our ſlaughtred brothers; and love thee.
When *Neſtor* with melliſluous eloquence
Had thus much utter'd; they with ſpeech diſpenſe,
And liberal *Bacchus* quaff: then all aroſe,
And give the reſt of night to ſoft repoſe.
The God, whoſe Trident calms the Ocean,
For ſtrangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
Grieves with paternal grief. *Achilles* fate
He proſecutes with more then civil hate.
Ten years now wel-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
This unſhorn *Sminthens* his ſtern rage excites.
Of all our brothers ſons to us moſt dear;
Whoſe hands, with ours, *Troy's* walls in vain did rear:
O ſigh'ſt thou not to ſee the *Aſian* towers
So near their fall? their own, and aiding powers
By millions ſlain? the laſt of all their joy
Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labor gives
To utter ſpoil, then War more cruel, lives.
Came he within my reach, he then ſhould try,
The vengeance of my Trident: but ſince I

Cannot approach to encounter with my foe;
Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.
Delius assents: his Uncles wrath intends;
With it, his own; and in a cloud descends
To th' *Ilian* host: amid the battel seeks
For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted *Greeks*.
Then shew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou lose
Thy shafts so basely? nobler objects choose;
If thou of thine at least hast any care:
Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heir.
Then shew'd him stern *Achilles*, as he slew
The *Trojan* troops: and, while his bow he drew,
Directs the deadly shaft. This only might
Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight.
Him, who with conquest cloyd the jaws of death,
A faint adulterer deprives of breath.
If by th'effeminate to be o'r-thrown,
Then should the Pollux of the *Amazon*
Have forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* fear; the fame,
And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name,
Invincible *Æacides* now burns:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turns.
And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains
So much, as now a little Urn contains.
Yet still he lives; his glory lightens forth,
And fils the world: this answers his full worth.
This, O divine *Pelides*, soars as high
As thy great spirit, and shall never dye.
And even his arms, to instance whose they were;
Procure a war, Arms for his Arms they bear.
Ajax, *Oileus*, *Deomedes*, nor
The less *Atrides*; not in age and war
The Greater: no not any; but the Son
Of old *Laertes* and bold *Telamon*,
Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,
To shun the burden and the hate of these,
The Princes bids to sit before his tent:
And puts the strif on their arbitrement.

OVIDS

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Thirteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

THose purple flowers which Ajax *name display,*
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons *cinders rise*
Self-slaughtring Fowl: a yearly sacrifice.
What ever Anius *daughters handle proves*
Corn, Wine, or Oyl: themselves transform'd to Doves.
From honour'd Virgins ashes Sons ascend.
Th' Ambracian *Judge a Stone. Light wings defend*
Molossus *royal issue.* Scilla *grows*
A horrid Monster. Murder'd Acys *flows*
With speedy streams. The kind Nereides
For Glaucus *sue: inthron'd in sacred Seas.*

THe Princes sat; the souldier crowns the field:
Up rose the Master of the seven-fold Shield.
With wrath impatient, his stern eyes survay
Sigæum, and the Navy which there lay.
Then throwing up his hands, O *Jove*, he said;
Before the Fleet must we our title plead?
And am I rivald by *Ulysses* clame?
Who made no doubt to fly from *Hectors* flame.
This, I sustain'd; from this that Navy freed.
'Tis safer to contend in word then deed.
I cannot talk, nor can he fight: as far
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war.

Nor need I to rehearse what you have seen
In act, renowned *Greeks*: what his hath been
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by sight,
Without a witness, onely known to Night.
Great is th' affected prize, I must confess:
But such a Rival makes the value less.
For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,
(Though great) what ever he could hope to gain,
Who now in this is honor'd, that can boast
He strove with me, when he the palm hath lost.
But were my valor question'd, I might on
My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,
Who under *Hercules Troy's* bulwarks seal'd:
In *Pagasæan* kell to *Colchis* sail'd.
His father, *Æacus*; the Judg of Souls,
Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment rouls.
High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love
Got *Æacus*: I *Ajax*, third from *Jove*.
Nor let this pedigree assist my claim,
If great *Achilles* join'd not in the same.
He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus
Should'st thou, thou son of damned *Sisyphus*,
Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to
Achilles race, the right of this pursue?
Because I first assumed arms, descry'd
By no detector, are these arms deny'd?
Or rather for the last in field design'd;
Who with feign'd lunacy the war declin'd:
Till *Palamed* more politick, though more
Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,
And drew him to avoided arms? Must he
Now wear the best, who all eschew'd? and we
Unhonor'd, robbed of a Kinsmans right,
Because we at the first appear'd in sight?
And would to *Jove* he had been truly mad;
Or still so thought: nor this companion had,
This tempter to foul actions, ever seen
The *Phrygian* tow'rs. Then should'st not thou have been
O *Pæans* son, exposed by our crime
To *Lemnian* Rocks: where thou consum'st thy time
In lonely Caves obscur'd with woods, the stones
Provok'd to pity with thy daily groans,
And wisheſt him, what he deserves, thy pain,
If Gods there be, thou wisheſt not in vain.

Now

Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave
Command) to whom his ſhafts *Alcides* gave;
Broken with pain and famine, doth imploy
Thoſe arrows, that import the fate of *Troy*,
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,
In that removed from *Ulyſſes* guile.
And *Palamed* might wiſh t' have been ſo left:
Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft
Nor by our crime. He helliſhly inclin'd,
Bears his convicted madneſs in his mind;
And falſly him accus'd to have betray'd
Th' *Achaian* hoſt; confirming what he ſaid
By ſhewing ſums of gold, which in his tent
Himſelf had hid. Thus he by baniſhment
Or death, our ſtrength impairs; for this prefer'd:
So fights, ſo is *Ulyſſes* to be fear'd.
Though faithful *Neſtor*, he in eloquence,
Surpaſs; his leaving *Neſtor*, no defence
Of words can ſalve: who ſlow, through his hurt horſe;
And clog'd with age, implor'd *Ulyſſes* force
To fetch him off; who left to odds of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydides* knows
For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to ſtay
His trembling friend, reviling his diſmay.
The Gods with juſtice view our humane deeds.
Who would not late aſſiſt, aſſiſtance needs:
And now to be forſaken by the Law
Himſelf preſcrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and ſaw.
The coward quaking, pale, about to yield
His ghoſt for fear. I interpos'd my ſhield;
Beſtrid him as he lay; and from that ſtrife
Redeem'd (my leaſt of praiſe) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, rejoin we there;
Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and uſual fear;
Behind my target ſculk: then plead. This man
Who reel'd with wounds; freed, as unwounded, ran.
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Ruſht on all parts: not thou alone, the ſtrong
And beſt-reſolved ſhrink: ſo great a dread
He drew on all. Him, as he conqueſt led
Through blood and ſlaughter, with a mighty ſtone
I ſtruck to earth: Him I ſuſtain'd alone.
When he to all ſo bold a challenge made;
When for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

Nor pray'd in vain: if you enquire the ſum
Of this our fight, I was not overcome.
With bloody weapons, flames, and *Jove*, the men
Of *Troy* invade our navy: where was then
Your eloquent *Ulyſſes*? I, even I
A thouſand ſhips preſerv'd; wheron relye
The hope of your return. Theſe arms for all
Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour ſhall
Receive then give: our glories juſtly peaſe;
Theſe arms do *Ajax* ſeek, not *Ajax* theſe,
Rheſus ſurpriſe, with ours let him compare,
That poor Spy *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* deſpair;
The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;
He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.
If to ſuch mean deſerts theſe arms accrue;
Divide them: to *Tydides* moſt is due.
Why would he theſe? who ſtill unarmed goes,
Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
This radiant Cask that ſhines with burniſht gold,
Will his deceit, and lurking ſteps unfold.
His neck can ſcarce *Achilles* helmet bear;
Nor can his feeble arm employ this ſpear:
His ſhield, whoſe orb the figured world adorns;
A cowards arm, inur'd to thieving, ſcorns.
O fool, that thus thy own undoing ſeeks!
If giving thee by th' error of the *Greeks*,
It will not make thee dreadful to thy foe;
But give occaſion of thy overthrow.
And flight, wherein thou only doſt exceed,
Clog'd with ſo huge a weight, will fail thy need.
Beſides, thy ſhield in battle rarely born,
Is yet entire: but mine, all hackt and torn
With ſtorms of blows, a new ſucceſſor needs.
What boots ſo many words? behold our deeds.
Theſe arms deliver to the foes defence:
And let him keep, that takes the prize from thence.
Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldiers in the cloſe
A murmur rais'd, till *Ithacus* aroſe:
Who having fixed on the earth a ſpace
His eyes, unto the Princes rais'd his face;
And now expected, ſpake unto this ſenſe;
With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Grecians, if heaven with yours, had heard my prayer;
What now we ſeek had found no doubtful Heir;

Th'hadst kept thy arms, *Achilles*, and we thee.
But since stern Fate, averse to you and me,
So coveted an happiness denies,
(With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes)
Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,
Then he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
Favor not him because he seem to be,
And is a sot: nor blame this wit in me,
So bless in your affairs: or take offence
That for my self I arm my eloquence;
(If I have any) oft for you imploid.
Let none the glory of his own avoid.
For Ancestors, divine original,
And deeds by us not done, we ours mis-call.
Yet in that *Ajax* vants himself to be
Great-Granchild unto *Jove*; no less are we.
Laertes was my Sire, *Arcesius* his;
His, *Jupiter*: in this descent none is
Condemn'd, nor banisht. By the mother I
From *Hermes* spring: in both a Deity.
Not that more noble by the Mothers side,
Nor that my father had his hands undide
In brothers blood, do I enforce this clame:
Weigh but our worths; and censure by the same.
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the neer
In birth, but Great in act, deserve this grace:
Or if proximity in blood have place,
Peleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his son:
What right remains for *Ajax Telamon*?
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry these.
Teucer is cozen to *Æacides*
As well as he; yet stirs not he herein:
Or if he should, should he the honor win?
Then since our actions must our suit advance;
Although my deeds surmount my utterance,
Their abstract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
Disguis'd her son: so like a Virgin drest,
That all mistook, and *Ajax* with the rest.
When arms, with womens trifles, that might blind
Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly mind
Yet was the Heroe virgin like arraid,
Who taking up the spear and shield, I said:

O Goddess-born, for thee the fate of *Troy*
Her fall reserves: why doubts thou to destroy
Great *Pergamus*? then made him leave those weeds:
And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
Foil'd by our lance; the suppliant cur'd by us.
Strong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* us renowns:
Chrysa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo*'s towns)
Cilla, and Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls
Our fame advance: we raz'd *Lernessus* walls.
To pass the rest; I gave, who could subdue.
The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* slew.
For th' arms that found *Achilles* these I crave:
He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.
The grief of one, with all the *Greeks* prevails:
Eubœan Aulis held a thousand sails.
The long-expected winds opposed stand,
Or sleep in calms. When cruel Fates command
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to assuage
With *Iphigenia*'s death, *Diana*'s rage.
But he dissents; the Gods themselves reproves;
And in a King a fathers passion moves.
His noble disposition ne're-the-less
I to the publick won: and must confess
(*Atrides* pardon;) we did prosecute
Before a partial judg, an hateful suit.
Yet him his brother, Scepter, publick good
Perswade to purchase endless praise with blood.
Then went I to the mother for her child:
Now not to be exhorted, but beguil'd.
Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sails
Not yet had swell'd with still-expected gales:
Then on a bold embassage I was sent
To haughty *Troy*: to th' *Ilian* Court I went
Yet full of men: and fearless, urg'd at large
The common cause committed to my charge.
False *Paris* I accuse: rap'd *Helena*
I re-demand, with all they bore away.
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* just appear,
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that stealth, from wicked blows
Could scarce refrain. This *Menelaus* knows
The first of dangers, wherein you and I
Together join'd. But what my policy

And

And force perform'd behoofful to this State.
In that long war, too long is to relate;
The first great battel fought, our wary foes
Long live immur'd: nor durst their powers expose.
Nine years expir'd, wars all the fields affright.
Mean-while what didst thou, onely fit to fight?
What use of thee? inquire my actions; I
The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie.
Encouraging the weary Soldier
To brook the tediousness of lingring war
With fair expectance: teach them ways to feed,
The use of arms: imploy'd at every need.
The King deluded in his sleep by *Jove*,
Bids us the care of future war remove.
The author was his strong apology.
Ajax should have with-stood; the sack of *Troy*
He should have urg'd; done what he could, have fought.
Why was the nobler siege by him unsought?
Why arm'd he not? a speech he might have made,
That would the wavering multitude have stay'd:
To him not difficult, who looks so high,
And speaks so big. What, if himself did fly?
I saw, and sham'd to see thee turn thy back,
To hoise thy sails unto thy honors wrack.
What do you? O what madness, mates, said I,
Provokes you to abandon yielding *Troy*?
Ten years nigh spent, what will you bear away
But infamy? I this and more did say;
Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent:
They thus perswaded, alter'd their intent.
The King a Councel calls; distrusts afford
No sound advice: durst *Ajax* speak a word?
When base *Thersites* durst the King provoke
With bitter words: who felt my sceptors stroke,
Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire:
And set their fainting courages on fire:
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus restrain'd his flight.
Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greeks*
Makes choice of thee; or thine assistance seeks?
Tydides us approves, builds on our will;
Is confident in his *Ulysses* still.
Among so many, 'tis a grace for me
To be his consort; and the choice so free.

The

The danger of the foe, and night despis'd;
I *Delon*, then a counter-scout, surpriz'd:
Nor him, till I had search't his bosom, slew;
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would do.
All known, and nothing let to be enquir'd;
I now with praise enough might have retir'd,
Yet not so satisfy'd, I forward went;
And *Rhesus* slew, with his, in his own tent;
When, like a Victor, on his chariot I
Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny
Achilles arms, whose horses were assign'd
For one nights hazard? *Ajax* is more kind:
What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,
O're-thrown by us? by us *Cæranos* fell,
Iphitides, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noemonus*,
Halius, stout *Thoon*, bold *Pheridamas*,
With *Charopes Exnomus* fatal Pass
Sign'd by my lance: and many more in view
Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner rank, I slew.
And I, O Country-men, have honor'd wounds,
Fair in their scars; nor trust to empty sounds:
Behold (said he, with that his bosom bares)
This breast, still exercis'd in your affairs.
No blood for *Greece* in all these lengthful wars
Hath *Ajax* shed: let him produce his scars.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve;
That for our Fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Jove*?
I grant, he did so: nor will we detract
With hated envy from a noble act.
So he ingross not to himself alone
A common praise, but render us our own.
Alcorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Fautor from our ships repel'd.
He vainly glories that himself alone
Could answer *Hectors* opposition:
The King, his brother, and my self forgot:
Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.
But what event, O great in valor, crown'd
Your famous combat? *Hector* had no wound.
Wo's me! with what a tide of grief I call
That time to mind; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,
Achilles, fell! tears, fears, nor sorrow stay'd
My forward zeal; his raised corps I laid

Upon

Upon theſe ſhoulders: theſe, even theſe did bear
Him, and his arms; which now I hope to wear.
Our ſtrength can ſuch a weight with eaſe ſuſtain:
Our knowledg can your honor'd gift explain.
Was *Thetis* ſo ambitious for her ſon,
That ſuch a brainleſs Soldier ſhould put on
This heavenly gift, of ſo divine a frame?
Whoſe figured ſhield his ignorance would ſhame.
Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with Cities crown'd;
Skies deckt with Stars; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, ſad *Pleiades*,
The rainy *Kids*. He ſeeks, yet knows not, theſe.
Upbraids he me, that I this war did ſhun,
And time defer'd till other had begun?
Nor can conſider, how he wounds in me
Achilles honor. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we join in that deſame:
If, in that tardy; I before him came.
Me, my kind wife, his mother him with-drew:
Our flow'r to them we gave, the fruit to you.
Nor fear I, ſhould I quit my own defence,
To ſuffer with ſo clear an excellence.
Nor was it *Ajax* found out me: and yet
Achilles was diſcover'd by my wit.
Leſt I ſhould wonder why his fooliſh tongue
Should ſlander me, he you upbraids with wrong.
If *Palimedes* was accus'd by me
Without juſt cauſe, muſt not his judgment be
To you reproachful? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could juſtifie ſo evident a deed:
Nor heard you onely of his treacheries,
The hire of treaſon laid before your eyes.
Peantius in *Lemnos* left, was none
Of my offence, do you defend your own:
You to his ſtay conſented. Yet again
I muſt confeſs, I adviſ'd him to abſtain
From travel, toils of war: and to appeaſe
The anguiſh of his bitter wound with eaſe.
He did: he lives. Th' advice was good: ſucceſs
As fortunate approves it for no leſs.
Since Fate deſigns him for the fall of *Troy*;
Spare me, and *Ajax* induſtry employ.
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguiſh will
Appeaſe: he'l fetch him with ſome reach of skill.

First

First *Simois* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade,
Achaia promise to the *Trojans* aid;
E're my endeavors in your service fail,
And sottish *Ajax* with his wit prevail.
And *Philoctetes*, though obdure, thou be
Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;
Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still
Thou covet my access, my blood to spill;
Yet I'l attempt thee; and will bring thee back;
That neither may, what we so wish for, lack.
Thy shafts I must possess (so favor Fate)
As I possest the *Dardan* prophet late;
As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,
And doubtful answer of the Gods; as I,
Amid a world of foes, the fatal Sign
Of *Phrygian Pallas* ravisht from her shrine.
Compare with me will *Ajax*? this unta'ne,
Troy's hop'd-for expugnation had been vain.
Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
Of that great Soldier? why in terror lost?
How durst *Ulysses* trust himself to night, (flight?
Pass through the watch, their threat'ning weapons
The walls not onely, but the highest tower
Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Power
That bears their fate inforce: and with this prey,
Repass the dangers of that horrid way?
Which, had not I atchieved, yet in field
Had *Ajax* vainly born his seven-fold shield.
That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
Why dost thou sneer on my *Tydides* so:
And nodst at me? our praises jointly grow.
Not for our Navy didst thou fight alone:
Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
Who knew that wisdom valor should command;
That these belong'd not to a strenuous hand:
Else he himself had join'd in this debate;
Or th' other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Euriphylus*; with these
Idomeneus and *Merione*
Of *Crete*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,
As strong, nor second unto thee in war:
Yet yield to our advice. Thou fit for fight,
Dost need my reason to direct thy might:

Thy

Thy valor wants fore-caſt; my care is ſet
Upon the future: thou canſt fight; and yet
The time and place muſt be by us aſſign'd:
Thou onely ſtrong in body; I in mind.
As skilful Pilots thoſe ſurpaſs, who row;
As wiſe Commanders, common Soldiers; ſo
I thee excel. Our vigor is leſs great
In bones and ſinews, yet my ſoul compleat.
Then O remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for ſo many years expence
In anxious cares, this dignity extend
To my deſerts. Our work is at an end:
With-ſtanding fates remov'd: I, in that I
Have made it feaſible, have taken *Troy*.
Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy*'s overthrow,
Thoſe Gods which late I raviſht from the foe;
If ought remain to be diſcreetly done,
That courage craves, through danger to be won;
If in the *Ilian* deſtiny there be
A knot yet to unknit; remember me:
Or if you can forget; theſe arms reſign
To this: and ſhew *Minerva*'s fatal Sign.
The Chiefs were mov'd. Here words approv'd their charms:
And Eloquence from Valor wins thoſe arms.
He who alone, *Jove*, *Hector*, Sword and Fire
So oft ſuſtain'd; yields to one ſtroke of ire.
Th' unconquer'd ſorrow conquers; Then his blade
In haſt unſheath'd: Sure thou art mine, he ſaid;
Or ſeeks *Ulyſſes* this? this ſhall conclude
All ſenſe of wrong. And thee, ſo oft imbru'd
In *Phrygian* blood, thy Lords muſt now imbrue:
That none but *Ajax Ajax* may ſubdue.
This ſaid; his breaſt, till then with wounds ungor'd,
The deadly ſword, where it could enter, bor'd.
Nor could draw back the ſteel with all his ſtrength;
Expel'd by guſhing gore. The blood at length,
A purple flower ingendred on the ground:
Created firſt by *Hyacinthus* wound.
The tender leaves indifferent letters paint:
Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.
The Conqueror, now hoiſing ſails, doth ſtand
For mild *Hyſipbile*'s and *Thoas* land;
(Defam'd by womens curſed violence).
To fetch the ſhafts of *Hercules* from thence.

Theſe

These, with their owner, to the camp convey'd,
On that so long a war an end they made.
Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
Th' unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,
Her humane figure lost: whose raving Spright
And uncouth howling foreign fields affright.
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Hellespont*; nor there expire.
That little blood which *Priams* age could shed,
Jove's altar drinks. By her anointed head
Apollo's Priest they drag, her hands in vain
To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greeks* constrain
The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their Country Gods; & while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Astyanax threw from that tower; from whence
He had seen his father, by his mother shown,
Fight for his Kingdoms safety, and his own.
North-winds to Seas invite, and prosperous gales
Sing in their shrowds: they hast to trim their Sails.
The *Trojan* Ladies cry, Dear Soil farewel!
We are hal'd to loth'd captivity! then fell
On earth now kist: and leave, with much delay,
Their Countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*
Her sad departure to the last defers:
Now found among her childrens sepulchers,
(A sight of ruth!) spread on their tombs; bewails,
Their cold bones kissing: whom *Ulysses* hales
From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,
Up-snatcht, delivers to her bosoms trust.
Upon his tomb she left her hoary hairs
(A poor oblation!) mingled with her tears.
Oppos'd to *Ilium*'s ruines lies a land,
Till'd by the *Bisthones*; in the Command
Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,
To him his father *Polydorus* sent:
And wisely; had he not withal consign'd
A mass of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew
To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant slew.
Whom, as if he his murder with the slain
Could cast away, he casts into the Main.
Now rode *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shoar;
Till winds forbore to storm; and Seas to roar.

When

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
Like mighty as in life: whoſe looks diſcloſe
As ſtern a wrath, as when his lawleſs blade
Was on *Atrides* drawn, and frowning, ſaid:
Achaians, O ingrateful! can you thus
Depart? are our deſerts intomb'd with us?
Now honor me with what I covet moſt:
Let ſlain *Polixena* appeaſe my Ghoſt.
Then vaniſht. They th' ungentle Ghoſt obey'd;
And from her Mothers boſom drew the Maid,
(High-ſoul'd, unhappy, more then feminine,)
To his reſembled tomb; life to reſign
With Rites infernal. Of her birth ſhe thought:
And now unto the bloody altar brought;
Seeing her ſelf the ſacrifice prepar'd,
And that *Neoptolemus* upon her ſtar'd
With Sword advanc'd, ſhe ſaid; untoucht with dread:
Our generous blood to your intentions ſhed,
Diſpatcht; in throat or breaſt (I am prepar'd)
Your weapon ſheath. (With that her boſom bar'd)
Polyxena doth ſervitude deſpiſe:
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.
I onely wiſh my death might be unknown
To my afflicted mother. She alone
Diſturbs the joys of death: though *Priams* wife
My death ſhould leſs bewail, then her own life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
That my free Soul may to the *Stygian* ſhade
Untainted paſs. If this be juſt, remove
Your hand, I ſhall more acceptable prove
Unto that God or Ghoſt, what e're he be,
To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free.
And if a dying tongue prevail at all;
I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicite that my corps may not be ſold;
But given my mother: nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of ſepulture. In former years
Sh' had gold to give, now poor, accept her tears.
This having ſaid, for her, that would not weep,
The people wept: the Prieſt could hardly keep
His eyes from tears, yet did what he abhor'd,
And in her proffered boſom thruſt his ſword.
On doubling knees ſhe ſinks, with ſilent breath,
And chearfully imbraceth ſmil'd-on Death.

Then

Then when she fell, she had a care to hide
What should be hid; and chastly decent dy'd.
Her corps was carried by the *Trojan* dames:
Who in a funeral song repeat the names
Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what streams of gore
One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, O royal Wife, entitled late
The mother-Queen, and Glory of that State:
A Captive now, cast by a scorned lot
On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renown'd,
A master hardly for his mother found.
She hugs the corps that such a spirit kept.
Who for her country, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weeps for her: her lips she prest,
Her wounds fills with her tears. Then beats her breast:
Her hoary hair besmear'd with clotted gore,
And bosom torn, this spake she; and much more.
Poor daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left
For fortunes spite!) by bloody death bereft
On thee I see my wounds. That of my seed
None may unwounded die, even thou must bleed;
In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:
But thou, a woman, suffer'd by the sword.
This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruine, who
So many of thy princely brothers slew;
Hath slain thee also. When he a corse was made
By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to us as dreadful as before.
Against my race his ashes rise: his tomb
Presents a foe. O my unhappy womb!
T' his fury fruitful! Ruin'd *Troy* descends:
And sad success the publick sorrow ends:
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
To us remains: our sorrows freshly groan.
I, late so potent, and so fortunate
In husband, sons, and height of humane State;
To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torn
From my own sepulchers, from *Phrygia* born
To serve *Penelope*, that while I sew
Or spin at her commandment, she may shew
Her slave to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,
Lo, *Hectors* mother, *Priam's Hecuba*.

My

My ſorrows ſole relief, ſo many loſt,
Is offer'd to appeaſe an hoſtile Ghoſt.
Infernal ſacrifices to the dead,
Even to my foe, my curſed womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why breakſt thou not? What hopes ingage
Thine expectation? Miſchievous Old-age,
For what reſerv'ſt thou me? You cruel Powers,
Why lengthen you a poor old womans hours
To ſee new Funerals? O *Priam*, I
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.
Happy in death. Thou ſeeſt not this ſad fate:
Thou loſt thy life together with thy ſtate.
Rich Funerals attend thee, royal Maid:
And by thine Anceſtors thou ſhalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers tears, an heap of ſand,
Muſt now content thee in a foreign land.
All, all is loſt! Yet lives a little Boy
My laſt and youngeſt joy, when I could joy;
For whom I condeſcend to live a ſpace,
Here foſter'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
Mean-while why ſtay we with the cleanſing flood
To waſh theſe wounds, & look beſmear'd with blood?
Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs
All torn and ſcattred, to the Sea repairs.
And while the wretched ſaid; You *Troades*,
A Pitcher bring to draw the briniſh Seas:
She ſaw the caſt-up corps of *Polydor*
Stuck full of wounds upon the beachy ſhoar.
The Ladies ſhriek; ſhe dumb with ſorrow ſtood:
Whilſt inward grief, her voice, her tears, her blood,
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc'd,
Stares on the earth; ſometimes to heaven advanc'd
His ſcouling brows: oft on his viſage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
Arm'd, and inſtructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queen-like, deſtinates his puniſhment.
And as a Lioneſs, robb'd of her young,
Purſues the unſeen-hunters ſteps: ſo, ſtung
With fury, when her ſorrow with her rage
Had join'd their powers; unmindful of her age,
But not of former greatneſs, ran with ſpeed
To *Polymneſtor*, author of this deed.
And craving conference, the Tyrant told
How ſhe would ſhew him ſums of hidden gold

To

To give her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirsty of his prey, with her with-drew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t' enrich thy son:
By all the Gods, we justly will restore
What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st before.
She with a truculent aspect beheld
The falsly swearing King; with anger swell'd.
Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies;
Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more then usual strong
With thirsty vengeance, and the sense of wrong.
Her hand drowns in his skull; the roots up-tore
Of his lost sight, imbru'd with guilty gore.
The men of *Thraca* incensed for their King,
Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, gnarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,
For speech-extended, bark. Of whose mis-haps,
That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old
Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* desarts howld.
The *Trojans*, *Grecians*, those who love or hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,
Even spiteful *Juno* did to this descend;
That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an end.
Aurora had no leasure to lament
(Although those arms she favor'd) the event
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domestical
And nearer grief afflicts her, for the fall
Of *Memnon*; whose life-blood the lance imbru'd
Of stern *Achilles*. This when first she view'd,
The rosie dye, that deckt the Morns up-rise,
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to see his body laid
On funeral flames: but with her hair display'd,
As in that season, to high *Jove* repairs;
And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.
To all inferior, whom the sky sustains
(For mortals rarely honor me with Fanes)
A Goddess yet, I come: not to desire
Shrines, Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire;
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, do,
The night confine, and sacred day renew,
I merit such: such suit not now our state;
Nor such desires affect the desolate.

Of

Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious arms in vain
Bare for his uncle, by *Achilles* ſlain
In flower of youth (ſo would you Gods) come I,
O chief of Pow'rs, a mothers ſorrow, by
Some honor given him, leſſen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Jove* aſſents. When greedy flame
Devour'd the funeral Pile; and curling fumes
Day over-caſt: as when bright *Sol* aſſumes
From ſtreams thick vapors, nor is ſeen below.
The flying ſparkles dying jointly grow
Into one body. Color, form, life, ſpring
To it from fire, which lightneſs now doth wing.
Firſt like a fowl, forth-with a fowl indeed:
Innumerable ſifters of that breed:
Together whisk their feathers. Thrice they round
The funeral Pile; thrice raiſe a mournful ſound.
In two battalions then divide their flight;
And like two ſtrenuous nations fiercely fight:
Their oppoſite with beak and talons rend;
Cuff with their wings; in ſacrifice deſcend,
Now dying, on the aſhes of the dead:
Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.
Theſe now ſprung fowl, men of their author call
Memnonides. No ſooner *Sol* through all
The Signs returns; but re-inforc'd again
In civil war they die upon the ſlain.
While others therefore do commiſerate
Poor barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:
Aurora her own grief intends; renews
Her pious tears which fall on earth in dews.
Yet fates reſiſt that all the hopes of *Troy*
Should periſh with her towers. The Son and Joy
Of *Cytherea*, with his houſhold Gods,
And aged Sire, his pious ſhoulders loads.
Of ſo great wealth he onely choſe that prize,
And his *Aſcanius*: from *Antandros* flies
By Seas, and ſhuns the wicked *Thracian* ſhoar,
Defil'd with blood of murdred *Polydore*:
With proſperous winds arriving with his train
At *Phebus* town, where *Anius* then did reign,
Apollo's holy Prieſt; who, with the reſt,
Into the Temple leads his honor'd Gueſt:
The City, with the ſacred places, ſhows,
And trees held by *Latona* in her throes.

Incenſe

Incenſe on flames, and wine on incenſe pour'd;
Intrals of ſlaughtred beeves by fire devour'd;
His Gueſts conducts to Court: on carpet ſpred
With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.
When thus *Anchiſes*: O to *Phœbus* dear!
I am deceiv'd, or, when I firſt was here,
Four daughters and a ſon thy ſolace crown'd.
He ſhook his head, with ſacred fillets bound;
And ſighing ſaid, O moſt renown'd of men,
I was the father of five children then,
Whom now (ſuch is the change of things!) you ſee
Half childleſs: for my abſent ſon to me
Is of ſmall comfort; who, my Vice-roy, reigns
In Sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retains.
Him *Delius* with prophetick skill inſpir'd,
A gift paſt credit, ſtill to be admir'd,
My daughters *Bacchus* gave; above their ſute:
That all they touch ſhould preſently tranſmute
To wine, to corn, and to *Minerva's* oil.
Rich in the uſe. To purchaſe ſuch a ſpoil,
Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heir,
(Leſt you ſhould think we have not born a ſhare
In your miſ-haps) with armed violence
Enforc'd them from me: charged to diſpenſe
That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Hoſt.
They ſcape by flight: two to *Eubœa* croſt;
Two fled to *Andros*: theſe the Soldier
Purſu'd, and threatned (if unrender'd) war.
Fear nature now ſubdu'd: his ſiſters were
By him reſign'd; forgive a brothers fear.
Not *Hector*, not *Æneas* then were by
To guard his town, who ſo long guarded *Troy*:
About to bind their captive arms in bands;
Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,
O father *Bacchus* help! While thus they pray'd,
The Author of that gift preſents his aid.
(If ſuch a loſs may be accounted ſo)
Yet how they loſt their ſhapes I could not know;
Nor yet can tell. It ſelf the ſequel proves;
Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.
With ſuch diſcourſe they entertain the feaſt:
That ta'ne away, diſpoſe themſelves to reſt.
With day they roſe; the Oracle exquire:
Who bids them to their ancient Nurſe retire,

And

And kindred ſhoars. Now ready to depart
The King preſents rich gifts, wrought with rare art;
A Scepter to *Anchiſes* gives: a brave
Robe, and a quiver, to *Aſcanius* gave:
A cup to *Æneas*, which ſurpaſt the reſt;
By *Theban Therſes* ſent him once his Gueſt.
Mylean Alcon made what *Therſes* ſent;
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
A City with ſeven gates of equal grace;
Theſe ſerve for names to character the place.
Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires,
Dames with ſpread hair, bare breaſts, and torn attires,
Decipher mourning: Nymphs appear to weep
For their dry Springs: ſap-ſearing Cankers creep
On naked trees: Goats lick the foodleſs ground.
In midſt of *Thebes*, *Orion's* daughters crown'd
With fillers ſtand: This proffers to the Sword
Her manly breaſt; her hands her death afford,
For common ſafety. All the people mourn;
And with due funerals their bodies burn.
Yet leſt the world ſhould ſuch a linage loſe,
Two youths out of their virgin-aſhes roſe.
Theſe Orphans wandring Fame *Coronæ* calls:
Who celebrate their mothers funerals.
The antick braſs with burniſht figures ſhin'd:
Whoſe brim neat wreaths of gilt *Acanthus* bind.
Nor were the *Trojan* gifts of leſs expence:
Who gave a *Cenſer* for ſweet Frankincenſe,
An ample *Chalice* of a curious mold;
With theſe a crown, that ſhone with gems and gold.
In that the *Teucrans* ſprung from *Teucers* blood,
They ſail to *Crete*: but *Jove* their ſtay with-ſtood.
Leaving thoſe hundred Cities, now they ſtand
For wiſht *Auſonia's* deſtinated ſtrand.
Toſt by rough Winter, and the wrath of Seas,
They anchor at the faithleſs *Strophades*.
Thence frighted by *Aello*; ſail away
By ſteep *Dulichium*, ſtony *Ithaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* claſp'd by the Main;
All ſubject to the ſlie *Ulyſſes* reign.
Then at *Ambracia* touch, the ſtrife and grudg
Of angry Gods; the image of the Judg
Behold, by them converted into ſtone:
Now by *Actiacan Apollo* known.

Then the *Dodonian* speaking Oak they view;
Chaonia, where *Molossus* children flew
With aiding feathers from the impious flame;
Next to *Phæacia*, rich in Orchards came;
Then to *Epirus*: at *Butrotos* stay'd,
Whose Scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet sway'd;
And see resembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
By *Priams Helenus*, that would befall:
They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachinus* bends
To showry *Auster*; flowry *Zepher* blows
On *Lilybæus* brows; *Pelorus* shows
His Cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Bear*
That shuns the *Ocean*. Under this they stear
And stretch their oars; who favored by the tide,
That night in *Zancle's* crooked harbor ride.
The right-side dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keeps the left; on ruine bent.
She belches swallowed ships from her profound:
Her sable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round;
Yet bears a virgins face: if all be true
That Poets sing, she was a virgin too.
By many sought, as many she despis'd:
To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-Nymphs highly priz'd
She bears her visets; and to them discovers
The history of her deluded lovers:
To whom thus *Galatea*, sighing, said;
While *Scylla* comb'd her hair: You, lovely Maid,
Are lov'd of generous-minded men, whom you
With safety may refuse, as now you do.
But I, great *Nereus* and blue *Doris* Seed,
Great in so many sisters of that breed;
By shunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok'd
A sad revenge. Here tears her utterance chok'd.
These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid;
Who, having comforted the Goddess, said:
Relate, O most ador'd, nor from me keep
The wretched cause that makes a Goddess weep:
For I am faithful. *Nereis* consents,
And thus her grief to *Cratis* daughter vents.
The Nymph *Simethis* bore a lovely Boy
To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd; to them a joy;
To us a greater. For the sweetly-Fair
To me an innocent affection bare.

His blooming youth twice-told eight birthdays crown,
And cloath his cheeks with ſcarce-appearing down,
As I the gentle boy, ſo *Polypheme*
My love purſu'd; our loves a like extream,
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a power
Hath thy command! He, ſtill auſtere and ſowr,
A terror to the woods, from whom no gueſt
With life eſcapes accuſtomed to feaſt
On humane fleſh; who all the Gods above,
With them *Olympus* ſcorn'd; now ſtoops to love.
Forgetful of his flocks and caves, a fire
Feeds in his breaſt, inflamed with deſire.
His feature now intends, now bends his care
To pleaſe: with rakes he combs his ſtubborn hair;
His briſtles barbs with ſcithes: and by the brooks
Unſolid mirror calms his dreadful looks:
His thirſt of blood and love of ſlaughter ceaſe;
Leſs cruel now: ſhips come and go in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,
The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,
And ſaid to *Polypheme*, thy brows large ſight
Shall by *Ulyſſes* be depriv'd of light.
O fool, he laughing ſaid, thou tell'ſt a lye;
A female hath already ſtoln that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
And with extended paces ſtalks upon
The burd'ned ſhoar; or weary, from the wave,
Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave:
A promontory thruſts into the main;
Whoſe cliffie ſides the breaking Seas reſtrain:
The *Cyclop* this aſcends; whoſe fleecy flock
Unforced follow. Seated on a rock;
His ſtaff, a well-grown Pine, before him caſt,
Sufficient for a yard-ſupporting maſt:
He blows his hundred reeds; whoſe ſqueaking fills
The far-reſounding Seas, and ecchoing hills.
Hid in an hollow rock, and laid along
By *Acis* ſide, I heard him ſing this ſong.
O *Galatea* more then lilly-white,
More freſh then flowry meads, then glaſs more bright,
Higher then Alder-trees, then kids more blithe,
Smoother then ſhells whereon the ſurges drive,

More wisht then Winters Sun, or Summers air,
More sweet then Grapes, then Apples far more rare,
Clearer then Ice, more seemly then tall Planes,
Softer then tender curds, or down of Swans,
More fair, if fixt, then gardens by the fall
Of Springs inchas'd. Though thus, thou art withal
More fierce then salvage Bulls, who know no yoke,
Then waves more giddy, harder then the Oak,
Then Vines or Willow twigs more eas'ly bent,
More stiff then rocks, then streams more violent,
Prouder then Peacocks prais'd, more rash then fire,
Then Bears more cruel, sharper then the Brier,
Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on Snake;
And, if could, what I would from thee take,
More speedy then the hound-pursued Hind,
Or chased clouds, or then the flying wind.
If known to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;
Curse thy delay, and labor my content.
For I have caves within the living stone;
To Summers heat, and Winters cold unknown:
Trees charg'd with Apples; spreading Vines that hold
A purple Grape, and Grapes resembling Gold.
For thee I these preserve, affected Maid,
Thou Strawberries shalt gather in the shade,
Autumnal Cornels, Plums with azure rind,
And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
Nor shalt thou Chest-nuts want, if mine thou be,
Nor scalded Wildings: serv'd by every tree.
These flocks are ours: in valleys many stray,
Woods many shade, at home as many stay.
Nor can I, should you ask, their number tell:
Who numbers theirs, are poor. How these excel,
Believe not me, but credit your own eyes:
See how their udders part their straddling thighs,
I in my sheep-coats have new-weaned Lambs;
And frisking Kids late taken from their dams.
New milk, fresh curds and cream, with cheese well (prest,
Are never wanting for thy pallats feast,
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of easie purchase, or what are not rare:
Deer, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,
Nests, seal'd from cliffs, and Doves produc'd by pairs.
A rugged Bears rough twins I found upon
The mountain late, scarce from each other known,

For

For thee to play with? finding theſe, I ſaid;
My Miſtris you ſhall ſerve. Come lovely Maid,
Come *Galatea*, from the ſurges riſe,
Bright as the morning; nor our gifts deſpiſe.
I know my ſelf; mine image in the brook
I lately ſaw, and therein pleaſure took.
Behold, how great! not *Jupiter* above
(For much you talk I know not of what *Jove*)
Is larger ſiz'd: curls, on my brows diſplay'd,
Affright; and like a Grove my ſhoulders ſhade.
Nor let it your eſteem of me impair,
That all my body briſtles with thick hair.
Trees without leaves, and Horſes without manes,
Are ſights unſeemly; graſs adorns the Plains,
Wool ſheep, and feathers fowl. A manly face
A beard becomes: the skin rough briſtles grace.
Amid my fore-head ſhines one onely light;
Round, like a mighty ſhield, and clear of ſight.
The Sun all objects ſees beneath the ſky:
And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
Beſides your Seas obey my fathers throne:
I give you him for yours. Do you alone
Vouchſafe me pity, and your ſuppliant hear:
To you I onely bow; you onely fear.
Heaven, *Jupiter*, his lightning I deſpiſe:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
And yet your ſcorn my patience leſs would move,
Were all contemn'd. Why ſhould you *Acis* love?
And ſlight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
Although himſelf he pleaſe; and pleaſeth thee,
(Which frets me moſt) could I your darling get,
He then ſhould find my ſtrength and me like great.
His guts I could extract, ſqueez out his brains,
Throw his diſſevered limbs about the plains:
And if with thee he mingle, mix thy wave
With his hot blood; and make thy deep his grave.
For O, I fry! deſpis'd affection burns
With greater rage: my bulk to *Ætna* turns,
And all her flames are in my boſom pent:
Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent?
This ſaid, he roſe; (for I beheld him well:)
Nor could ſtand ſtill; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well-known coaſt;
Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer loſt.

Who me and *Acis*, too ſecure, eſpy'd,
And with a voice that ſuits a *Cyclop*, cry'd,
This hour ſhall be the laſt of all your joys;
Affrighted *Ætna* roared with the noiſe,
I under water div'd: he flying ſaid;
Help *Galatea*! you, O parents, aid
The utterly undone; and entertain
Your iſſue in the Empire where you reign.
A torn-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:
Whoſe corner over-whelmed *Acis* ſlew.
We did, what could be licenſed by Fate:
Reſuming *Acis* to his Grand-fires ſtate:
The purple blood from his cruſht body fled;
Which preſently forſook the native red:
Firſt like a rain-diſcolored ſtream appears;
Then cryſtalline. The rock in ſunder teers:
Whoſe crannies with up-ſtarting reeds abound;
And in the breach inſulting waves reſound:
From whence a youth aroſe above the waſt;
His horned brows with quivering reeds imbrac't.
'Twas wondrous ſtrange: but that his looks appear
More blue, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
And ſo it was: although he now became
A living ſtream, which ſtill preſerves his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th' aſſembly brake:
To ſmiling Seas the Nymphs themſelves betake
Scylla returning, dares not truſt the Deeps:
But naked, nigh the thirſty gravel keeps;
Or weary, in the more-ſequeſtred waves
Her comly limbs in cooling water bathes.
Lo, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately known,
Transformed near *Eubœan Anthedon*,
Through yielding waves arrives: rapt with her ſight;
By gentle words attempts to ſtay her flight.
She faſter fled: who ſwift with fear aſcends
A lofty hill, which near the ſhoar extends:
Whoſe round congeſted ſummit, crown'd with wood,
Did over-peer the under-ſwelling flood.
There ſtays, ſecured by the place; nor knew
If Gods, or Monſter: much admires his hue,
His ſpreading locks, which all his ſhoulders vail;
And hinder-parts, that bear a fiſhes tail:
Perceived; leaning on a rock, he ſaid:
I am no beaſt, nor prodigy, fair Maid:

Nor

Nor *Proteus*, *Triton*, *Athamantides*,
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas,
Yet once a mortal; and did then frequent
Th' affected Seas. On thoſe my labor ſpent.
Sometimes with nets I fiſhes hale to land:
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
The ſhoar a meadow bounds; whereof one ſide
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.
On this nor horned cattel ever fed,
Nor harmleſs ſheep, nor goats on mountains bred,
No Bees from hence their thighs with honey lade;
Thoſe flowers no marriage-garlands ever made:
That graſs ne're cut with ſithes. Of mortals I
Firſt thither came; my nets hung up to dry.
While I expos'd the fiſhes which I took;
By their credulity hung on my hook,
Or maſht in nets; (what would a lye behove?
Yet ſuch it ſeems) my prey began to move,
Diſplay their fins, and ſwim as on the flood.
While I neglect their ſtay, and wondring ſtood;
They all by flight avoiding my command,
Together left their owner and the land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cauſe I ſought,
If either God, or Herb, this wonder wrought.
What herb, ſaid I, hath ſuch a power? in haſt
An herb I pull'd, and gave it to my taſt.
No ſooner ſwallowed, but my intrails ſhook:
Wherefore with I another nature took:
Nor could refrain; but ſaid, O Earth, my laſt
Farewel receive! in Seas my ſelf I caſt.
The Sea-gods now vouchſafing my receit
Into their ſacred fellowſhips, intreat
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
Would take, what ever mortal was, away.
Whom now they hallow, and with charms nine times
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
And bad me dive beneath an hundred ſtreams.
Forth-with the rivers ruſht from ſundry Realms;
And Sea-rais'd Surges roll above my crown.
As ſoon as ſtreams retire, and Seas were down,
Another body, and another mind;
Unlike the former, they to me aſſign'd.
Thus much of Wonder I remember well,
Thenceforth inſenſible of what befel.

Then first of all this Sea-green beard I saw,
These dangling locks, which through the deep I draw;
Broad shoulder-blades, blue arms of greater might;
And thighs which in a fishes tail unite.
What boots this form? my grace with Gods of Seas?
Or that a God? If thou affect not these?
While this he spake, and would have uttered more,
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
His loves repulse: whom strong desires transport
To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.

OVIDS

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inchanted Scylla, *hem'd with horrid ſhapes,*
Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans *turn'd to Apes.*
Sibylla *wears t' a Voice.* Ulyſſes *men*
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd agen.
Picus *a Bird: his Followers Beaſts.* Deſpair
Reſolves ſad-ſinging Canens *into Air.*
The Mates of Diomed *unreconcil'd*
Idalia *turns to Fowl. An Olive wild*
Rude Apulus *deciphers.* Turnus *burns*
Æneas *ſhips: theſe* Berecynthia *turns*
To Sea-Nymphs; *who* Alcynous *ſhip with joy*
Behold a Rock. The Trojan *flames deſtroy*
Beſieged Ardea; *from whoſe aſhes ſprings*
A meager Hern, that bears them on her wings.
Æneas, *Deify'd.* Vertumnus *tries*
All ſhapes. Rhamnuſia, *for her cruelties,*
Congeals proud Anaxarete *to Stone.*
Cold Fountains boil with heat. T' an heav'nly throne
Mars Romulus *aſſumes.* Herſilia
Like grace receives: who join in equal ſway.

NOw *Glaucus*, thron'd in tumid floods, had paſt
High *Ætna*, on the jaws of *Typhon* caſt;
Cyclopian fields, where never Oxen drew
The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

Crookt *Zancle*; *Rhegium* on the other side;
The wrackful Straits, whose double bounds divide
Sicilia from *Ausonia*: forward drives
Through spacious *Tyrrhen*, at length arrives
At her by Hills, *Phœbean Circes* seat,
With sundry forms of monstrous beast repleat.
When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said:
A God, O Goddess, pity: on your aid
Alone relies (if my desert might move
So dear a grace) th' assuagement of my Love.
For none then I, *Titania*, better knows
The power of herbs, that was transform'd by those;
T' inform you better, in *Italia*
Against *Messena*, on a sandy Bay,
I *Scylla* saw: it shames me to recite
My slighted Courtship, answered by her slight.
Do thou, if charms avail, in charms untie
Thy sacred tongue: or soveraign Herbs apply,
If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Love: like heat let her endure.
But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,
Or that the cause is in her self alone;
Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,
In that her Father publisht her offence)
Reply'd: The willing with more ease pursue;
Who wish the same, whom equal flames subdue,
For Thou O well deserv'st to be pursu'd:
Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
Rest therefore of thy beauty confident;
Lo, I, a Goddess, radiant *Sols* descent:
In herbs so potent, and no less in charms;
Proffer my self, and pleasures to thy arms.
Scorn her that scorns thee; her, that seeks, pursue:
And so at once be thou reveng'd of two.
Glaucus reply'd to her who sought him so:
First shady groves shall on the billows grow,
And Sea-weeds to the mountain tops remove:
E're I (and *Scylla* living) change my love.
The Goddess frets: who since she neither could
Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would;
On her, prefer'd before her, bends her ire:
And high-incensed with repulst desire,
Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects,
Together grinds, and *Hecat's* charms injects:

A Sea-

A Sea-green robe puts on, the Court forſakes
Through throngs of fawning beaſts: her journey takes
To *Rhegium* oppoſite to *Zancle*'s ſhoar;
And treads the troubled waves that loudly roar.
Running with unwet feet on that Profound;
As if ſh' had trod upon the ſolid ground.
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
Bent like a Bow; ſconſt from the Seas and Skies
Diſtemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
The world with hotteſt beams, and ſhorteſt ſhades.
This with portentous poiſons ſhe pollutes;
Beſprinkled with the juice of wicked roots:
In words dark and perplexed nine-times thrice
Inchantments mutters with her magick voice.
Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the waſt,
Beheld her hips with barking dogs imbrac't.
Starts back: at firſt not thinking that they were
Part of her ſelf, but rates them, and doth fear
Their threatning jaws: but thoſe from whom ſhe flies,
She with her hales. Then looking for her thighs,
Her legs, and feet; in ſtead of them ſhe found
The mouths of *Cerberus* inviron'd round
With rav'ning Currs: the backs of ſalvage beaſts
Support her groin; whereon her belly reſts.
Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circe*'s bed refus'd:
Who had ſo cruelly her Art abus'd.
But *Scylla*, ſtill remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cauſe deſtroy'd *Ulyſſes* mates,
And had the *Trojan* navy drown'd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerful Fate,
Into a Rock; the ſtony Prodigy
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.
This, and *Charybdis* paſt with ſtretched oars;
The *Trojan* fleet now near th' *Auſonian* ſhoars,
Croſs winds, and violent, to *Libya* drave.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave
Æneas harbor: with impatience bears
Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile ſhe rears,
Pretending ſacrifice; and then doth fall
Upon his Sword: deceiv'd, deceiving all.
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd;
There where his faithful friend *Acceſtes* reign'd,
His fathers funerals he re-ſolemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ſhips wel-nigh ſurprin'd

By

By *Iris* flames, *Hippotades*, Command,
The Sulphur-fuming Isles, the rocky Strand
Of *Acheloian Syrens* leaving, loft
His Pilot: to *Inarime* then croft,
To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecusa*, wall'd
With barren hills; fo of her people call'd.
For *Jupiter*, deteſting much the ſlie
And fraudulent *Cercopeans* perjury,
Into deformed beaſts transform'd them then;
Although unlike, appearing like to men:
Contracts their limbs, their noſes from their brows
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plows;
And, covering them with yellow hair, affords
This dwelling; firſt depriving them of words,
So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs:
Who jabber, and complain with ſtammering tongues.
Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Miſenus on the left, far-ſtretcht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpeter: thence, paſt
By ſlimy Mariſhes, and anchor caſt
At *Cuma*; entring long-lov'd *Sibyls* Caves.
A paſſage through obſcure *Avernus* craves
T' his Fathers *Manes*. She erects his eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
Reception fill'd, in ſacred rage reply'd:
Great things thou ſeek'ſt, O thou ſo magnify'd
For mighty deeds! thy piety through flame,
Thy arm through Armies conſecrate thy name.
Yet fear not, *Trojan*, thy deſires enjoy:
T' *Elyſian* Fields, th' infernal Monarchy,
And Fathers ſhade, I will thy perſon guide:
No way to noble Vertue is deny'd.
Then to a Golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Avernian* [illegible]'s Hort-yard grew:
And bad him pull it from the ſacred tree.
Æneas her obeys: and now doth ſee
The Spoils of dreadful Hell; his Grand-ſires, loſt
In death, and great *Anchiſes* aged Ghoſt:
There knows the cuſtoms of the *Latian* State,
The toil of future war, and following fate.
Then, in retreat, his weary-ſteps apply'd:
And by diſcourſe with his *Cumæan* Guide
His toil beguiles; as in that horrid way,
Through gloomy twi-light, he remounts to Day.

Whether

Whether, said he, thou bee'ſt a Deity,
Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I
Will ſerve thee as a Goddeſs: and confeſs
That by thy favour I have won acceſs
Unto th' abodes of death; that by thee I
Eſcape from his infernal Mornarchy.
And therefore will, when I to day return,
A Temple build, and incenſe to thee burn.
The Propheteſs on him reverts her eye;
And ſighing, ſaid; I am no Deity:
To mortals offer no immortal Dues;
Leſt ignorance thy gratitude abuſe.
Yet had been free from deaths impetuous power,
Had I to *Phœbus* given my virgin flower.
While hopeful; tempting me with gifts, he ſaid,
Ask what thou wilt, my fair *Cumæan* Maid,
And take thy wiſh: I ſhew'd a heap of ſand,
And wiſht as many birth-days as my hand,
Contained grains: forgot to add the prime
Of youthful years, which ſhould have crownd my (time,
Who this had granted alſo, if my bed
He could have won. His gifts deſpiſ'd, I led
A ſingle life, thoſe happy times are gone;
And craſie age with trembling ſteps comes on
Seven ages have I liv'd and live I muſt
Till years have equalled thoſe graines of duſt.
Three hundred Harveſts conſummate the ſum,
The hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of daies my body ſhall abate,
And little leave in quantity or weight.
None then will think that I belov'd had been,
Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is ſeen,
(Such change ſhall I endure) or will not know,
Or elſe deny, that he had lov'd me ſo.
No eye ſhall ſee me: yet a voice alone
Fate will afford, by which I ſhall be known.
Thus *Sibyl*, as they climb'd that ſteep aſcent,
Pious *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent
At *Cuma* roſe: and ſacrificing came
To ſhores ſince called of his Nurſes name,
Neritian Macareus, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his travels end.
Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
On *Ætna* left, admires to ſee his mate.

Long

Long given for dead. What chance, or God, said he
O *Achæmenides*: hath set thee free?
How comes a *Grecian* souldier to be found:
In *Trojan* vessel? for what Country bound?
When *Achæmenides*: (not now forlorn,
Now like himself, his rags not pind with thorn)
May I fell *Polyphem* behold again,
Whose jaws ore-flow with blood of strangers slain;
If I this home prefer not far above
Ulysses ship, or less *Æneas* love
Then my own father, could I render more
Then all my All, the recompence were poor.
That now I speak, I breath, Heaven, Sun-shine see
(can I unmindful or ungrateful (be
Is by his bounty: that the *Cyclops* fowl
And hungry maw had not devour'd my soul:
That now I may be buried when I dye;
Or at the least, not in his entrails lye.
O what a heart had I! with fear bereft
Of soul and sense! when I behind was left,
And saw your flight! I had an Out-cry made,
But that afeard to have my self betrayd.
Yours, almost had *Ulysses* ship destroyd:
I saw him rive out of the mountains side
A solid rock, and dart it on the Main:
I saw the furious Giant once again,
When mighty stones with monstrous strengh he flung:
Like quarries by a warlike engine slung.
Least ship should sink with waves and stones I fear:
Not then remembring, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had resc'u'd you from death,
O're *Ætna* paces; sighing clouds of breath:
And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,
Encounters justling rocks: mad with despight
Extends his bloody arms to under waves,
The *Greeks* pursues with curses; and thus raves.
O would some God *Ulysses* would ingage,
Or some of his, to my insatiate rage!
I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,
Gulp down his blood till it again ascend,
And crash his panting sinews. O, how light
A loss, or none, were then my loss of sight:
This spake, and more, My joynts pale horror shook,
To see his grim, and slaughter-smeared look,

His

His bloody hands, his eyes deserted fear,
Vast limbs, and beard with humane gore concret.
Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay:)
Now thought my self surpriz'd; now, that I lay
Drownd in his paunch. That time presents my view,
When two of ours on dashing stones he threw:
Then on them like a shagged Lyon lies;
Their entrails, flesh, yet moving arteries,
White marrow, with crasht bones, at once devoures,
I, sad, and bloodless stood: fear chil'd my powers,
Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food;
Raw lumps of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
Even such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
Long lying hid, afraid of every sound,
Abhorring death, yet covering to dye;
With mast, and hearbs repelling famine; I,
Forlorn, to death and torment left, at last
This ship espy'd: and wasting it, in hast
Ran to the shore, nor safety vainly seek:
A *Trojan* vessel entertaind a *Greek*.
Now, worthy friend, your own adventures tell;
And what, since first you put to sea, befel.
He told how *Æolus* raign'd in *Thuscan* Seas,
Storm-fettering *Acolus Hippotades*,
Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide
A wind, enclosed in an Oxes hide.
Nine days they sailed with successful gales;
Sought shores descry'd: the tenth had blancht their sailes
When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found
A mass of envi'd gold, the wind unbound.
This through rough seas the Navy backward drives,
Which at th' *Æolian* port again arrives
To *Lestrigonian Lamus* ancient town
From thence, said he, we came, That countries crown
Antiphates then wore. Three thither sent,
Two of us scarce by flight our death prevent:
The third the *Lestrigonians* teeth embrude
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* pursude
Our flights; inciter his troops; who tumbling down
Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drown:
One scap't; which in, and sad *Ulysses* bore.
Joyntly our lost companions we deplore;
And grieving reach that Sea-environ'd land,
Which far from hence you see; Still may it stand

Fast

Far from my sight! beware thou Goddess Son,
Just *Trojan* Prince, for now the wars are done,
With them for ever end our enmity)
From *Circes* Mansion, O *Æneas* flie.
There anchoring; mindful of the *Cyclops* strand,
And fell *Antiphates*, we fear to land:
But casting lots, the lot elected us,
Faithful *Polites*, sage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteen more
To visit *Circe* on that unknown shore.
Approaching, we before the Portal staid,
A thousand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade
Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they
Instead of teeth their flattering tails display,
And fawning follow; till their hand-maids came
And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame
Unto their Mistris. On a throne of State,
She in a sumptuous inward chamber sate:
With gold her under garment richly shone;
And over it a purple Mantle thrown,
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,
Nor following twine with busie fingers pull:
But weeds dispose in order; mingled flowers
Select in maunds, and herbs of different powers,
At her direction: who the vertue knew
Of every simple, of their compounds too;
And gives them their due weight. Saluted, she
Salutes again; her chearful looks as free,
As bestfull bounty to supply our need.
Who bids her ready damsels mix with speed
The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, strong wints;
And to this sweet receit hid juyces joyns.
Then gave the cup with her own sacred hand;
Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand
The direful Goddess strokes our crowns, I shame
To tell; yet tell: I presently became
With bristles rough: thinking as I was wont,
T'have spoke, and shew'd my grief in words, I grunt.
My looks hung down, my mouth extends t'a snout,
My stiffer neck with swelling brawns sticks out;
And go upon those hands, wherewith of late
I took the cup. With those whom frightful fate
Had thus un-man'd (so great a potency
In potions lurks) included in a Sty,

Alone

Alone *Eurylochus* the ſhape of Swine
Avoids: alone refuſ'd the proffered wine.
Which had not he rejected, with the reſt
Himſelf had been a briſtle-bearing Beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Ulyſſes* our miſ-haps have known:
Or forced *Circe* to reſtore his own.
Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flower;
Call'd *Moly* by the Gods; of wonderous power,
Sprung from a Sable root: inform'd withal
By heavenly counſel, enters *Circe's* Hall.
Proffering th'infidious Cup, her magick wand
About to raiſe he thruſt her from her ſtand;
And with drawn ſword the trembling Goddeſs frights,
When vowed faith with her fair hands ſhe plights;
And grac't him with her nuptial bed: who then
Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men
Sprinkled with better juice, her wand reverſt,
Above our crowns, and charms with charms diſperſt;
The more ſhe ſings, we grow the more upright,
Our briſtles ſhed, our cloven feet unite,
Shoulders and arms poſſeſs their former grace.
With tears our weeping General we embrace
And hang about his neck: nor ſcarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but ſuch as thanks afford.
From hence our Paſs was for a year deferr'd;
In that long time much ſaw I, and much heard:
Of which, a Maid (one of the four, prepar'd
For ſacred ſervice) cloſely this declar'd,
For while my Chief with *Circe* ſports alone,
She ſhew'd a young-mans Image of white ſtone
Clos'd in a ſhrine, with crowns imbelliſhed;
Who bore a Wood-pecker upon his head.
Demanding whoſe it was, why placed there,
Why he that Bird upon his ſummit bare?
I will, reply'd ſhe, O *Macareus*, tell
In this my Miſtris power: obſerve me well.
Saturnian Picus in *Auſonia* raign'd,
Who generous horſes for the battle-train'd.
His form, ſuch as you ſee: whom had you known,
You would have thought this feature were his own.
His mind as beautiful. Nor yet could he
Four *Græcian* wraſtlings in th' *Olympicks* ſee.
The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountains born,
His looks attract: nor Nymphs of fountains ſcorn

To

To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
And heady *Nar* sustain; the shady Flood
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthius* woo'd.
Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes,
Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:
Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the fair
Venilia to the two fac'd *Janus* bare.
The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptial bed,
Her beauty admirable: yet more fam'd
For artful songs; and there of *Canens* nam'd,
Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;
Tames salvage beast, the troubled Rivers smooths,
Detains their hasty course, and, when she sings,
The birds neglect the labour of their wings,
While her sweet voice cœlestial musick yields,
Young *Picus* follows in *Laurentian* Fields,
The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed;
Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came
The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name
Retaining fields, and on those fruitful hills
Her sacred lap with dewy Simples fills,
Seeing unseen, his sight her sense amaz'd:
The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd:
Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd:
But when she her distraction had compos'd,
About t'impart her wish, the following press,
And swiftness of his horse, forbid access.
Thou shalt not so escape said she, although
The winds should wing thee; if my self I know,
If hearbs retains their power, if charms at least
My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast
Without a body, bid to run before
The Kings pursuit; and made the airy Bore
To take a thicket, where no horse could force
His barr'd access. He leaves his foming horse
On foot to follow a deceitful Shade,
With equal hopes: and through the forrest straid.
New Vowes she straight conceiveth, aid implores:
And Gods unknown with unknown charms adores.
Wherewith inur'd t'eclipse the pale-fac't Moon:
And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noon,

And

And now with pitchy fogs obſcures the day,
From earth exhal'd. His Guard miſtake their way,
In that deceitful Night, and from him ſtray'd.
When ſhe, the time and place befitting, ſaid:
By thoſe fair eyes, which have inthralled mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddeſs ſue; aſſwage the fire
By thee incenſt; and take unto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sun: nor prove
Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* love.
Her, and her prayers, deſpis'd, What e're thou art,
I am not thine, ſaid he, my captive heart
Another holds; and may ſhe hold it long.
Nor with a ſtranger will I ever wrong
Our nuptial-faith, ſo long as Nature gives
Life to my veins, and *Faunus* daughter lives.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vain;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape my vengeance, nor again
Return to *Camens*. What the wrong'd can do,
A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,
Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, by ſad experience prove:
For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love,
Twice turns ſhe to the Eaſt, twice to the Weſt:
Thrice touch't him with her wand, three charms exteſt,
He flies; at his unwonted ſpeed admir'd;
Then ſaw the feathers, which his skin attir'd:
Who forth-with ſeeks the woods; and angry ſtill,
Hard Oaks aſſails, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloak aſſume;
The gold that claſpt his garment turns to plume,
And now his neck with golden circle chains:
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remains.
The Courtiers *Picus* call, and ſeek him round
About the fields, that was not to be found.
Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew fair,
The Sun and Winds ſet free to cleanſe the air)
And charge her with true crimes; their King demand
With threatning looks, and weapons in their hand.
She ſprinkles them with juice of wicked might,
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,
With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreats
With tedious mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeats,
Their leavs looks pale; Herbs bluſh with drops of gore,
Earth groans, dogs howl, rocks horſly ſeem to roar:

Upon

Upon the tainted ground black Serpents slide;
And through the air unbodied spirits glide.
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,
She strokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forth-with the shapes of salvage beasts invest
Their former forms; not one his own possest.
Phœbus now entring the *Tartesian* Main,
Sad *Canens* with her eyes and soul, in vain
Expects her Spouse. Her servants she excites
To run about the woods with blazing lights.
Who not content to weep, to teer her hair,
And beat her breasts (though these express her care)
In hast forsakes her roof; and frantick, strays
Through broad spred fields. Six nights, as many days
Without or sleep, or sustenance, she fled
O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with grief and travel, *Tyber* last
Beheld the Nymph: on his cool banks she cast
Her feeble limbs: there weeps, and weeping sung
Her sorrows with a softly warbling tongue.
Even so the dying Swan with low-rais'd breath,
Sings her own exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefs despair:
And by degrees she vanisheth to air.
Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurals *Canens* name.
In that long year, much, and such deeds as these
I saw and heard. Un-ner'd with slothful ease,
Again we put to Sea: by *Circe* told
Of our hard passage, and the manifold
Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
(I must confess) and here arriving, stay'd.
Macareus ends. *Cajeta* Urn inclos'd,
This verse had on her marble tomb impos'd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child me
Cajeta burnt; from *Grecian* fires set free.
They loose their cables from the grassie strand;
Avoiding *Circes* guileful palace, stand
For those tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with shades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streams unlades.
The throne of *Faunus* son, the *Latian* star
Lavinia gains; but not without a war.
War with a furious Nation is commenc'd;
Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incens'd:

While

While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* ſwarms:
Hard victory long ſought with penſive arms,
To get Recruits from foreign States they try:
Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutulians* want ſupply.
Nor to *Evander* town *Æneas* went
In vain: though vainly *Venulus* was ſent
To baniſht *Diomeds* City, late immur'd:
Thoſe fields *Japygian Daunus* had aſſur'd
To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had done
His embaſſie to *Tydeus* warlike ſon:
The Prince excus'd his aid; as loth to draw
The ſubjects of his aged father-in-law
T' unneceſſary war: that none remain
Of his to arm. Leſt you ſhould think I feign;
Though repetition Sorrow renovates;
Yet, while I ſuffer, hear the worſt of fates.
After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Grecian* flame:
A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to *Oleius* due, on all.
Scattered on faithleſs Seas with furious ſtorms,
We, wretched *Grecians*, ſuffer'd all the forms
Of horror: lightning, night, ſhow'rs, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Caphareau* cruelties.
T' abridg the ſtory of ſo ſad a fate;
Now *Priam* would have pitied our eſtate.
Yet *Pallas* ſnatcht me from the ſwallowing Main;
Then from my ungrateful Country chas'd again,
For *Venus*, mindful of her ancient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vaſt Profound,
Much ſuffering in terreſtrial conflicts, I
Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury
Of publick tempeſts, and the harborleſs
Caphareus drown'd: envy'd in our diſtreſs
The worſt endur'd; with Seas and battels tir'd,
My men an end of their long toil deſir'd.
But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
By uſual ſlaughters: What remains (he ſaid)
O mates, which now our patience would eſchew?
Though willing, what can *Cyſharea* do (fright,
More then ſh' hath done? when worſe miſ-haps af-
Then prayers avail: but when miſ-fortunes ſpight
Her worſt inflicts, then fear is of no uſe:
And height of ills ſecurity produce.

Let

Let *Venus* hear: although she hate us all
(As all she hates that serve our General)
Yet let us all despise her empty hate;
Whose Power hath made us so unfortunate.
Pleuronion Acmon angry *Venus* stung:
Revenge reviving with his lavish tongue,
Few like his words: the most severely chid
His tongues excess. About to have reply'd,
His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small.
His hair converts to plume; plumes cover all
His neck, back, bosom: larger feathers spring
From his rough arm, his arm was now a wing.
His feet divide to toes, hard horn extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.
Rhetenor, Nyctæus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,
Admire! and in their admiration try'd
Like destiny. Most of my Soldiers grew
Forth-with new Fowl; and round about us flew.
If you inquire, what shape their own un-mans;
They are not, yet are like to silver Swans.
These barren fields, with this poor remnant, I,
As son-in-law to *Daunus*, scarce enjoy:
Thus far *Oenides*. *Venulus* forsakes
Tydides Kingdom: by *Puteoli* takes
His way, and through *Mesapia*: there survey'd
A Cave, inviron'd with a sylvan shade,
Distilling streams, by half-goat *Pan* possest:
Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauti
They terrify'd at first with sudden dread, (blest
From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepherd, fled:
Straight, taking heart, despised his pursuit:
And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
He scoffs: their motion clown-like imitates:
Nor onely raileth, but obscenely prates;
Nor ceaseth, till a tree invests his throat.
A tree whose berries his behavior note.
An olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,
Becomes; dis-leafned with his bitter words.
Th' Embassador returns without the sought
Ætolian succors: the *Rutulians* fought
'Gainst foes and fortune; of that hope depriv'd:
Whole streams of blood from mutual wounds deriv'd
Lo, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* bears:
And what escaped drowning, burning fears.

Pitch

Pitch, Rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now *Vulcan* feed: the hungry flames aſpire
Up to the Sails along the lofty maſt;
And catch the yards, with curling ſmoke imbrac't.
But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
Thoſe blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* fell'd:
Loud Shalms and Cymbals uſher'd her repair:
Who, drawn by bridled Lions through the air,
Thus ſaid: Thy wicked hands to ſmall effect,
O *Turnus*, violate what we protect.
Nor ſhall the greedy fire a part of thoſe
Tall Woods devour, which ſheltred our repoſe.
With that ſhe thunders, pouring down amain
Thick ſtorms of skipping hail, and clouds of rain.
Th' *Aſtræan* Sons in ſwift concurſions join;
Toſſing the troubled air, and *Neptunes* brine.
One ſhe imploys, whoſe ſpeed the reſt out-ſtrips;
That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
And drave them under the high-ſwelling Flood.
The timber ſoftens, fleſh proceeds from wood,
The crooked Stern to heads and faces grows,
The Oars to ſwimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
What were their holds, to ſlender ſides are grown,
The lengthful keel preſenting the back-bone;
The yards to arms, to hair the tackling grew:
As formerly, ſo now, their color blue.
And they, but lately of their floods afraid;
Now in the floods, with virgin paſtime, play'd.
Theſe Sea-Nymphs, born on mountains, celebrate
The Seas, forgetful of their former ſtate.
Yet weighing, what themſelves ſo oft endur'd
On high-wrought waves, oft ſinking ſhips ſecur'd;
Excepting ſuch, as *Grecians* carry: thoſe
They hate, yet mindful of the *Trojan* woes,
Who ſaw *Ulyſſes* ſhips in ſurges quell'd
With pleaſed eyes; with pleaſed eyes beheld
Alcinous ſhip, in ſwiftneſs next to none,
Unmovable; the wood transform'd to ſtone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigy would fright
The *Rutuli*, and make them ceaſe from fight.
Both parts perſiſt, both have their Gods to friend;
And Valor no leſs potent: nor contend
Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crown,
Nor dotal Kingdom; but for fair renown:

Aſham'd

Asham'd to lay their bruised arms aside,
Till death to conquest had the quarrel try'd.
Venus her son victorious sees at length,
Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength
While *Turnus* stood, devour'd by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the same
A Fowl, unknown to former ages, springs;
And fans the ashes with her hovering wings.
Pale color, leanness, shrieking sounds of wo,
The image of a captive City show.
Who also still the Cities name retains:
And with self-beating wings of Fate complains.
And now *Æneas* vertues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Juno*'s ancient hate.
An opulent foundation having laid
For young *Iulus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heaven: the Pow'r, who rules in Love,
The Gods solicits; then, imbracing *Jove*:
O Father, never yet to me unkind;
Now O inlarge the bounty of thy mind.
A Deity, mean, so it a Deity be,
Æneas give; that art to him by me
A Grand-father: th'unamiable realms
Suffice it once t' have seen, and *Stygian* streams.
The Gods agree; nor *Juno*'s looks dissent,
Who with a chearful freeness forward bent.
Then *Jove*; He well deserves a Deity:
Thy suite, fair Daughter, to thy wish enjoy.
She, joyful, thanks returns: and through the air,
Drawn by her yoked Doves, lights on the bare
Laurentian shoars; where smooth *Numicius* creeps
Through whisp'ring reeds into the neighbor Deeps.
Who bids him from *Æneas* wash away
All unto death obnoxious, and convey
It silently to Seas. The horned Flood
Obeys; and what subsists by mortal food,
With water purg'd, and onely left behind
His better parts. His mother the refin'd
Anoints with sacred odors, and his lips
In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
So deify'd: whom *Indiges Rome* calls;
Honor'd with altars, shrines, and festivals.
Two-nam'd *Ascanius Latium* then obey'd,
And *Alba*: next, the Scepter *Sylvius* sway'd.

His

His son *Latinus* held that ancient name,
And crown. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Capis*, *Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
His reign; who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters, gave
Those streams his name; who *Remulus* got, and brave-
Soul'd *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slain
With thunder; who the Thunderer durst feign.
More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne
To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon
He reign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retains.
Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* reigns,
Pomona flourisht in those times of ease;
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
None fruitful Hort-yards held in more repute:
Or took more care to propagate their fruit.
Whereof so nam'd. Nor streams, nor shady groves,
But trees producing generous burdens loves.
Her hand an hook, and not a javelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
Transcend their bounds: now slits the bark, the bud
Inserts; inforc'd to nurse anothers brood.
Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loves unknown desires: yet to defend
Her self from rapeful Rurals, round about
Her Hort-yard walls; t' avoid, and keep them out.
What left the skipping *Satyres* un-assay'd;
Rude *Pan*, whose horns Pine-bristled garlands shade;
Silenus, still more youthful then his years;
Or he who thetves with hook and member fears,
To taint her sweetness; but far more then all
Vertumnus loves; yet were his hopes as small.
How often, like a painful Reaper, came
Laden with weighty sheaves; and seem'd the same:
Oft wreaths of new-mow'd grass his brows aray,
As though then exercis'd in making hay.
A goad now in his hardned hands he bears,
And newly seems to have un-yok'd his Steers.
Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hook
Corrects, and dresses; oft a ladder took
To gather fruit: now with his sword the God
A Soldier seems; an Angler with his rod;

And various figures daily multiplies
To win access, and please his longing eyes.
Now, with a staff, an old-wife counterfeits;
On hoary hair a painted miter sets
The Hort-yard entering, admires the fair
And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare
Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,
Hail spotless flower of Maiden chastity:
And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,
(So innocent) that old-wives kist not so.
Then, sitting on a bank, observeth how
The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.
Hard by, an Elm with purple clusters shin'd:
This praising, with the vine so closely joyn'd:
Yet, saith he, if this Elm should grow alone,
Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:
And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but dis-joyn'd, would creep upon the ground.
Yet art not thou by such examples led:
But shunst the pleasures of a happy bed.
I would thou wer't not *Helen* was so sought,
Nor she, for whom the lustful *Centaures* fought,
As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold
Or cautelous *Ulysses*. Yet, behold
Though thou averse to all, and all eschue;
A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, pursue
The constant Scorn, and every deathless Power
Which *Alba*'s high and shady hills imbower.
If thou art wise, and would'st well married be;
Or an old woman trust, who credit me,
Affects thee more then all the rest, refuse
These common wooers, and *Vertumnus* choose.
Accept me for his gage; since so well none
Can know him; by himself not better known.
He is no wanderer; this his delight:
Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.
Thou art the first, so thou the last shalt be:
His life he only dedicates to thee.
Besides, his youth perpetual; excellent
His beauty; and all shapes can represent.
Wish what you will, what ever hath a name:
Such shall you see him. Your delights, the same:
The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
Which joyfully he still accepts from you.

But neither what these pregnant trees produce
He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant juice:
Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take;
And what I speak, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.
Revengeful Gods, *Idalia*, still severe
To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia* fear,
The more to fright you from so foul a crime,
Receive (since much I know from aged Time)
A story, generally through *Cyprus* known;
To mollifie an heart more hard then stone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-born *Anaxaretes*, who drew
Her blood from Teucer. Seeing her, his eyes
Extracts a fire, wherein his bosom fries.
Long struggling, when no reason could reclaim
His fury, to her house the suppliant came.
Now to her Nurse his wretched love display'd;
And by her fostet'd hopes implor'd her aid;
Now humbly sues to some of most repute
In her affection, to prefer his suit.
The pleading Wax his sad lines often bears,
Oft Mirtle-garlands, sprinkled with his tears,
Hangs on the posts; on the hard threshold laid
His tender sides, his sighs the doors upbraid.
But she more cruel then the Seas, imbroil'd
With rising storms; more hard then Iron, boil'd
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
Disdains the lover, and his passion mocks,
Who to her frowards deeds adds bitter words
Of no less scorn; nor hope to love affords.
Impatient of his torment, and her haste;
These words, this last, he utters at her gate:
O *Anaxaretes*, thou hast o're-come!
Nor shall my life be longer wearisom
To thy disdain. Triumph, O too unkind!
Sing *Paans*, and thy brows with Laurel bind!
Thou hast o're-come; lo, willingly I die:
Proceed; and celebrate thy cruel joy.
Yet is there something in me, ne're the-less,
That thou with praises, and my deserts confess.
Think how my love and life together left
My breast: at once of two clear lights bereft.
Nor rumour, but even I will death present
In such a form, as shall thy pride content;

But O you Gods, if you our actions see,
(This onely I implore) remember me!
Let after-ages celebrate my name:
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
Then heaves his meager arms and watry eyes
To those known posts oft crown'd with wreaths, & tie
An halter to the top. Such wreaths, he said,
Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:
When by the neck th' unhappy lover hung:
Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open by
The sounding doors; and that sad deed descry.
The servants shriek; the Vainly-raised bore
T' his mothers house; his father dead before.
His breathless corps she in her bosom plac'd;
And in her arms his heatless limbs imbrac'd,
Lamenting long, as woful parents use;
And having paid a woful mothers dues;
The mournful Funeral through the City led:
And to prepared fires conveys the dead.
This sorrowful Procession passing by
Her house, which bordred on the way, their cry
To th' ears of *Anaxarete* arrives:
Whom how stern *Nemesis* to ruine drives,
We'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:
And forth-with to the lofty window hies.
Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatal bed,
Her eyes grew stiff; blood from her visage fled,
Usurpt by paleness. Striving to retire,
Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire
Divert her looks: the hardness of her heart
It self dilated into every part.
This *Salamis* yet keeps, to clear your doubt,
In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy lover join.
So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:
Nor ripening by the rapeful winds be lost.
When this the God, who can all shapes indue,
Had said in vain, again himself he grew:
Th' abiliments of heatless age depos'd,
And such himself unto the Nymph disclos'd,
As when the Sun, subduing with his rays
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displays,

Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.
Unjust *Amulius*, next th' *Ausonian* State
By strength usurpt. The nephews to the late
Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthrone:
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feasts, immur'd with stone.
Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to war.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates unbar,
To death with armlets prest; her treasons meed,
The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolves proceed
T' invade their sleeping sons, and seek to seize
Upon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*:
One *Juno* opens: though no noise at all
The hinges made; yet by the bars loud fall
To *Venus* known: who this had shut; but knew
That Gods may not what Gods have done, undo.
Ausonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Janus* held, inchased with a Spring,
Their aid sh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny
A sute so just, but all their floods untie.
As yet the Fane of *Janus* open stood:
Nor was their way impeached by the flood.
Beneath the fruitful Spring they Sulphur turn;
Whose hollow veins with black Bitumen burn.
With these the vapors penetrate below;
And water, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,
The fire in self in fervor dare provoke:
Now both the posts with fragrant moisture smoke.
These new-rais'd streams the *Sabine* Power exclude;
Till *Mars* his Soldiers had their arms indu'd,
By *Romulus* then in battalia led:
The *Roman* fields the slaughtred *Sabines* spred;
Their own the *Romans*: Fathers, Sons-in-law,
With wicked steel, blood from each other draw.
At length conclude a peace; nor would contend
Unto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend
With equal rule. But noble *Tatius* slain,
Both Nations under *Romulus* remain.
When *Mars* laid by his shining cask; and then
Thus spake unto the Sire of Gods, and men:
Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is grown
To such a greatness, and depends on One)
To put in act thy never-failing word;
And *Romulus* an heavenly throne afford.

You, in a Synod of the Gods, profeſt
(Which ſtill I carry in my thankful breſt)
That one of mine (this O now ratifie!)
Should be advanc'd unto the ſtarry ſky.
Jove condeſcends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the ſign of his aſſumption,
Leans on his lance, and ſtrongly vaults upon
His bloody chariot; laſhes his hot horſes
With ſounding whips, and their full ſpeed inforces:
Who, ſcouring down the airy region, ſtay'd
On fair mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade:
There *Romulus* aſſumeth from his throne,
Rendring not King-like juſtice to his own.
Rapt through the air, his mortal members waſt,
Like melting bullets by a Slinger caſt:
More heavenly fair, more fit for lofty ſhrines;
Our great and ſcarlet-rob'd *Quirinus* ſhines:
Then *Juno* to the ſad *Herſilia*
(Loſt in her ſorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command:
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land;
Thy ſexes glory: worthy then, the vow
Of ſuch an husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppreſs thy tears, if thy deſire to ſee
Thy husband ſo exceed, then follow me
Unto thoſe woods which on mount *Quirin* ſpring;
And ſhade the Temple of the *Roman* King.
Iris obeys: and by her painted Bow
To earth deſcending, told *Herſilia* ſo.
When ſhe, ſcarce lifting up her modeſt eyes:
O Goddeſs (which of all the Deities
I know not; ſure a Goddeſs) thou clear light,
Conduct me, O conduct me to the ſight
Of my dear Lord: which when the Fates ſhall ſhew,
They heaven on me, with all their gifts, beſtow.
Then, with *Thaumantias*, entring the high
Romulian Hills, a ſtar ſhot from the ſky.
Whoſe golden beams inflam'd *Herſilia*'s hair:
When both together mount th' enlightned Air.
The builder of the *Roman* City took
Her in his arms, and forth-with chang'd her look:
To whom the name of *Hora* he aſſign'd.
This Goddeſs now is to *Quirinus* join'd.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Black Stones convert to White. Pythagoras *In* Ilium's *lingring war* Euphorbus *was. Of transmigrations, of the change of things, And strange effects, the learned* Samian *sings. Recur'd* Hippolytus *is deify'd; Whom safer Age, and name of* Virbius *hide. Ægeria thaws into a Spring. From Earth Prophetick* Tages *takes his wondrous birth. A Spear a Tree. Grave* Cippus *verities shun The Crown, his Horns present.* Apollo's *Son Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soul of way, Great Cæsar, slain, becomes a Blazing Star.*

Mean-while a man is sought that might sustain
So great a burden, and succeed the reign
Of such a King: when true-foreshewing Fame
To God-like *Numa* destinates the same.
He, with his *Sabine* rites unsatisfy'd,
To greater things his able mind apply'd
In Natures search. Incited with these cares,
He leaves his Countries *Cures*, and repairs
To *Croto*'s City: asks, what *Grecian* hand
Those walls erected on *Italian* land?
A Native then, in time and knowledg old,
Who much had heard and seen, this story told;

Jove's son, enricht with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Locinia*.
With happy steps: who, while his cattel fed
Upon the tender clover, entred
Heroick *Croto*'s roofs; a welcom Guest:
And his long travel recreates with rest.
Who said, departing; In the following age
A City here shall stand. A true presage.
There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*
Alemons issue: in those times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who bears
The dreadful Club, to him in sleep appears;
And said: Be gone, thy Countries bounds forsake;
To stony *Æsarus* thy journey take.
And threatens vengeance if he dis-obey.
The God and sleep together flew away.
He, rising, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubtful Soul he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to go;
Death due to such as left their Country so.
Clear *Sol* in Seas his radiant fore-head vail'd,
Swart Night her brows exalts, with stars impal'd;
The self-same God the same command repeats:
And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
Afraid, he now prepares to change his own
For foreign seats. This through the City blown;
Accus'd for breach of Laws, arraign'd, and try'd;
They prove the fact, not by himself deny'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the sky:
O thou, whom twice Six Labors deifie;
Assist, that art the author of my crime!
White stones and black they us'd in former time;
The white acquit; the black the prisoner cast:
And in such sort this heavy sentence past.
Black stones all threw into the fatal Urn:
But all to white, turn'd out to number, turn.
Thus by *Alcides* power the sad Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind croft th' *Ionian* Seas.
Lacedemonian Tarentum past,
Fair *Sybaris*, *Neethus* running fast
By *Salentinum*, *Thurin*'s crooked Bay,
High *Temesis*, and strong *Sangiac*

Scarce

Scarce searching all that shoars Sea-beaten bound,
The fatal mouth of *Æsaras* out-found,
A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd,
Of famous *Croto*: here, as erst impos'd,
Alemons son erects his City-walls:
Which of th' intombed he *Crotona* calls.
Of this Original, this City boasts:
Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts:
Here dwelt a *Samian*, Who at once did fly
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny:
Preferring voluntary banishment:
Though far from heaven, his mind's divine ascent
Drew near the Gods: what Natures self denies
To humane Sight, he saw with his Souls eyes.
All apprehended in his ample breft,
And studious cares; his knowledg he profest
To silent and admiring men: and taught
The Worlds original, past humane thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;
From whence the Snow, from whence the Lightning
Whether *Jove* thunder, or the winds: what rake (springs;
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Stars observ'd; what e're lay hid
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
With slaughtred creatures to defile our boards:
In such, though unbeliev'd; yet learned Words.
Forbear your selves, O Mortals, to pollute
With wicked food: fields smile with corn, ripe fruit
Weighs down their boughs; plump grapes their vines
There are sweet herbs, & savory roots, w fire (attire;
May mollifie; milk, honey redolent
With flowers of thyme, Thy pallat to content:
The prodigal Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Bruit beasts with flesh their rav'nous hunger cloy:
And yet not all; in pastures horses joy:
So flocks, and herds. But those whom Nature hath
Indu'd with cruelty, and salvage wrath
(Wolves, Bears, *Armenian* Tigres, Lions) in
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
That intrails bleeding intrails should intomb!
That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!
While by one creatures death another lives!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, gives;

Can nothing pleaſe, unleſs thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fate renew?
Nor ſatiate the greedy luxury
Of thy rude paunch, except another die:
But that old Age, that innocent eſtate,
Which we the Golden call; was fortunate
In herbs, and fruits, her lips with blood undy'd,
Then Fowl through air their wings in ſafety ply'd:
The Hare, then fearleſs, wandred o're the plain;
Nor Fiſh by their credulity were ta'ne.
Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,
All liv'd ſecure. When he, who did envy
(What God ſo-e're it was) thoſe harmleſs cates,
And cramb'd his guts with fleſh; ſet ope the gates
To cruel Crimes. Firſt, ſlaughter without harm
(I muſt confeſs) to Piety, did warm
(Which might ſuffice) the reeking ſteel in blood
Of ſalvage beaſts, which made our lives their food:
Though kill'd; not to be eaten. Sin now more
Audacious; the firſt ſacrifice, the Boar
Was thought to merit death; who bladed corn
Up-rooting, leſt the husbandman forlorn,
Vine-brouzing Goats at *Bacchus* altar ſlain,
Fed his revenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
You Sheep, what ill did you? a gentle beaſt,
Whoſe udders ſwell with *Nectar*, born t'inveſt
Expoſed man with your ſoft wool; and are
Alive, then dead, more profitable far.
Or what the Ox? a creature without guile,
So innocent, ſo ſimple; born for toil.
He moſt ungrateful is, deſerving ill
The gift of corn; that can un-yoke, then kill
His painful Hind: that neck with ax to wound
In ſervice gall'd, that had the ſtubborn ground
So often till'd; ſo many crops brought in,
Yet not content therewith, t'aſcribe the ſin
To guiltleſs Gods: as if the Powers on high
In death of labor-bearing Oxen joy.
A ſpotleſs ſacrifice, fair to behold,
('Tis death to pleaſe) with ribbands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknown!
And ſees the meal upon his fore-head thrown,
Got by his toil: the knife ſmear'd in his gore,
By fortune in the Laver ſeen before.

The intrals, from the panting body rent,
Forth-with they ſearch, to know the Gods intent.
Whence ſprings ſo dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food? O Mortals, can,
Or dare you feed on fleſh? henceforth forbear
I you intreat, and to my words give ear:
When limbs of ſlaughtred Beeves become your meat;
Then think, and know, that you your ſervants eat.
Phœbus inſpires; his Spirit we obey:
My *Delphos*, heaven it ſelf, I will diſplay;
The Oracle of that great Power unfold:
And ſing what long lay hid; what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walk among
The lofty ſtars: dull earth deſpis'd, I long
To back the clouds; to ſit on *Atlas* crown:
And from that height on erring men look down
That reaſon want: thoſe thus to animate
That fear to die; t' unfold the book of Fate.
O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;
Why fear you *Styx*, vain names, and endleſs Night;
The dreams of Poets, and feign'd miſeries
Of forged Hell? Whether laſt-flames ſurprize,
Or Age devour your bodies; they nor grieve,
Nor ſuffer pains. Our Souls for ever live:
Yet evermore their ancient houſes leave
To live in new; which them, as Gueſts, receive.
In *Trojan* wars, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was *Panthous* ſon; and fell
By *Menelaus* lance: my ſhield again
At *Argos* late I ſaw, in *Juno*'s Fane
All alter, nothing finally decays:
Hither and thither ſtill the Spirit ſtrays;
Gueſt to all Bodies: out of beaſts it flies
To men, from men to beaſts; and never dies.
As pliant wax each new impreſſion takes;
Fixt to no form, but ſtill the old forſakes;
Yet it the ſame: ſo ſouls the ſame abide,
Though various figures their reception hide;
Then leſt thy greedy belly ſhould deſtroy
(I propheſie) depreſſed Piety,
Forbear t' expulſe thy kindreds Ghoſts with food
By death procur'd, nor nouriſh blood with blood.
Since on ſo vaſt a Sea, my Sails unfurl'd,
And ſtretcht to riſing winds; in all the World

There's

There's nothing permanent; all ebb and flow:
Each image form'd to wander to and fro.
Even time, with restless motion slides away
Like living streams: nor can swift Rivers stay,
Nor light-heel'd Hours. As billow billow drives,
Driven by the following; as the next arrives
To chase the former: times so fly, pursue
At once each other; and are ever new:
What was before, is not; what was not, is:
All in a moment change from that to this.
See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:
See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades,
Nor such Heav'ns hue, when Midnight crowns repose,
As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shows:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th' enlightned World resigns to *Phœbus* sway.
His raised Shield, earths shadows scarcely fled,
Looks ruddy; and low-sinking, looks as red,
Yet bright at Noon; because that purer sky
Doth far from Earth, and her contagion fly.
Nor can Night-wandering *Dian*'s wavering light
Be ever equal, or the same: this night
Less then the following, if her horns she fill;
If she contract her Circle, greater still.
Doth not the image of our age appear
In the successive quarters of the year?
The Spring-tide, tender-sucking infancy
Resembling: then the juiceful blade sprouts high;
Though tender, weak; yet hope to plow-men yields:
All things then flourish: flowers the gaudy fields
With colors paint: no virtue yet in leaves.
Then following Summer greater strength receives:
A lusty Youth: no age more strength acquires,
More fruitful, or more burning in desires.
Maturer Autumn, heat of Youth alay'd,
The sober mean 'twixt youth and age, more stay'd
And temperate, in Summers wane repairs:
His reverent temples sprinkled with gray hairs.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling steps; his head or bald or white:
So change our bodies without rest or stay,
What we were yester-day, nor what to day,
Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
The seeds and hope; the womb our mansion when:

Kind

Kind Nature ſhew'd her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies ſhould be longer pent
In mothers ſtretched intrails, forth-with bare
Them from that priſon, to the open air.
We ſtrengthleſs lie, when firſt of light poſſeſt;
Straight creep upon all four, much like a beaſt:
Then, ſtaggering with weak nerves, ſtand by degrees,
And by ſome ſtay ſupport our feeble knees:
Now, luſty, ſwiftly run. Our Youth then paſt,
And thoſe our milder times, we poſt in haſt
To inevitable Age: this laſt devours
The former, and demoliſheth their powers.
Old *Milo* wept, when he his arms beheld,
Which late the ſtrongeſt beaſt in ſtrength excel'd,
Big, as *Alcides* brawns, in flaggy hide,
Now hanging by ſlack ſinews: *Helen* cry'd
When ſhe beheld her wrinkles in her Glaſs;
And asks her ſelf, why ſhe twice raviſht was,
Still-eating Time, and thou O envious Age,
All ruinate: diminiſht by the rage
O your devouring teeth, All that have breath
Conſume, and languiſh by a lingring death.
Nor can theſe Elements ſtand at a ſtay:
But by exchanging alter every day.
Th' eternal world four bodies comprehends,
Ingendring all. The heavy Earth deſcends
To Water, clog'd with weight: two light, aſpire,
Depreſt by none; pure Air, and purer Fire.
And though they have their ſeveral ſeats; yet all
Of theſe are made, to theſe again they fall.
Reſolved Earth to Water rarifies;
To Air extenuated Waters riſe;
The Air, when it it ſelf again refines
To elemental Fire extracted, ſhines.
They in like order back again repair:
The groſſer Fire condenſeth into Air;
Air, into Water: Water thickning, then
Grows ſolid, and converts to Earth agen.
None holds his own: for Nature ever joys
In changes, and with new forms the old ſupplies;
In all the world not any periſh quite:
But onely are in various habits dight.
For, to begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be born; to die, no more

Then

Then ceasing to be such: although the frame
Be changeable, the substance is the same.
For nothing long continues in one mold.
You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;
To Brass from Silver; and to Iron from Brass.
Even places oft such change of fortunes pass:
Where once was solid land, Seas have I seen;
And solid land, where once deep Seas have been.
Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
And anchors have on mountain tops been found.
Torrents have made a valley of a plain;
High hills by deluges born to the Main.
Deep standing lakes suckt dry by thirsty sand;
And on late-thirsty earth now lakes do stand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountains; there shuts up the old.
Streams, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore
Have broken forth; or sunk, and run no more.
So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in another world his second birth.
So *Erasinus*, now is hid, now yields
His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
And *Mysus*, his first head and banks disclaim'd,
Else-where ascends, and is *Caicus* nam'd.
Cool *Amasenus* watering *Sicily*,
Now fills his banks, now leaves his chanel dry.
Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streams:
Not to be drunk (if any thing by dreams
The Poets tell) since *Centaurs* therein washt
Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrow gasht.
So *Hypanis* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,
Long sweet, with bitter streams his chanel fills.
Antissa, *Tyrus*, and *Ægyptian Phare*,
The floods imbrac'd: yet now no Islands are:
Th' old Planter knew *Lucadia* Continent:
Which now the Sea hath from *Epirus* rent.
So *Zancle* once in *Italy* confin'd;
Till interposing waves their bounds dis-join'd.
If *Buris* and *Helice* (*Grecian* towns)
You seek; behold, the Sea their glory drowns:
Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
Th' ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.
An Hill by *Pittheus Troezen* mounts, uncrown'd
With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

For

For furious winds (a ſtory to admire)
Pent in blind caverns, ſtrugling to expire;
And vainly ſeeking to enjoy th' extent
Of freer air, the priſon wanting vent;
Puffs up the hollow earth extended ſo,
As when with ſwelling breath we bladders blow,
The tumor of the place remained ſtill,
In time grown ſolid, like a lofty hill.
To ſpeak a little more of many things,
Both heard and known: New habits ſundry Springs
Now give, now take. Horn'd *Hammons* at high Noon
Is cold; hot at Sun-riſe, and ſetting Sun.
Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* is fir'd,
The Moon then fartheſt from the Sun retir'd:
Ciconian ſtreams congeal his guts to ſtone
That thereof drinks: and what therein is thrown.
Crathis, and *Sybaris* (from your mountains told)
Color the hair like Amber, or pure Gold.
Some Fountains, of a more prodigious kind,
Not onely change the body, but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obſcene *Salmacis*?
Of th' *Æthiopian* lake? for who of this,
But onely taſt, their wits no longer keep,
Or forthwith fall into a deadly ſleep.
Who at *Cisorius* Fountain thirſt remove;
Loath wine, and abſtinent, meer water love,
Whether it by antipathy expel
Deſire of wine; or (as the Natives tell)
Melampus having with his herbs and charms,
Snatcht *Praxus* frantick daughters from the harms
Of entred Furies, their wits phyſick caſt
Into this Spring; infuſing ſuch diſtaſt.
With ſtreams to theſe oppos'd, *Lyncæſtis* flows:
They reel, as drunk, who drink too much of thoſe.
A Lake in fair *Arcadia* ſtands of old,
Call'd *Pheneus*; ſuſpected, as two-fold:
Fear, and forbear, to drink thereof by night:
By night unwholeſom, wholeſom by day-light.
So other lakes and ſtreams have other power,
Ortygia floated once, fixt at this hour:
Once *Argo* fear'd the juſtling *Cyanes*;
Which rooted now, reſiſt both winds and Seas.
Nor *Ætna*, burning with imbowel'd fire,
Shall ever, or did always, flames expire.

For

For whether *Tellus* be an Animal,
Have lungs, and mouths that smoking fumes exhale;
Her organs altar, when her motions close
These yawning passages, and open those,
Or whether winds, in caves impris'ned, rave;
Justling the stones, and minerals which have
The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage:
Their furious flames the falling winds assuage.
Or if Bitumen do the fire provoke;
Or Sulphur burning with more subtil smoke:
When Earth that food and oily nourishment
With-draws, the matter by long feeding spent;
The hungry fire of sustenance bereft,
Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.
In *Hyperborean Pallene* live
A People, if to fame we credit give,
Who, diving three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,
Of Fowl the feathers and the figure take:
The like they say the *Scythian* Witches do
With Magick Oils: incredible, though true,
If we may trust to trial: see you not
Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot?
Bury your slaughtred Steer (a thing in use)
And his corrupted bowels will produce
Flow'r-sucking Bees; who, like their parent slain,
Love labor, fields, and toil in hope of gain.
Hornets from buried horses take their birth,
Break off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth
Bury the rest; a Scorpion without fail
From thence will creep, and menace with his tail.
The Caterpillers, who their cob-webs weave
On tender leafs (as Hinds from proof receive)
Convert to pois'nous Butterflies in time.
Green Frogs, ingendred by the feed of slime,
First without feet, then legs assume; now strong
And apt to swim, their hinder-parts more long
Then are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.
The Bears deformed birth is but a lump
Of living flesh: when licked by the Old,
It takes a form agreeing with the mold.
Who sees the Young of honey-bearing Bees
In their sexangular inclosure, sees
Their bodies limb-less: these unformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

The

The ſtar-imbelliſht Fowl, which *Juno* loves
Joves Armor-bearer, *Cytherea's* Doves,
And birds of every kind; did we not know
Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture ſo?
Some think the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet theſe from others do derive their birth.
One onely Fowl there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th' *Aſſyrians* Phœnix, who the wane
Of age repairs, and ſows her ſelf again.
Nor feeds on grain nor herbs, but on the gum
Of Frankincenſe, and juicy Amomum.
Now, when her life five ages had fulfil'd;
A neſt her horned beak and talons build
Upon the crowner of a trembling Palm:
This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spikenard, precious Balm,
Bruis'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon ſhe bends
Her body, and her age in odors ends.
This breeding Corps a little Phœnix bears:
Which is it ſelf to live as many years.
Grown ſtrong; that load now able to transfer,
Her cradle, and her parents ſepulcher,
Devoutly carries to *Hyperion's* town:
And on his flamy Altar lays it down.
If theſe be wonderful, admire like ſtrange
Hyæna's, who their ſex ſo often change:
Thoſe foodleſs creatures, fed by air alone;
Who every color, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India*
By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſs, they ſay,
Congeals to ſtone. So Coral, which below
The water is a limber weed, doth grow
Stone-hard, when toucht by air. But Day will end,
And *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas deſcend,
Before my ſcant Oration could purſue
All ſorts of ſhapes, that change their old for new.
For this we ſee in all is general,
Some Nations gather ſtrength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powerful, which ſo proudly ſtood;
That could for ten years ſpend ſuch ſtreams of blood;
For buildings, onely her old ruines ſhows;
For riches, tombs; which ſlaughtred Sires incloſe.
Sparta, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowers;
So *Cecrop's* City, and *Amphion's* towers:

New

Now glorious *Sparta* lies upon the ground;
Lofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found;
Of *Oedipus* his *Thebes* what now remains,
Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?
Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardans* sons
Begins to rise, where yellow *Tyber* runs
From fountful *Apennines*; and there the great
Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.
This therefore shall by changing propagate,
And give the World an Head. Of such a fate
The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, *Priams Helen* told
To sad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorn,
In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddess-born,
If our *Apollo* can presage at all;
Troy thou in safety, shalt not wholly fall.
Both fire and sword shall give thy virtue way:
Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt convey;
Until thou find a Land, as yet unknown,
To *Troy* and thee, more friendly then thy own.
A City built by *Phrygians*: I fore-see?
So great none ever was, is, or shall be.
Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
Springs from *Iulus*, Soveraign of the Earth,
He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend
Æthereal thrones, and heaven shall be his end.
This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,
Sage *Helen* to divine *Æneas* sung.
We joy to see our kindreds City grow:
The *Phrygians* happy in their over-throw.
But lest our heedless Steeds too far should range
From their proposed course; All suffer change:
The heavens themselves, what under them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.
We, of the World a part, since we as well
Have Souls as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:
To those, which may our parents Souls invest,
Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least:
Let us both safety, and respect afford:
Nor heap their bowels on *Thyestes* board.
How ill inur'd! to shed the blood of man,
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
Alunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears
The bellowing breeder with relentless ears.

Or

Or silly Kids, which like poor infants cry,
Stick with his knife! or his voracity
Feed with the fowl he fed! O to what ill
Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
Let Oxen till the ground and die with age:
Let Sheep defend thee from the winters rage:
Goats bring their udders to thy pail. Away
With nets, grins, snares, and arts that do betray:
Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deer inclose
With terrors, nor thy baits to fish expose.
The hurtful kill: yet onely kill: nor eat
Defiling flesh, but feed on fitter meat.
With other, and the like Philosophy
Instructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by
Th' intreating *Latins* crown'd. Taught by his Bride
The Nymph *Ægeria*, by the Muses guide,
Religion institutes, a People rude
And prone to war, with laws and peace indu'd,
His reign and age resign'd to funeral,
Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
For *Numa* mourn. His wife the City fled:
Hid in *Aricia*'s Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her shroud, disturbs with groans and cries
Orestean Diana's sacrifice.
How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake
Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake!
How oft the *Thesean* Hero, moderate
Thy sorrow, said! nor onely is thy fate
To be deplor'd: on worse mis-fortunes look,
And you will yours with greater patience brook.
Would mine were no example to appease
So sad a grief: yet mine your grief may ease.
Perhaps y' have heard of one *Hippolytus*,
By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous
Belief bequeath'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit what I say:
Whom *Phædra* formerly solicited,
But vainly, to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,
She turns the crime, and me of hers accus'd.
My father, banishing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curses sent.
Toward *Pittheän Troezen* me my chariot bore:
And driving now by the *Corinthian* shoar,

The

The smooth Seas swell; a monstrous billow rose,
Which, rolling like a mountain, greater grows,
Then, bellowing, at the top asunder rends:
When from the breach, breast-high, a Bull ascends:
Who at his dreadful mouth and nostrils spouts
Part of the Sea. Fear all my followers routs:
But my afflicted mind was all this while
Unterrify'd; intending my exile.
When the hot horses start, erect their ears:
With horror rapt, and chased by their fears,
O're ragged rocks the totter'd chariot drew:
In vain I strive their fury to subdue,
The bits all frothe with foam, with all my strength
Pull the stretcht reyns, I lying at full length:
Nor had their heady fright my strength o're-gone,
Had not the fervent wheel, which rolls upon
The bearing Axletree, rusht on a stump:
Which brake, and fell asunder with that jump:
Thrown from my chariot, in the reyns fast-bound,
My guts drag'd out alive, my sinews woond
About the stump, my limbs in pieces hal'd;
Some stuck behind, some at the chariot trail'd;
My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,
While I exhal'd my faint and weary Soul.
No part of all my part you could have found,
That might be known: for all was but one wound.
Now say, self-torred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I also saw those realms, to Day unknown:
And bath'd my wounds in smoking *Phlegeton*.
Had not *Apollo*'s Son imploy'd the aid
Of his great Art; I with the dead had stay'd.
But when by potent herbs, and *Paeons* skill,
I was restor'd, against stern *Pluto*'s will:
Left I, if seen, might envy have procur'd:
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
And that, though seen, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face unknown.
Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Crete*;
Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,
She plac'd me here. Nor would I should retain
The memory of One by horses slain:
But said; hence-forward *Virbius* be thy name
That wer't *Hippolytus*; though thou the same.

One

One of the Leſſer Gods, here, in this Grove,
I *Cynthia* ſerve; preſerved by her love.
But others miſeries could not abate
Ægeria's ſorrows, nor prevent her fate.
Who, couched at the baſes of an hill,
Thaws into tears, that ſtream-like ran; until
Apollo's Siſter, pitying her woes,
Turn'd her t' a Spring; whoſe current ever flows.
The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,
No leſs then when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
Upon the fatal clod, that mov'd alone:
And for an humane ſhape, exchang'd its own,
With infant lips, what was but earth of late,
Reveal'd the myſteries of future fate:
Whom Natives *Tages* call'd. He firſt of all
Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befal,
Or when aſtoniſht *Romulus* of old
Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold
To flouriſh with green leaves: the fixed foot
Stood not on Steel, but on a living root.
Which, now no weapon, ſpreading arms diſplay'd,
And gave admirers unexpected ſhade.
Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glaſs
Beheld his horns, which his belief ſurpaſs.
Who liſting on his fingers to his Brow,
Felt what before he ſaw: nor longer now
Condemns his ſight. Return'd with victory,
His eyes and horns erecting to the ſky:
You Gods, what-e're theſe prodigies portend,
If proſperous, he ſaid, let them deſcend
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be
Unfortunate, O let them fall on me.
An Altar then of living turf erects,
The fire ſeeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,
And with the panting intrails of a beaſt
New ſlain, conſults, to know the Gods beheſt.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And ſaw therein endeavors that excell'd,
Although obſcure, he from the ſacrifice
To *Cippus* horns converes his ſteady eyes:
Hail King, to thee, and to thoſe horns of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towers, their rule reſign.
Delay not, enter thou the yielding gate.
Haſt, *Cippus*, haſt: ſuch is the Will of Fate.

Thou

Thou shalt be crown'd a King upon that day:
And safely an eternal Scepter sway.
He, starting back, from *Rome* diverts his face:
And said, you Gods, far hence this Omen chase.
Better that I in banishment grow old,
Then me, a King, the Capitol behold.
Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments.
The people and grave Senate he convents,
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Soldier made,
And praying first (as was the custom) said;
Unless expel'd your City, here is one
Will be your King; though not by name, yet known
By his strange horns. I heard the Augur say,
If once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.
He might, unstopt, have entred without fear:
But I with-stood; though none to me more near.
Be he, *Quirites*, into exile sent:
Or, if he merit such a punishment,
Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him sure:
Or with the Tyrants death your fears secure.
The troubled people such a murmuring make;
As when far off the roaring surges rake
On rattling floats; or when loud *Eurus* breaks
Through tufted Pines: then one distinctly speaks
In this confusion, asking, Which is he?
All seeking for the horns they could not see,
Cippus reply'd; 'Tis I for whom you look.
Then from his head (with-held) his garland took;
And shew'd the horns which on his fore-head grew.
Not one but sigh'd, and down his countenance threw:
And those clear brows, (a thing beyond belief)
Adorn'd with merit, they behold with grief.
Nor suffer him his honor to debase:
But on his head a Laurel Garland place.
And since he his own entrance did with-stand:
The Nobles, in due favor, so much land
To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might
Round with a Plough from morning until night.
The monumental figure of his horns.
So much admir'd, the golden Posts adorns.
Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate
(You know, nor years your memory abate)
How *Æsculapius* in our City found
A Temple, by circumfluent *Tyber* bound.

A deadly

A deadly plague the *Latian* air defil'd:
Souls from their seats the pale disease exil'd.
Wearied with funerals, when physick fail'd;
Nor any humane industry prevail'd;
They seek celestial aid. To *Delphos* sent,
Built in the round Earths navel, and present
Their prayers to *Phœbus*; that he would descend
To their relief, and give their woes an end,
His Temple, Laurel, and his Quiver, shake:
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake:
What here you seek, you nearer should have sought;
And seek it nearer yet. *Apollo* ought
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed.
Go with success; and fetch my Son with speed.
The Senate having heard this Oracle,
The City search, where *Phœbus* Son should dwell:
The shoar of *Epidaure* the Legat seeks:
There anchoring, h' intreats th' assembled *Greeks*
To send their God: who might th' *Ausonian* State
To health restore; and urg'd the charge of Fate.
They vary in opinion, some assent
To send this succor; many, not content
To lose their own in giving others aid,
Strive to retain him, and the rest dissuade.
While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light:
And Earth-born shadows cloth'd the world in Night.
Th' Health-giving God, in sleep, appears to stand
As in his Fane; a staff in his left hand:
And stroking with his right his reverend beard;
From his hope-rending breft these words were heard:
Fear not, I come; my shape I will forsake:
Views and mark well this staff-infolding Snake:
Such will I seem, yet shew of greater size;
So great as may a Deity comprize.
He with the voice, with him and Voice away
Sleep flew: fled Sleep pursu'd by chearful Day.
The stars now vanquisht by the mornings flame;
The doubtful Nobles to the temple came,
Intreat him by celestial signs to shew
Whether he were content to stay or go.
This hardly said, the God in Serpents shroud,
His high crest gold-like glistring, hist aloud.
His statue, altar, gates, the marble floor,
And golden roof, shook at th' approaching Pow'r.

He,

He, in his Fane, breast-high his body rais'd:
Rolling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The chast Priest, his tresses ty'd
With sacred fillet, knew the God, and cry'd,
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you who present are
Pray with your hearts and tongues: O heav'nly-Fair,
Propitious prove to these who thee implore!
All that were there the present Power adore!
Reiterating what the Priest had said:
With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd.
He, by the motion of his lofty crest,
And doubled hisses, signs to their request.
Then sliding down th polisht stairs, his look
Reverts on his old altars; now forsook:
Salutes his shrine, and Temple deckt with towers;
Then creeping on the ground, strewd with fresh flowrs,
Indenteth through the City; stopping where
The Harbor is defended by a Peer.
The following troops, and those whose zeals assist
In honoring him, with gentle looks dismist;
He climbs th' *Ausonian* ship: which felt the weight,
And shrunk with bearing of so great a freight.
The joyful *Romans* offering on the strand
A Bull to *Neptune*; anchor weigh, and land
Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his train,
He, leaning, looks upon the blue-wav'd-Main.
Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* born,
They fell with *Italy* on the sixth morn.
Lacinian Juno's Fane, *Scyllæan* shoars,
Japygia past, they shun with nimble oars
Amphrysian rocks; *Ceraunian*, whether cleft;
Romechium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left:
Sicilian Straits o're-come, and wrackful Seas;
Sail by the mansion of *Hyppotades*:
By *Temesa*, in metals fruitful; by
Leucosia, and the *Pæstan* Rosary.
Near *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,
Sirrentine hills, where wines so generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabiæ*, *Naples* born to ease,
Cumæan Sybil's Temple; next to these,
Hot Baths; *Liternum*, sweet with Mastick flowrs;
Vultumus, who his sandy channel scours,
Sinuessa, swarming with white Snakes; ill-air'd
Minturnæ, and where piety prepar'd

His

His Nurse a tomb: forth-with the mansion make
Of fell *Antiphates*; and the Lake,
Besieged *Trachas*: thence directly bore
To *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* solid shore.
The sea now swelling high, this harbor holds
The Sail-wing'd ship. The God his wreathes unfolds:
And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow sand
Slides to his fathers temple on that strand
Rough waves asswag'd the *Epidaurian* Guest
His fathers altar leaves; to Seaward prest,
Slicing the sandy shore with rustling scales:
And, by her stern the ship ascending, sails:
Till he to *Castrum*, to *Lavina's* name.
Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
All hither throng; sons, daughters, mothers, sires.
The Nuns who keep the *Phrygian Vesta's* fires.
With lowd salutes of joy. On either side
The River, as the Vessel stems the tide,
Altars, with incense fed, the air perfume:
And knives from Sacrifices heat assume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
The lofty Mast; and from on high thrusts out
His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.
The arms of *Tyber* do an Ile embrace,
Which equal stream from either bank divides;
Thither *Apollo's* sacred Serpent slides
Who now cœlestial shape assuming, ends
Their miseries, and health to all extends.
He here, a forreign Power, makes his aboad.
In his own City *Cæsar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and War: whom war's surcease
With triumphs crown'd, his government in peace,
Nor race of wonder with such quickness run;
More make a blazing Star, then his great Son.
For of all *Cæsars* acts, none may compare
With his adopting Soldivine an Heir.
For, was it more t'o'r-come the *Britisb* Ile;
Fill the seaven mouthes of paper-baring *Nile*
With conquering sails? *Numidian* rebelling,
Cinyphian Juba, *Pontus* proudly swelling
In *Mithridates* to subject to *Rome*?
Meriting many a triumph for some?
Then him beget, in whose dominion
The Gods so abundantly have favour'd man?
To the other they a Deity decreed?

That this might not from mortal birth proceed.
Which when fair *Venus* saw; and saw withal,
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall;
Her color fled: to every God she met,
She said, behold, what snares for me are set!
To murder me in him how Treason strives;
Who onely of *Iulus* race survives!
Still must I undeserv'd afflictions bear!
How lately wounded by *Tydides* spear!
Now ill-defended *Troy* again is lost:
My Son *Æneas*, with long terrors tost
On wrathful Seas, I saw descend to Hell!
Then war with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,
With *Juno* rather. How remember I
Old harms sustain'd in my posterity!
I, through this fear, all former fears forget.
Lo, they their wicked swords against me whet:
O help! restrain their furies! nor, for shame,
With th' High-Priests blood extinguish *Vesta's* flame.
Thus, through all heav'n, her Sorrows vainly speak:
And melt the Gods: who since they could not break
The ancient Sister adamantine doom,
By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.
Arms, clashing in the air with clouds o're-cast:
Terrible Trumpets, and the Cornet's blast,
Proclaim the murder: *Sol's* afflicted look,
And pale eclipse, the World with terror strook.
Oft, Meteors through the air their flames extend:
Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend.
Black rust obscures dim *Lucifer's* aspect:
And *Cynthia's* charlot bloody stains infect.
The *Stygian* Owl each where disturbs their sleep
With ominous shreeches: Ivory Statues weep.
The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,
And fearful menaces. No sacrifice
The Gods appease: the headless inwards show
Signs of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Wo.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howl. From sad abodes
The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earthquakes, & with fear.
These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
In Fate, or Treason. Murd'rous swords were brought
Into the Temple: for no place might be free
With such a slaughter, but the sacred Court,

Then

Then *Venus* smote her breast; who sought to shroud,
And snatch him thence in that Æthereal cloud,
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage convey'd:
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* blade.
Daughter, said *Jove*, canst thou resist the doom
Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come,
There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must pass,
Writ in huge folds of solid steel and brass,
Which fate, eternal, ever fixed there;
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine fear.
In lasting Adamant there mayst thou read,
What shall to thy great Progeny succeed.
I read, remember well, and will relate
What may inform thee in succeeding fate.
He, whom thou striv'st to save, his race hath run,
Of Time and Glory; whom thou, and his Son
Shall make in heav'n a God; on Earth, with pray'r
And Temples dignify'd. His names great Heir
Alone his Load shall bear: and strongly shall
By our conduct revenge his fathers fall.
By his good fortune *Mutina* shall ow
To him her peace; *Pharsalian* fields shall flow
With blood; blood-twice *Philippi* shall imbrue;
On red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue
A mighty name. Th' *Aegyptian* Spouse shall fall.
Ill trusting to her *Roman* General:
To make our stately *Capitol* obey
Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vain assay.
What need I of those barbarous people tell,
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
He shall the habitable Earth command;
And stretch his Empire over Sea and Land.
Peace giv'n to Earth; he shall convert his care
To civil Rule, just Laws; and by his fair
Example virtue guide. Then looking to
The future times, and Nephews to ensue:
A Son shall bless him from an holy womb,
To him he shall resign his name, and room.
Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th' abodes
Of heav'nly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
Mean-while from this slain corps his Soul convey
Up to the stars, and give it a clear Ray:
That *Julius* may with friendly influence
Shine on our Capitol and Court from thence.
This said: invisible fair *Venus* stood

Amid the Senate; from his cops, with blood
Defil'd, her *Cæsars* new-fled spirit bare
To heaven, nor suffer'd to resolve to air.
And, as in her soft bosom born, she might
Perceive it take a Power; and gather light.
When once let loose, It forth-with up-ward flew?
And after it long blazing tresses drew.
The radiant Star his Sons great acts beheld;
Out-shining his: and joy'd to be exceld.
Though he would have his Fathers deeds preferd
Before his own: yet free-tongu'd Fame deter'd
By no commandment, yields th'avoided Bayes
To his clear brows; and but in this gain stayes.
So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnons* fame;
Ægeus so to *Theseus*: *Peleus* name
Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer
Th'illustrious to their equals, *Jupiter*
So *Saturn* tops. *Jove* rules the arched sky,
And triple world; the Earths vast Monarchy
T'*Augustus* bowes: both Fathers, and both sway.
You Gods, *Æneas* guids, who made your way
Through fire and sword; you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome*;
Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire,
Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever burning fire,
Among Great *Cæsars* Houshold-Gods inshrin'd;
Domestick *Phœbus*, with his *Vesta* joyn'd;
Thou *Jove* whom in *Tarpeian* towers we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may emplore:
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,
Leaving the the Earth, shall unto heaven repair;
And favor those that seek to him by prayer.

And now the work is ended, which, *Jove's* rage,
Nor fire, nor Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my deaths uncertain hower;
Which of this body only hath a power:
Yet shall my better part transcend the skie;
And my Immortal name shall never dye
For where-so-ere the *Roman* Eagles spied
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:
And, if we Poets true presages give,
I, in my Fame eternally shall live.

FINIS

THis Book, together with the Commentary, and Pictures, and Notes in the Margin, with the first Book of *Virgils Æneis*, is printed in a large Volume, and to be sold by *Abel Roper* at the Sun in *Fleetstreet*.

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C.SA.AERO
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Sa. Baker.

May 6. 1638.